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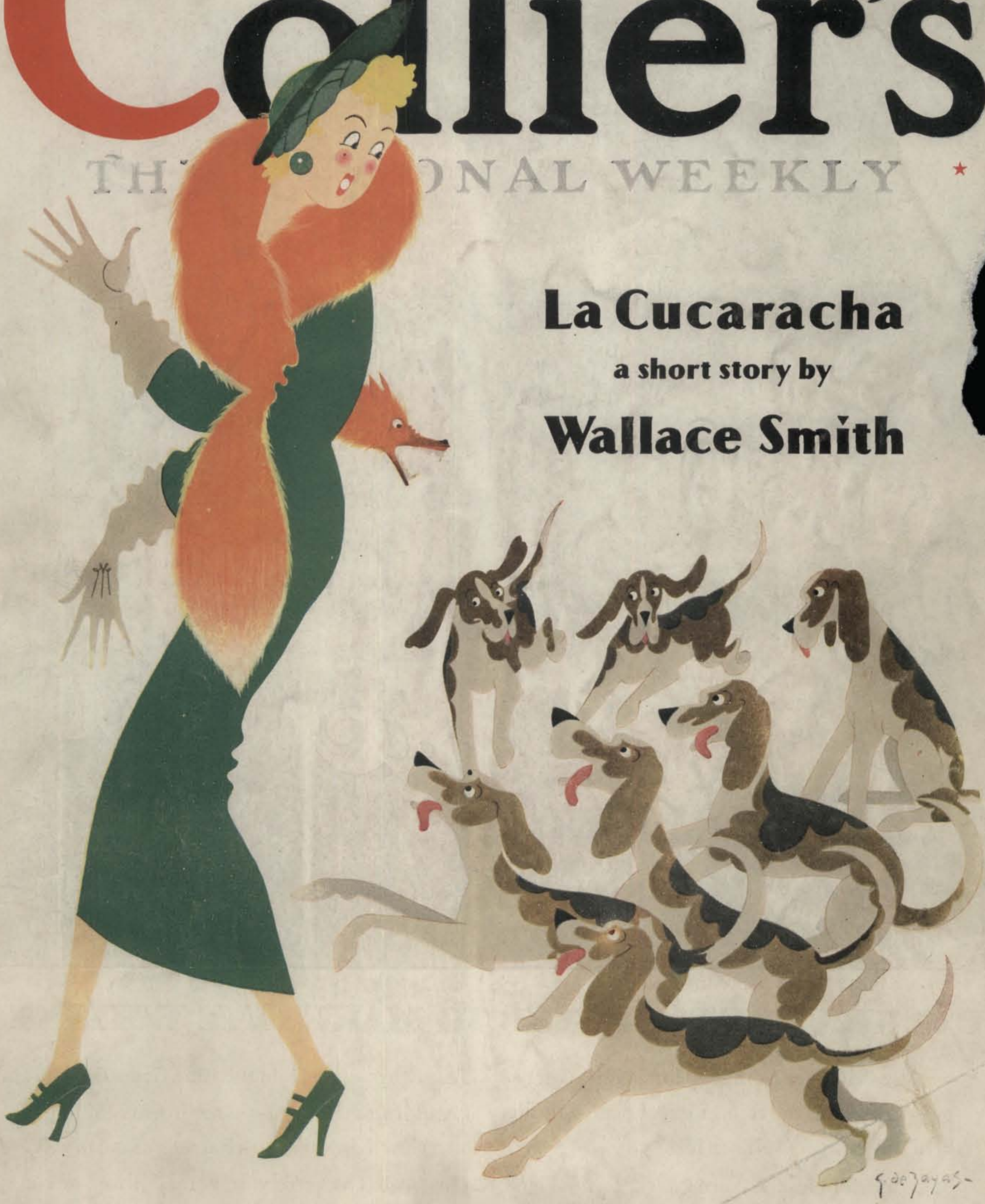

La Cucaracha

a short story by

Wallace Smith

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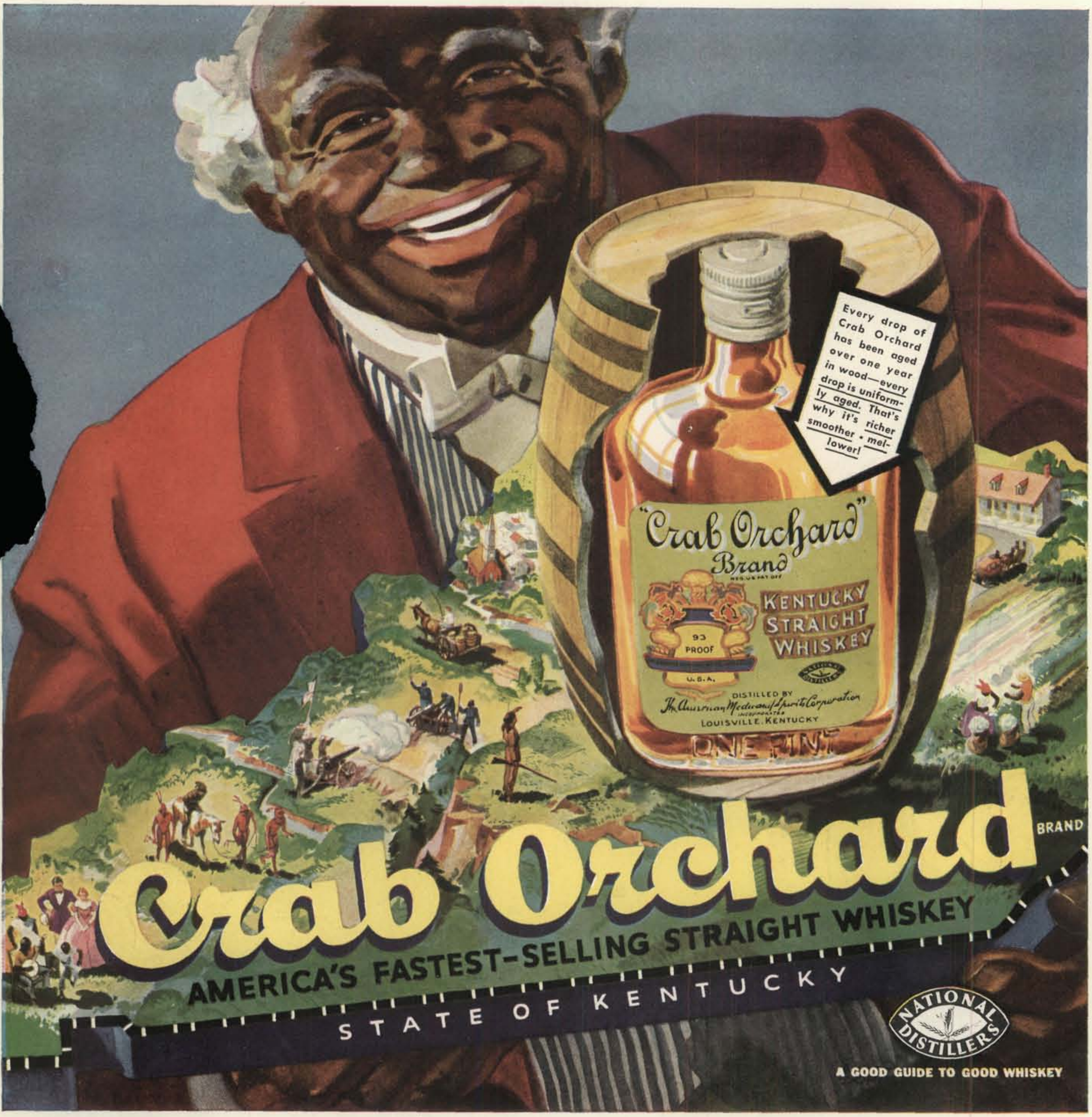

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Next Week

WHEN Endicott flunked Bill Gallagher for cheating in English 3, he almost brought the pillars of Paxton University crashing down around his ears. Gallagher was the prize quarterback. Potential material for the All-America is worth more to any college president than young instructors in English. Endicott was fired.

If Gallagher had been just a guy from the mines, as almost everyone thought, and if it hadn't been for Jean Page, that might have been the whole story. As it was, "Gallagher's Game" turned out to be romantic and highly dramatic. A pleasing combination presented by Brassil Fitzgerald.

MR. HOOVER, leaving the White House some two and a half years ago, wore an injured and somewhat bitter look. The American people, he may have felt, had put him in a false position. All that is a thing of the past. No shadow now darkens the brow of our ex-President. From his porch in Palo Alto he surveys a scene made, he believes, to his order. There are, to be sure, other possible candidates in sight, but to an adroit politician these are supporting pieces in an absorbing chess game. "The New Hoover" and his relation to the Republican Party are described by George Creel.

IN THE depths of a Malayan jungle Roger Craig labored with platinum pins, gas flames and Erlenmeyer flasks to grow a true and perfect red orchid. Some might have called him crazy; the natives said he had "Orchids in his Heart." That was true — until Donalda Mosby blew into his laboratory in a storm of intrigue and gave him something else to think about. His story is told by Jacland Marmur.

AND now that your pulses are racing, come on a man hunt with Harris Dickson. We'll not pay much attention to our prey. It's the man-hunters themselves that interest us. "Here Come the Hounds!"

AFTER that, for a quiet close, we suggest Walter Ripperger's murder mystery, "The Magic Touch." That touch is supplied, appropriately enough, by Professor Galbow, a magician. A good magician, you know, not only can create illusions but likewise destroy them.

JAMES B. CONNOLLY takes you fresh halibuting out o' Gloucester in "The Test of Tests." Paul Jones writes the Short Short. W. B. Courtney, Alan LeMay, Kyle Crichton, Ernest Haycox and others balance the issue. Leaving you sitting pretty.

This Week

●

October 5, 1935

Cover by George de Zayas

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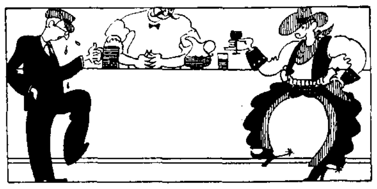
●

Any Week

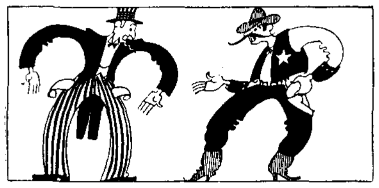
WE GOT a letter from an anti-Administration politician the other day. In it he frankly wanted to know whether this country was going to stand for it much longer. "Are we mice or are we men?" he demanded. This interested us and we were pretty deep in thought about it when Mr. Arthur Bartlett of New York City came in. Mr. Bartlett told us he had just come East from Kit Carson, Colorado, where he had a very disturbing experience. Contemplating a drink of hard likker, Mr. Bartlett entered a saloon where the barkeep, regarding him reproachfully, told him they did not sell hard liquor in that particular place, the license costing too much. As Mr. Bartlett was deliberating this a cowboy entered. And he was as fine a specimen of cowboy as Mr. Bartlett had ever seen, complete down to a brace of forty-fives strapped to his hips. The cowboy called loudly for "a shot." The barkeep produced a bottle of muscatel wine. The cowboy poured himself a slug, tossed it off, shuddered convulsively, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and took about half a pint of ice water for a chaser. Mr. Bartlett was, as we've said, quite disturbed. "It took something out of me," he complained, somewhat bitterly. "Something out of my life."



MR. EDWIN REMP of St. Paul, Minnesota, is slightly in revolt, too, requiring a little of our delicate attention. "You," says Mr. Remp, "made a blunder when you published a picture of Mr. George Creel in announcing 'Looking Ahead with Roosevelt.' He looks like a man I used to know but will never trust again for reasons of money. Even if Mr. Creel did not look like this false friend he has a face to make me lose confidence in Collier's."

WE ASSURE Mr. Remp that Mr. Creel can be as trustworthy as the next man. In fact, we shouldn't hesitate to recommend him to Mr. J. Cordo of Douglas, Arizona, who is having some difficulty deciding who represents him in Congress. "I don't care where a man comes from," says Mr. Cordo, "I got to trust him before he can represent me anywheres. I don't care if he is a Republican or a Democrat. So nobody can go around saying he is my representative because I ain't seen the man yet whom I trust."

THAT, we think, is too bad. We hate to think of our fellow citizens losing faith in their congressmen—we had better do something about it. Mr. David J. Evans of Cleveland, Ohio, says, "Collier's owes it to its readers and the country at large to take even a more definite interest in national affairs. One more term of the present Administration and there won't be enough left out of the sale of the country to pay the sheriff's fees." This, of course, is very bad news for sheriffs but Mr. Evans has a way out: "Now is the time to get behind a real man for President — General William Mitchell of Middleburg, Virginia."



IF WE were General Mitchell we would refuse to be stampeded into the Presidency like that. We advise the self-protecting calm of an Indiana statesman to whom, according to Mr. James O. Bannerton of Indianapolis, the late Warren G. Harding said: "Oscar, when I'm President, I want you to be in my Cabinet." "Warren," said Oscar, "I can think of a better one than that. When you're elected you better get into the Cabinet and let me be President."

HOWEVER, it seems impossible to be great and still carefree. And nobody knows that better than Mr. Ulysses W. Boykin, "Undersecretary to Joe Louis, America's New Heavyweight Knockout Sensation. Night Phone Madison 1754." Mr. Boykin has let us see some of the importunate correspondence he has to handle for Mr. Louis.

MRS. WARREN B. McNISH of Galveston, Texas, says she knows why a hundred husky men struck on a Works Progress Administration job in her state. The boys quit because they weren't getting better and heavier working gloves. "To my great surprise," writes Mrs. McNish, "they made no demands for free manicures."

ANYWAY we have to quit this and write a nice note to Mrs. J. Margolin of Boston, Massachusetts. Mrs. Margolin told us we'd given her "so much pleasure that I feel it is my duty to send you something that will give you the same amount of enjoyment." Mrs. Margolin's present has arrived:

A subscription to Collier's.

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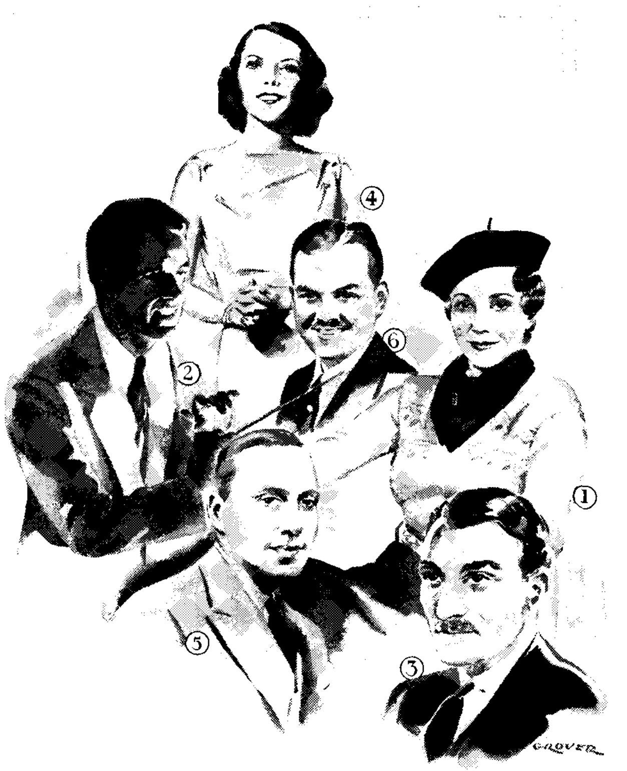

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT

Fridays, 8–9 P.M.*, over NBC-WEAF. Jessica Dragonette, soprano; quartet; Frank Banta and Milt Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's Orchestra. Sponsored by Cities Service Corporation.

The Friday evening hour to which millions have looked forward for so many years. A program distinguished by the songs of radio's favorite soprano—Jessica Dragonette (1)—and the brilliant symphonic arrangements of popular and classical selections by Rosario Bourdon.

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Tuesdays, 9:30–10:30 P.M.*, over CBS. Fred Waring's (2) Orchestra and vocal ensemble; Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd. Sponsored by Ford Motor Co. Dealers.

The band which so long resisted the call of radio presents one of the most finished performances on the air. Aided and abetted by Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd—who rank among radio's funniest teams.

BOAKE CARTER

Mondays to Fridays, inclusive, 7:45–8 P.M.*, over CBS. News commentator and editorialist. Sponsored by Philco Radio and Television Corporation.

Crisp comment on the news of the day, and the trend of national and international affairs by Boake Carter (3), an editorialist of the air who commands the respect and attention of a tremendous audience.

THE SINGING LADY

Mondays to Fridays, inclusive, 5:30–5:45 P.M.*, over NBC-WJZ. Nursery Jingles, Songs and Stories. Sponsored by Kellogg Company.

A program that children love and parents approve. The charming voice of Irene Wicker (4), and her sympathetic understanding of the child mind have made this program deservedly popular.

JACK BENNY

Sundays, 7–7:30 P.M.*, over NBC-WJZ. Comedy program, with a cast including Mary Livingstone, Michael Bartlett and Johnny Green's Orchestra. Sponsored by Jell-O.

Jack Benny (5), Radio's "First Comedian," inaugurates a new series, during which he will continue in his dryly humorous way to present a program that means a half hour of laughter to every listener.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT

Tuesdays, 8:30–9 P.M.*, over CBS. Don Voorhees' Orchestra with vocal ensemble. Sponsored by Packard Motor Car Co.

The splendid baritone voice of the Metropolitan Opera star will again be heard in a program designed to give full play to his versatility. Melodies well-loved in every home, operatic selections and currently popular numbers from stage and screen will be sung by Tibbett (6) with occasional support from feminine guest stars and a chorus.

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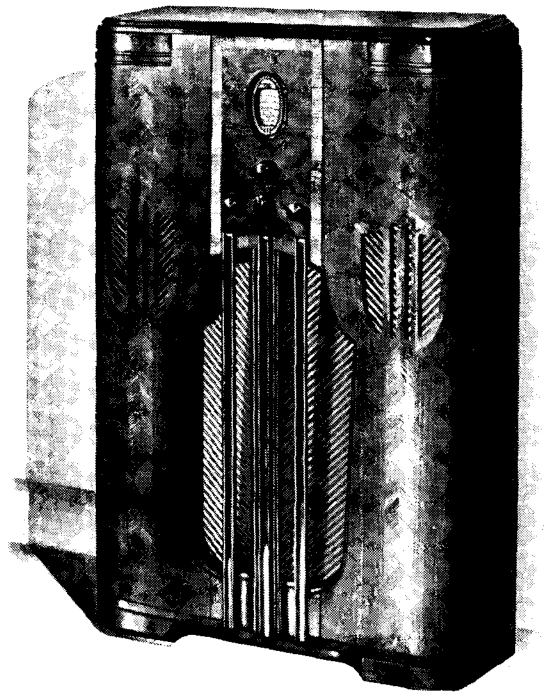
FOREIGN NEWS BULLETINS

Day	Station		Time*	Language	Mega-cycles
Daily	Madrid, Spain	EAQ	6:15 P.M.	English	9.87
M,W,F	Rome, Italy	2RO	8:00 P.M.	English	9.64
Daily	London, England	GSD	8:45 P.M.	English	11.75
Daily	Paris, France	FYA	9:00 P.M.	English	11.70
Daily	Berlin, Germany	DJD	9:15 P.M.	English	11.77
Daily	London, England	GSD	11:45 P.M.	English	11.75

In the present state of international affairs, these news bulletins are of particular interest, presenting as they do so widely varied viewpoints.

*Eastern Daylight Saving Time through September 28. Eastern Standard Time beginning September 29.

This is Number 6 of a series of programs recommended by R.I.A.A. It is only a partial list. For bulletins containing a more complete listing, write to the Radio Institute of the Audible Arts, 80 Broadway, New York.



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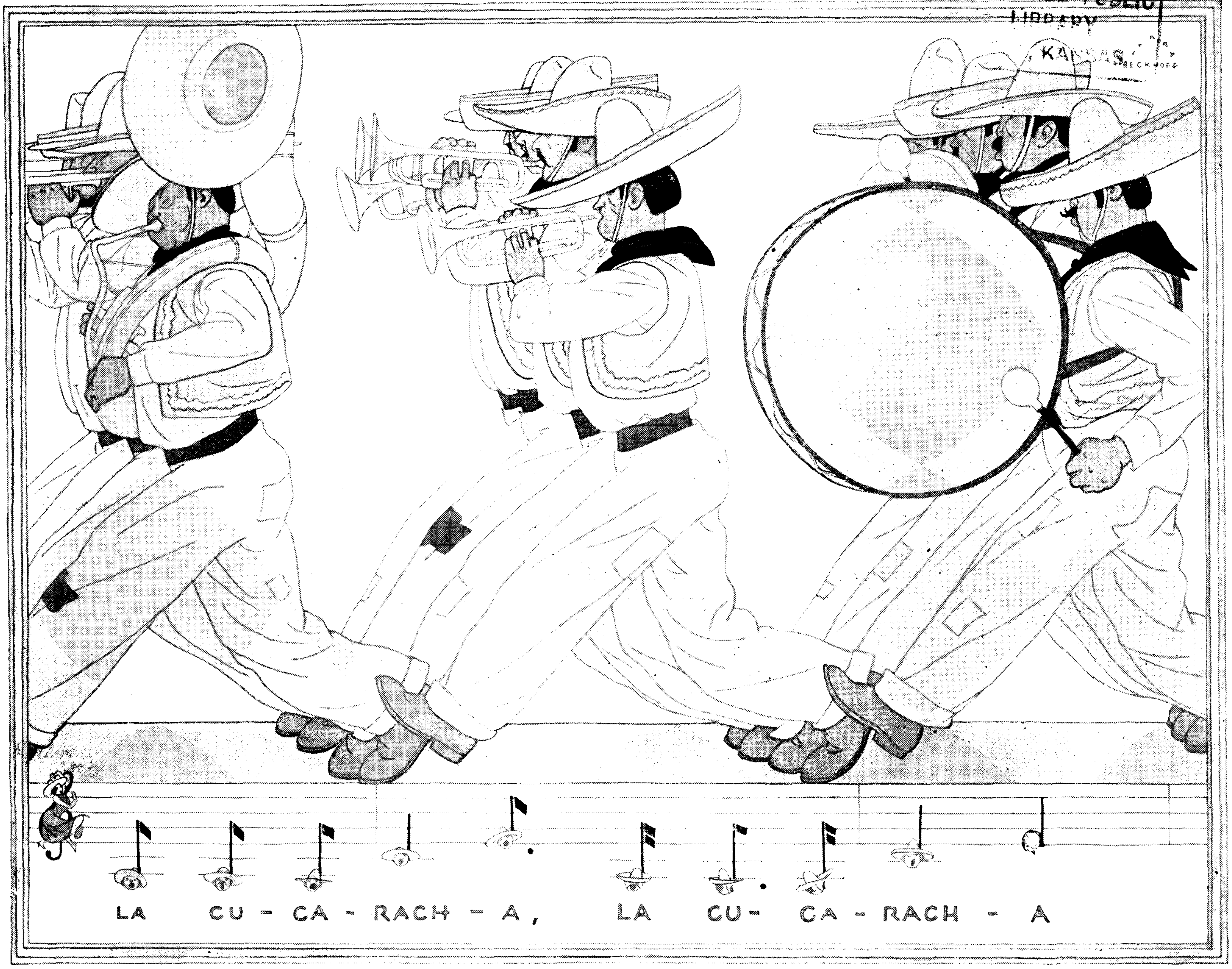

LA CU - CA - RACH - A, LA CU- CA - RACH - A

He marched off with his band playing La Cucaracha and stepping out like they were the real heroes

La Cucaracha

It was the marching song of Pancho Villa's men, an accompaniment to love and death. The story of a man who sang it too late

By Wallace Smith

IT SURE sounds strange, hearing that song come over the radio. I mean La Cucaracha, which the complexion-soap crooner was singing so vivacious and with expression. I was surprised first off, because they're mighty strict on the radio and La Cucaracha isn't strict at all. I know songs are supposed to be broad-mindeder these modern times and hint about things you don't mention in mixed company; leastwise, you didn't before company got so mixed as it does nowadays.

La Cucaracha didn't hint around. No, señor. Only it usen't to sound so bad on the march—horses scuffing through the desert dust; the smell of horses and men mixed with that kind of sweetish smell of the desert; saddle-leather creaking and carbines clattering; a guitar plinking somewhere in the column and, every now and then, some *patriota* howling, "Ai-i-yee!" the way they do, because that's the way he felt about it.

Those were days and that's the kind of piece it was: Pancho Villa's war song. The Villistas rode into action singing it:

> *"La cucaracha, la cucaracha,*
> *Ya no quiere caminar—"*

Singing it high and defiant, yelling it and dying singing it.

I sure didn't aim to orate around this way. You just got to make allowances for a spavined old *renegado* who's come in off the war trail for keeps but who can't help remembering once in a while. Or you can lay it to that fancy-soap crooner.

Seems like there's a memory in every verse of that song and there's a thousand verses, more or less. For instance, did you ever hear how a whole band of musicians died for playing La Cucaracha? Thirty-nine of them. There should've been forty. But the fortieth man didn't get hung that day. There was some talk about it at the time and there were those who claimed Jaquero—that was the name he was called—wasn't any too *valiente*. Yet when it came his turn to die, Jaquero did so plenty *heroico*, surprising everybody, most of all himself.

That was account of a woman called Chacina. She was Jaquero's *soldadera*, one of the woman soldiers like I've told you about. Jaquero was by way of being a crooner, too, only they didn't call them that in those days. He also strummed the guitar no little and tootled on the faloot, although, like I said, he wasn't doing so the day Villa's favorite band was executed, full orchestra, account of La Cucaracha.

Wouldn't old Pancho, if he heard it on the radio, all polite yet spirited, turn over in that grave they dug for him at Parral? And wouldn't his *dorados*—Villa's golden ones, like they were called, though steel was more their style of metal—wouldn't they have something to say?

Tough as rawhide, the *dorados* were, and wild as a lady wolf in whelping time. I can hear 'em now, singing as they loped along:

> *"Pancho Villa es mi jefe—"*

The grave in Parral was far off those times. Pancho was riding high, wide and slick. He had an army, a lot of it in uniforms. They called him General Villa and he was getting to be an international problem, not to mention the problem he was to the other leaders of the revolution. He had everything, including a printing press to print his own money. They sent a delegation from revolutionary headquarters asking him to quit, after he'd run off the first million *pesos* or so.

"Por qué?" Villa said to them. "This is very good money and spends itself without difficulty."

"Only in Chihuahua does it spend itself," one of the delegation said.

"But we are now in Chihuahua," said Pancho. "When we march into Durango I will publish a completely new set of money for that state."

They tried once more, saying:

"True, the *soldados* take these illegal currencies for pay. True, the shopkeepers and bankers accept them. But it is only because you, Pancho Villa, stand in back of each *peso* with your firing squad."

"And what better backing," he asked them, "could any currency have?"

He had them there. He had them by the tail and a downhill drag. *Si, señor;* Pancho had everything those days, including this forty-piece band, like I started to tell you about. . . .

IT WAS a band. The leader was a little fellow with a set of black mustaches like the spread of a Texas longhorn. His name was Pablo Limon and the only thing he would rather do than lead that band of his was fight. He sulked a whole lot when the band got so famous that Pancho ordered him and his musicians to keep out of action, not wanting anything to happen. Pablo even gave Villa an argument, which wasn't the healthiest pastime a man could pick out. Villa stood for it. He even weakened some when Pablo came to him the day Coronel Medino was ordered to march over to Llano Blanco and clean up on an outfit of *federalistas* in that neighborhood.

"My men are musicians, *mi jefe*," said Pablo, "but first they are soldiers."

"Music, Pablito *compañero*," said Villa, "may make as important a noise as rifles."

"More important, *general mio*," said Pablo, "and do not call it noise."

"Mil apologías," said Villa. "I am but a rough, unmannered *peon*."

"There is no need to mention the fact," said Pablo. "I demand that my men have the right to die for the revolution as well as make *música* for it."

"Bueno!" said Villa. "You have my permission to march with Coronel Medino! But on one condition, Pablito; that is: that your musicians carry no other weapons than their instruments."

The mustaches wilted some at that but Pablo Limon figured, I reckon, on borrowing a few guns once the scrap at Llano Blanco got going good. So he marched off with his band, playing La Cucaracha and stepping out like they were the real heroes, which, as a matter of fact, is the way it turned out.

THEY didn't get to borrow any guns, though. When Coronel Medino got to Llano Blanco, the *federalistas* had pulled out. Medino ordered the band to stay behind in the town, while the cavalry took after the *federalistas*. Pablo was so sore at being crossed he wouldn't even play a tune for Medino's cavalry to ride away to. Instead, he marched his men to a handy *cantina*, ordered bottles of *cerveza* all around, and they all curled up for a *siesta*.

They were waked up by the sound of shooting. It came from far off, in the hills south of Llano Blanco. They saw one of those big clouds of dust that means only one thing: a lot of *hombres* on horses going somewhere *muy pronto*. These were heading straight for Llano Blanco.

"Oho, Medino runs," said Pablo. "The so brilliant *coronel* is whipped who would not let me lead the way to victory."

The riders started to show through the dust. They were riding for their lives, pouring in the quirt and spurs every jump. A trombone player standing near Pablo let out a string of cuss words.

"They ain't Medino's men!" he yelled. "They're *federalistas!*"

They were, for a fact. It was about half the force Medino had jumped. The others were still back there in the hills, standing off Medino in a sort of rear-guard action.

Pablo began giving orders, herding his men back into the *patio* of the *cantina*. The *cantina* looked out on the *plaza* of the town. There was a big, dusty cottonwood in the center of the *plaza*.

No sooner was the last of Pablo's men out of sight than the first of the *federalistas* galloped into the *plaza*. Their commander, General Herales, and his staff pulled up their horses, sweaty and wabbly, in the *plaza* and began to get their outfit together. They had quite a time of it, but finally they rounded up a couple hundred of them, milling around and jumpy. And then—

Ta-da-rah! Boom-boom-zing! Ta-dah!

The sound of a band came over all the noise of shouting and swearing and horses raring and milling. The *plaza* got still all of a sudden. Those dusty, sweating *federalistas* forgot everything except their surprise and turned towards the *cantina*.

The gate to the *patio* swung open and out into the *plaza* marched Pablo Limon's band, drums, cymbals, horns and all the rest, and Pablo marching in front, with his black mustaches sticking out like bayonets. They were playing a piece called Adelita.

You never heard so much about Adelita as you did about La Cucaracha. Yet it was a very well-known piece. A few weeks before this day in Llano Blanco it had got even more famous. Another bunch of *federalistas* were retreating through a town and the people from on top the roofs yelled at them: "Adelitas! Adelitas!" It was like calling them "Lizzie-boys," if that term isn't too old-fashion'. The *federalistas* were in too much of a hurry right then but they came back after a few days and burned the town. Which, instead of discouraging the nickname, made it more popular. So much so, that Adelita wasn't allowed to be played anywheres in *federalista* territory.

THAT was the piece Pablo Limon had selected for the occasion: a wholesale insult set to music. General Herales looked like he was having apoplexy. He rode to where Pablo stood in front of his band. Pablo bowed, sarcastic.

"It is with extreme satisfaction, *maestro*," said Herales, "that I recognize the celebrated musical organization of the talented Pablo Limon."

"There is talent," said Pablo, "and there is genius."

"And such genius!" said Herales, and they traded bows. "It would be a pity to waste it. Yet I am faced with a most unpleasant problem."

"You have your duty," Pablo said.

"I sigh to contemplate it," said Herales. "I would be desolated did I not perceive a possible solution. What, *maestro*, is there to prevent you joining the *federalista* cause?"

"At another time," said Pablo, "I might have another answer. It so happens, however, that I have a quarrel with General Villa. My own mind is made up. However, as a formality, you must grant the opportunity of holding council with my musicians."

"Granted," said Herales. "I remind you only that time and events are pressing."

Whilst he spoke they could hear the sound of firing, where Medino was having it out with those rear-guard *federalistas*. Pablo marched his band back through the gate into the *patio*. Herales waited. His men were pretty well over their galloping scare and convincing themselves, like better and worse soldiers before them and after, that their retreat was superior tactics. Herales really was tickled to death. He knew that winning or losing a skirmish at Llano Blanco didn't mean a thing compared to capturing Pablo Limon's band. The sound of the shooting was getting nearer. Herales looked at his watch. Seven minutes—

The *patio* gate banged open and Pablo Limon came marching out with his band. They marched up to Herales, very military and proper.

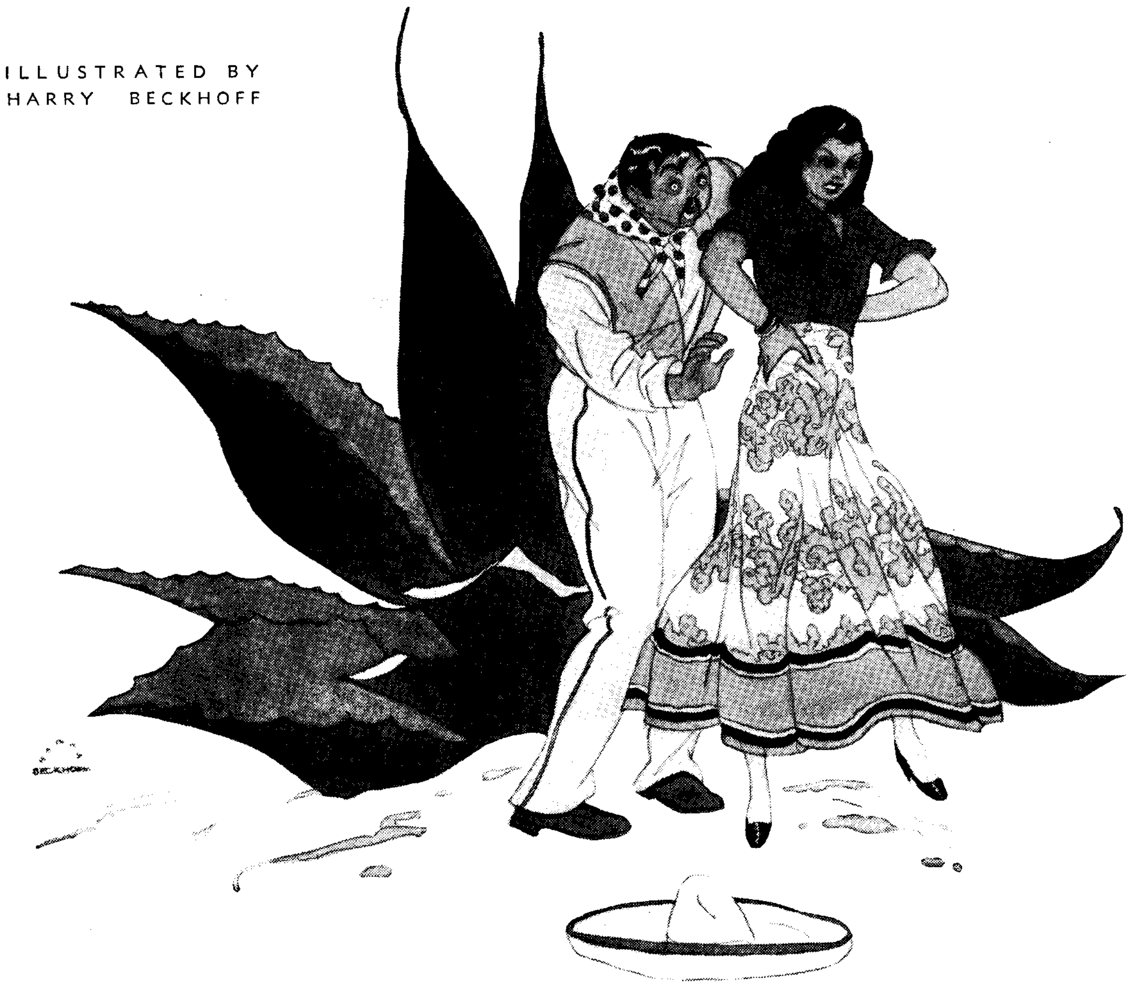
"We have decided," said Pablo.

"Then let us march," said Herales.

"Con su permiso," said Pablo, "we first desire to render a simple composition in token of our allegiance."

HERALES just couldn't pass up the chance for a grandstand play all in favor of Herales. He signified his *permiso*. Pablo Limon raised his baton. The band raised their instruments. Then Pablo dropped his baton and they crashed into it—into La Cucaracha. Villa's war song! They played it, horns,

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY BECKHOFF



She gave them quite an argument, with Jaquero blubbering for her to save him, before they really closed in drums and cymbals; the whole musical works:

"La cucaracha, la cucaracha,
Ya no quiere caminar—"

Coronel Medino broke into the town about two hours later. He found them, hanging on that big, dusty cottonwood I was telling you about; hanging dead, with their instruments hung around their necks: trombones, cymbals, cornets and all. Even the bass drum was tied to the bass-drummer's neck and one of those big oompah-horns to the fellow who'd played it. *Si, señor:* the whole band—except one. The story first went out that all forty of them had been executed. But the faloot was missing from the collection on the cottonwood and so was the faloot player, this *hombre* I mentioned, name of Jaquero. Jaquero's not getting hung was kind of lost track of in the excitement when Coronel Medino brought the news back from Llano Blanco.

There was excitement and no mistake. Pancho Villa was fit to be tied. But pretty soon the story of Pablo Limon and his band got to be just another of those tall yarns you simply couldn't believe except that they happened in those times and that country.

That's why there wasn't more of a scandal, I reckon, when this Jaquero ambled back into camp big as life and put in for his *frijoles-y-tortillas* ration like nothing whatsoever had happened. He reeled off a tale about why he hadn't died with his faloot on that big cottonwood. He said how he'd followed Medino into action, versus orders, and got split out from the command and ever since had been dodging *federalistas,* downing no few of them, to hear him tell it.

Nobody believed a word of it. But lots of other things were happening. So Jaquero was rationed out his *frijoles* and *tortillas.* And he made shift of being a soldier but mostly he went around, plunking his guitar and rolling his eyes at the *soldaderas* and other stray *señoritas.*

Jaquero was that way a whole lot. Sometimes I think it was his unadulterated gall as much as anything else that kept fate from catching up with Jaquero forthwith. Not only did he have the crust to come back but he came smack back to Coronel Medino's regiment. And, what's a whole lot more, he took up with this *soldadera* they called Chacina. It just so happened that the *coronel* himself looked upon Chacina with a heap of favor.

ONE sundown Medino himself invited me into the Cantina de Sorpresa Rosa. You accepted invitations from Medino. We toyed with a couple snorts of *tequila,* with lime and salt the way they drink that panther milk, and we talked about the campaign, and so forth, sparring all around the real subject. At last Medino said:

"You are suprised, no, *compadre,* that Jaquero still lives?"

"Well," I said, "he certainly missed a date to demise decent at Llano Blanco."

The *coronel* smiled and squeezed out a little more lime. He said:

"I know there are those who think I should correct his oversight."

"All you'd have to do," I told him, "is let General Villa know Jaquero is back. The *general* would take care of the matter with pleasure."

"On the other hand," said Medino, "why should not I remove him personally?"

"There's something in that, too," I said. Medino kind of sighed and said:

"Assuredly, Jaquero must die . . . and, most assuredly, I must do what I can to prevent his death. You understand women, no?"

"The only thing I understand about women," I told him, "is that I don't understand anything about them."

"Understanding, indeed," said Medino. "Still, they are not too complicated. For instance, Chacina. It may seem strange that such a valiant *soldadera* should select—believe, please, that I do not speak bitterly—one who is a weakling; not to say a coward."

"Chacina must've known what the whole camp thinks of Jaquero," I said.

"*Seguramente,*" said Medino, "and, because of her high courage, she is moved by instinct to take him under her protection."

"Whatever it is," I said, "Chacina must be getting good and sick of her bargain."

"Oh, but no!" said Medino, like I'd made the wrong move he'd been waiting for in a game of checkers. "Her devotion grows daily stronger. If I shot Jaquero, which would not gratify me too much, she would hate me. That I could overcome; but never his memory, posturing as the victim of an assassin."

"Suppose General Villa finds out—?" I said.

"In that case, Jaquero would become a martyr in her eyes," said Medino. "But in either case, alas, a faultless specter."

"Which makes it tough for you," I said, "either way the play goes."

"You sympathize with me, *compañero,* in my romantic dilemma?" he asked me. He smiled, licked some salt off his thumb and downed his *copita.*

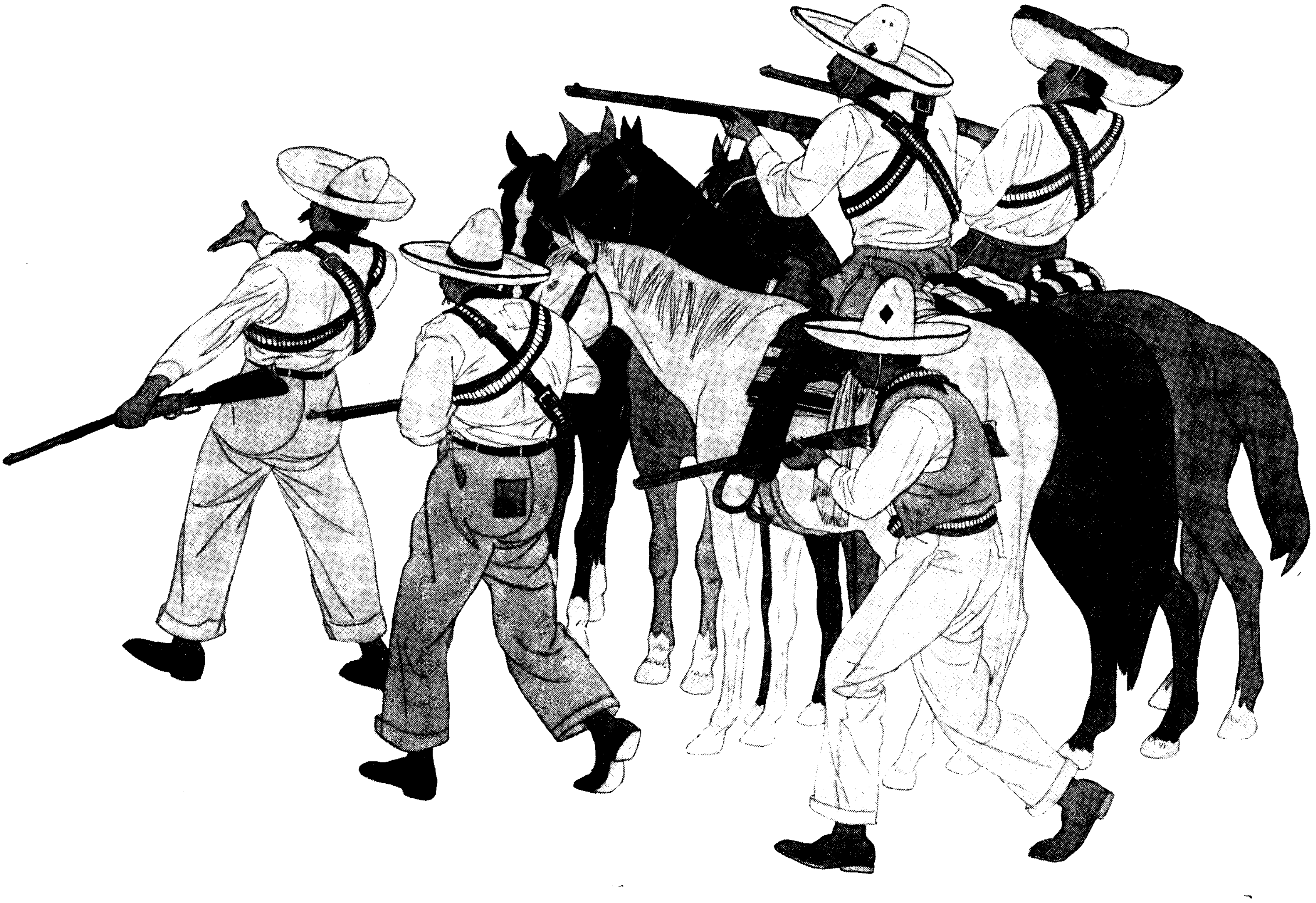
He certainly was right about Chacina. The way she stuck to Jaquero and the things she stood for from him were a caution. I haven't told you much about her. Her name meant "tender pork spiced to put in sausages." That ought to give you some idea. I've explained to you about where the only divorce for a *soldadera,* married legal or not, was a bullet. Chacina wasn't twenty yet and she'd had three of those divorces. Which may give you a little more idea about her and also what a heap of fighting she had seen. She was awful pretty, big black eyes and honey-color skin, and she could be mighty sweet.

THE camp felt sorry for her account of Jaquero and I reckon that helped him last as long as he did. And the more nothing happened to him, the more of a pest Jaquero got to be. Finally, this guitar-teasing Romeo pressed his luck too heavy. He started giving out where he not only considered himself smart not to get hung with the rest of Pablo Limon's band but where he was the real hero of Llano Blanco for escaping from the *federalistas.*

He even made up a song on his guitar about what a great *hombre* he was. The camp minstrels trumped him. They made up a verse of La Cucaracha. This verse said: there were forty ropes on the tree at Llano Blanco and only thirty-nine were occupied; and shouldn't something be done to reward the hero, in Medino's camp?

Now, those camp minstrels not only kept cases on revolutionary history but they were the daily newspapers and the gossip column. That verse was all over the army next day and it was only a

(Continued on page 32)

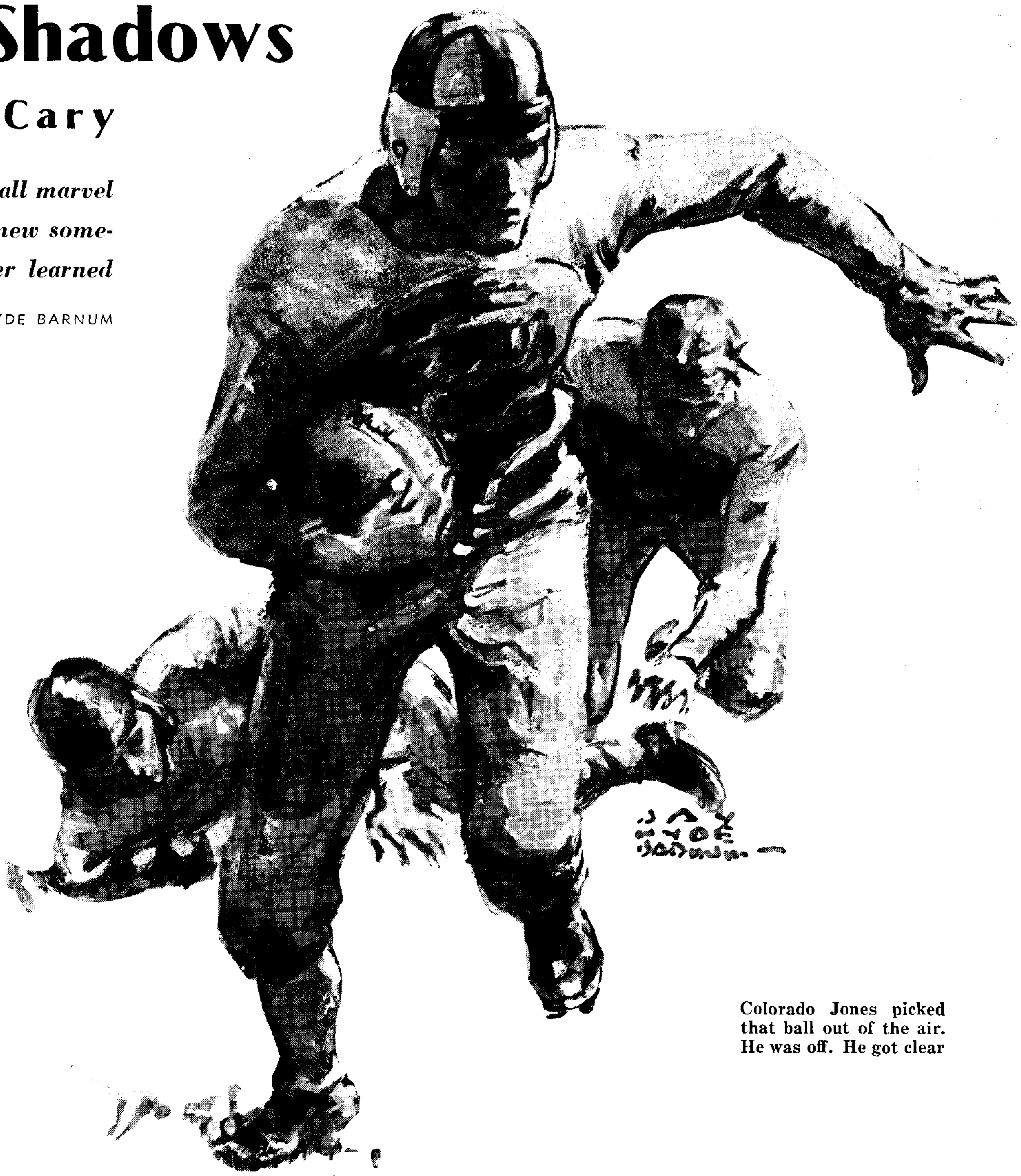


Out of the Shadows

By Lucian Cary

The story of a football marvel —and a girl who knew something the cops never learned

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



Colorado Jones picked that ball out of the air. He was off. He got clear

THEY say there are two sides to every story. Colonel P. J. Brookfield is a big man; and he talks like a big man. He prides himself on his tolerance and his understanding of the human race. He says the trouble with criminals is not so much that they're bad as that they're dumb.

"Let me tell you about my experience with a convict," he says. "The fellow's name"—and here the Colonel pauses and makes sure you'll get it—"the fellow's name was Colorado Jones." He takes it for granted you've heard of Colorado Jones, and you have. But just in case you don't know football and don't read the papers, the Colonel adds, "Perhaps the greatest halfback who ever carried a ball in a broken field."

The story Colonel Brookfield tells isn't so different as to the facts from the one Colorado Jones would tell, if he talked, though he never did talk to anybody but Mamie Taylor. There are one or two things the Colonel doesn't know and has never guessed. But mostly he'd agree with Colorado Jones.

COLORADO JONES stood in the warden's office the day they were letting him go and wanted to tell the warden something before he left. The warden was a kindly man—too kindly, many people said. He let the convicts in Waubun Prison have a football team. He let a man get a good tan before he left. But there were some things it was no use to tell him.

"Jones," the warden said, and looked out of the open window where the sun shone on the late flowers Jones had been tending while he got his tan, "Jones—what are you going to do now?"

"I'm going to change my name," Colorado said. "I'm going to get a job in a garage somewhere. And some day I'm going to finish the engineering course I started."

The warden lifted some papers from his desk and leaned back in his swivel chair.

"You had one year in college—at Minnewaska. You've heard of P. J. Brookfield."

Colorado Jones had shaken hands with Colonel Brookfield once, when he was playing freshman football at Minnewaska. P. J. Brookfield was the man behind athletics at Minnewaska. P. J. Brookfield had spent a million dollars on the Brookfield Planetarium he had given the university.

"He has sent you some money and a railway ticket to Grandison," the warden said. "He wants to see you."

Colorado Jones shook his head. "I'd rather not go back to Grandison. I don't want to see any of the people I knew before."

"He has thought of that. He wants to make it easy for you. He says the express stops at a place called Burwell Junction, thirty miles from Grandison. His chauffeur will meet you. His family is in Europe. You can spend the night at his house without meeting anybody."

"Warden," Colorado Jones said, "if you were in my place—if you had done two years in prison—would you—"

"You're taking it the wrong way, Jones," the warden interrupted. "I like you. I believe in you. I think you've got the stuff. But you won't make good until you get over feeling bitter. You've paid your debt to the rest of us. But that doesn't mean we owe you anything. Forget it. That's the only sensible thing to do—forget it."

"Yes, sir," Colorado Jones said. He had known all the time that it was no good trying to tell the warden how it felt to face the world as a jailbird when you were innocent. The warden knew he had been convicted and sentenced, and that was that.

"YOU'D better take the money and the ticket and go out there and see Brookfield. It can't do any harm to find out what he'll do for you."

"No, sir."

"If I were you I'd take whatever he offers. Jobs aren't so easy to come by."

The warden didn't say it wasn't easy for an ex-convict to come by a job but Colorado Jones knew what he was thinking.

"If I were you," the warden continued, "I'd forget this idea of avoiding my old friends. They know all about you. They've read the papers. It isn't easy to dodge them. It's easier to face them. It's easier to say, 'Yes—I stuck up a gas station and got two years for it and now I've done my time and I'm going straight—so what about it?' "

"Yes, sir," Colorado Jones said.

He was not convinced. He would never be convinced. But he had little choice. He said "Yes, sir," and took the money and the railway ticket and thanked the warden. He thanked the warden especially for helping him to get away without seeing the newspaper reporters.

"We'll miss you," the warden said. "Our football team won't be famous this year."

Colorado Jones rode through a long September day across three states in the smoking car. He saw himself in the mirror. He saw a tall young man with a strong head, strongly set on wide shoulders, and knew that was what the other passengers saw. He was wearing a neat gray suit. The other passengers didn't know it was the kind of suit they gave a man when he left Waubun Prison. They didn't know he had done time.

Colonel Brookfield's chauffeur was waiting with a big closed car at Burwell Junction. It was full dark. Colorado Jones was the only passenger to get off. The chauffeur said, "Yes, sir," to Colorado Jones and took his bag and opened the car door for him and drove him to Colonel Brookfield's vast house on the edge of the Minnewaska campus. A manservant showed Colorado Jones to a bedroom as big as a cell-block at Waubun. He came back ten minutes later to announce that Colonel Brookfield was in the library.

COLORADO JONES saw that the Colonel was bigger than ever. He was a big, wide man, with a big, wide smile, who shook hands heartily. They had cocktails and went in to dinner and Colorado Jones ate filet mignon and drank a delicious red wine while Colonel Brookfield talked football. The Colonel knew a lot about football. He was more than a fan. He had been helping make football teams for twenty years. He led the way back to the library afterward and ordered whisky and a siphon.

Colorado Jones felt warmed and heartened. He had never eaten such food in Waubun. He had never eaten such food in all his life. He had a delicious sense of well-being.

"Now," Colonel Brookfield said, when the man had brought the whisky and gone out, shutting the door behind him, "now we can talk." He looked hard at Colorado Jones. "I want you to come back to Minnewaska and play football."

"They'd never let me."

Colonel Brookfield smiled. "Yes," he

said, "they will. They will—if I say so."

"The newspapers," Colorado Jones said, "the newspapers would—"

"What of it?" Colonel Brookfield asked. "What if the newspapers do print the story? What do we care?"

Colorado Jones lit a cigarette. His hands trembled so he had to support one with the other. He wanted desperately to go on with his engineering course. He knew the Colonel would fix him up with a job by which he could work his way through. The Colonel could do anything at Minnewaska.

"The more publicity the better," Colonel Brookfield said. "People have a lot of respect for the man who's gone wrong and comes back to go straight and face the music. You come back here and carry the ball for Minnewaska and take it. I mean take it. Frankly admit that you stuck up a gas station and got caught and were sent up for two years and now you've served your two years." The Colonel smiled at Colorado Jones. "You can't beat it. In time you can have anything you want in this state."

"I want to be an engineer."

The Colonel waved his cigar. "Be an engineer—be a big engineer."

The Colonel blew smoke at the ceiling. The Colonel waited, while Colorado Jones considered the picture of his future.

"Colonel Brookfield," Colorado Jones said, "I want you to know that I didn't stick up that gas station."

Colonel Brookfield held up his hand. "Don't," he said. "Don't spoil it."

He got up and walked back and forth, his hands in his pockets and his cigar tucked firmly in one corner of his mouth.

"I'm a lot older than you are," the Colonel said. "I know the world. You're taking the wrong angle. It's no good saying you were innocent. It wouldn't be good if it were true." He smiled at Colorado Jones. "The whole point is you're guilty—but you've paid."

Colorado Jones sat silent. It was the second time he had tried to tell a man his story.

"You go down to the field house tomorrow afternoon," Colonel Brookfield said. "You tell the coach your name is Jones. He's a new man. He won't know you. He'll give you a suit. You go out for practice and sit tight. For the present you're my guest. If anything happens you tell 'em. You tell 'em to ask me."

COLORADO JONES met nobody he knew that first day. The squad was big. The squad numbered nearly a hundred men. It was two years since he had been in college. The men he had played with as a freshman had dropped out of college, or out of football, or hadn't yet reported for practice.

It was three days before the story broke. But when it broke it broke. It broke on the front pages from Minnewaska to both coasts. Colonel Brookfield had to hire armed guards to keep the reporters and the photographers off the lawn. But he didn't seem to care. He seemed to like it. He moved the interviews with the president of the university, and the governor of the state, and Coach O'Brien, and the chairman of the athletic association into line—one a day.

Colorado Jones saw himself denounced and defended day after day. The sentiment seemed almost evenly divided. Four of the Big Ten universities with which Minnewaska had athletic relations were all for Colorado Jones; five of them were set against him. But when the storm was over Colonel Brookfield had won. After all, there wasn't anything in the rules to stop Colorado Jones. He had played freshman football at Minnewaska. If he had played since at another college he would have to wait a year before he would be eligible. But Waubun Prison wasn't a college.

Colonel Brookfield took Colorado Jones into the library the night before the opening game. It wasn't an important game. It was merely the annual opening game with Nobosco College. But Nobosco had won it the previous year by a score of six to nothing. That mustn't happen again.

"O'Brien tells me you were in better condition than anybody else when you got here," the Colonel said. "He thinks you're in shape now to play three quarters."

"I'm pretty hard," Colorado Jones said.

"Ordinarily we'd save you for a big game," the Colonel said. "We wouldn't let you play more than one quarter. But this thing is too ripe. The papers for a thousand miles around are sending their first-string men to see you play. The newsreel companies are all sending photographers. The radio people are sending a sound truck. They're broadcasting over a national hook-up. So we can't wait. We've got to send you out there to show 'em something. We've got to work you hard and pray that you don't get hurt."

COLORADO JONES stood waiting for the whistle the next afternoon. Nobosco was kicking off. He wished he would get hurt. He wished he'd break a leg. But he had no hope. He never had been badly hurt—not even in his high school days when he hadn't known a thing about taking care of himself. He had been well banged up in some of the games he had played for Waubun. But he had never been hurt badly enough to be taken out.

The whistle blew. Colorado Jones saw the kicker running forward. He heard the thump of his foot against the ball. He saw the ball coming rather high. It was coming straight for him but it would be a bit short. Colorado Jones was gathering speed when he caught the ball. He ran right through the Nobosco team. He ran eighty-five yards to a touchdown.

He kept it up for three quarters. He ran thirty, forty, fifty yards at a clip. He made five touchdowns in three quarters.

Colonel Brookfield was standing on the side lines as Colorado Jones came wearily off the field at the end of the third quarter. Colonel Brookfield shook hands with him. Colonel Brookfield patted him on the back. Colorado Jones saw that he was looking into three movie cameras. Somebody moved a mike in front of his face.

"Here's Colorado Jones," the fellow was yelling into the mike. "He's going to say a few words to you. Come on, Colorado. Tell 'em how it feels to be back in the college game again."

Colonel Brookfield nudged Colorado's elbow. "Say something," he whispered. "Say anything."

Colorado Jones choked and gasped and fought for words that would not come.

"Say, it is great to be back at Minnewaska," Colonel Brookfield said in his ear. "Say, it makes you happy to be playing for Minnewaska."

"It's great to be back at Minnewaska," Colorado Jones said into the microphone. "It's grand. It's—it's—it's just grand. But now I'm tired."

The papers used it in their headlines the next day:

COLORADO JONES SAYS HE'S TIRED AFTER
RUNNING WILD AGAINST NOBOSCO

Waubun Graduate Carries the Ball for
Total of Four Hundred and Two
Yards in Three Quarters

It got worse as the season went on and Colorado Jones found himself with the ball in a broken field. Minnewaska won the second game, the third game, the fourth game. The newspapers printed cartoons of coaches of other football teams searching the penitentiaries for another Colorado Jones. The newspapers played the story harder and harder and Colorado Jones shrank deeper and deeper into himself.

IT WAS worst of all the night before the game with Michigan. If Minnewaska beat Michigan, Minnewaska would in all probability win the championship of the Big Ten for the first time in eighteen years. Minnewaska had two more games to play after the Michigan game but Michigan was the hurdle.

Colorado Jones had to appear on the platform with the rest of the team at the student mass meeting the night before the Michigan game. He had to sit there while speaker after speaker yelled the praises of Colorado Jones to the five thousand students that jammed the great hall of the gymnasium. He wondered how many of them would change

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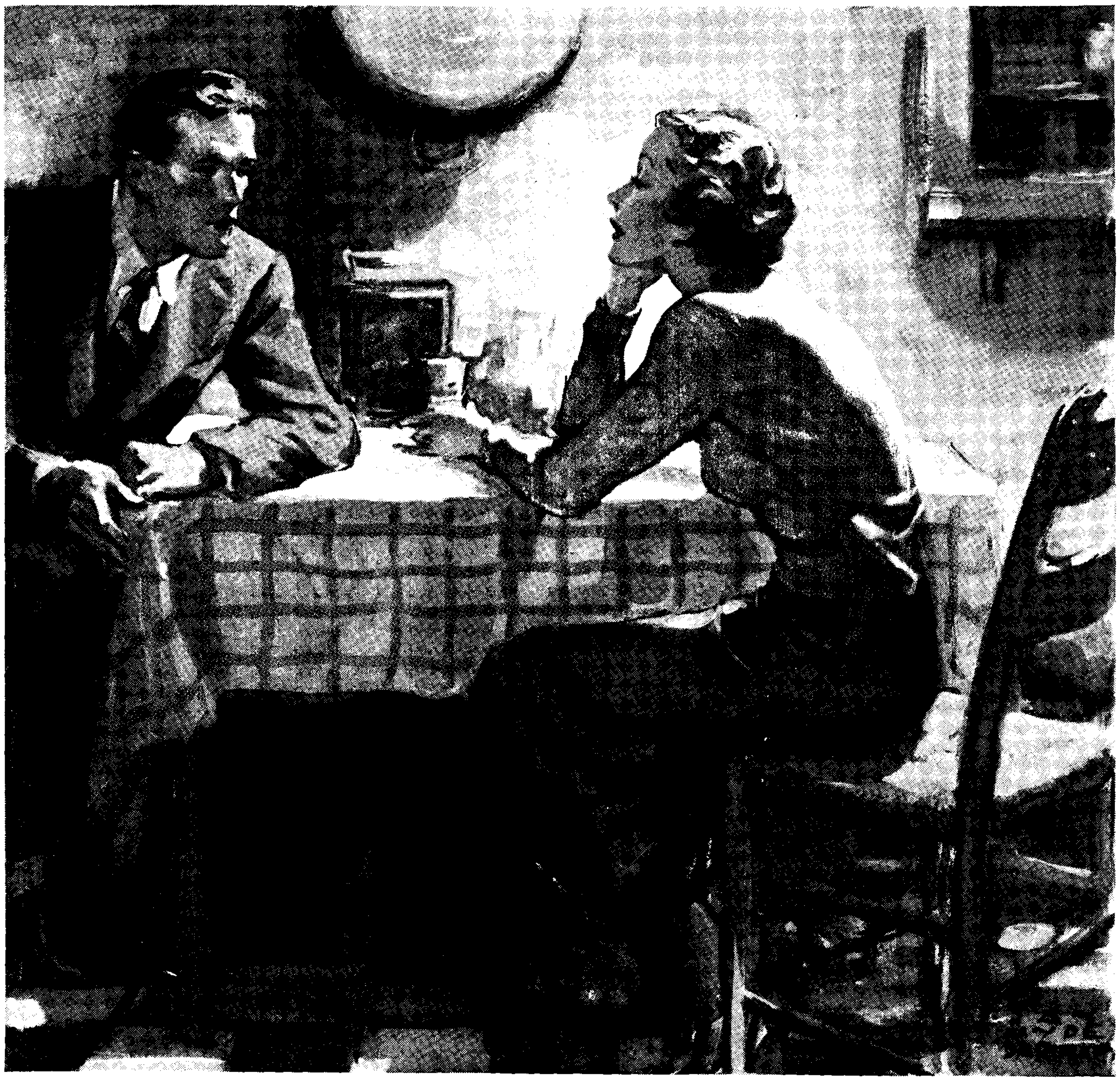


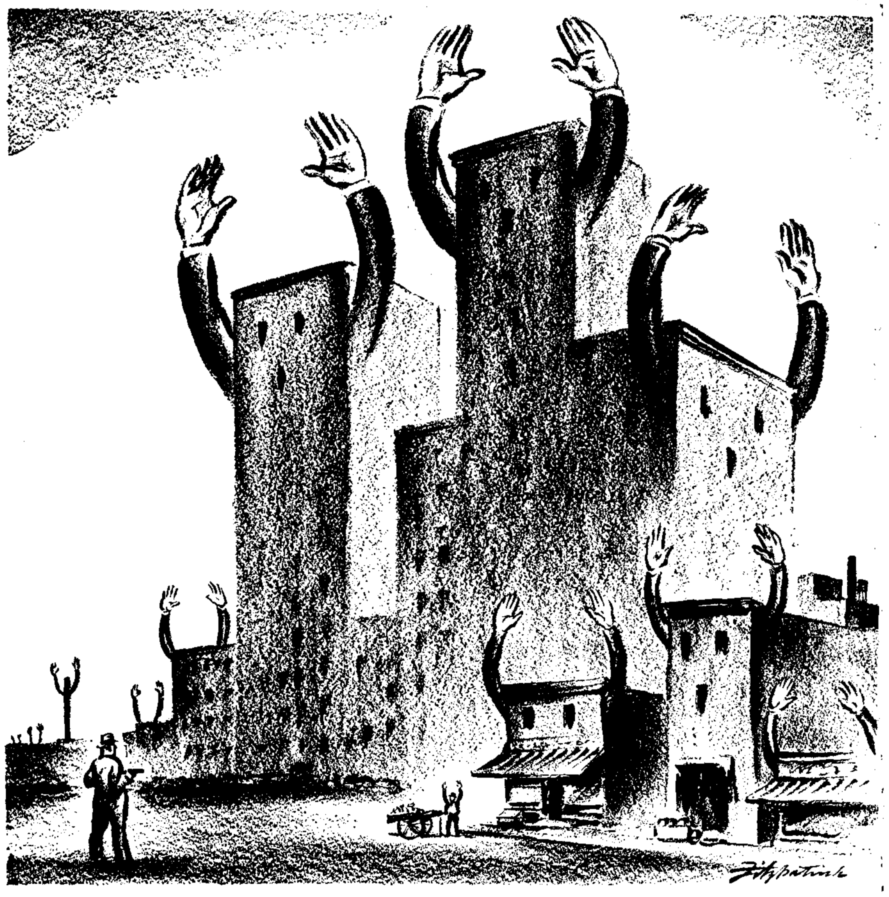
Colorado Jones looked into her wide clear eyes. "You believe me," he said

The Gangster in Business

By John T. Flynn

DRAWINGS BY
D. R. FITZPATRICK

Eleven billion dollars is his yearly "take." The gangster's ingenuity and enterprise have found a place in every town and city in the nation. Not only does he prey on legitimate business, he is often in legitimate business. By invitation. Those who issue the invitations find out too late that they can't be canceled. But business is about to rebel, with New York City leading the way



Like the robber baron of old, the racketeer levies a tax on all who pass

SOME weeks ago an imaginative and ambitious young man named Dominic Tossone presented himself to Mr. Joseph Farina in Harlem, New York, with a business proposition. Mr. Farina is part owner of an apartment house on East 112th Street. Mr. Tossone is only nineteen. Only two months before, he had been interrupted in another little business transaction by a policeman. At the moment he was taking from an unknown lady her pocketbook, in which he had good reason to suppose she had a neat little pay roll of over a thousand dollars tucked away.

A kindly district attorney made the charge petty larceny. Mr. Tossone pleaded guilty and a kindly judge suspended sentence. "I am giving you a chance to make good," he said. Tossone now appeared before Mr. Farina with his business proposition, which was his way of making good. Mr. Farina, it seems, had been suffering from a six months' acute case of broken windows in his apartment house. Bricks had a habit of finding their way through the Farina glassware.

Mr. Tossone told Mr. Farina that what he needed was a watchman. Five dollars a week. Result, no more broken windows. Farina was hard to sell. So the windows continued to pop. After all, $5 was a small guarantee if Mr. Tossone could deliver the goods. He told Mr. Farina that a gang was breaking his windows and demanded $30 back pay before they would stop, and $5 a week for the watchman. Mr. Farina handed over the $30 with surprising alacrity. Whereupon a couple of detectives stepped out and seized Mr. Tossone.

This is an extremely simple and rudimentary case of criminal extortion known as the petty watchman racket. But simple as it is, it possesses all the essential elements of the criminal industrial racket which can expand until it comprehends a small army of gentlemen entrepreneurs, collectors, thugs, politicians and, ofttimes, a murderer or two. Its essential elements are terror, violence, extortion.

For instance, see how the petty watchman racket becomes the watchman racket upon a grand scale. New Yorkers eat amazing quantities of fish. That appetite supports two large industries—the fresh fish and the salt-water fish or sea-food industry. Go any weekday to the Fulton Fish Market and see the incredible supplies of mackerel and fluke, flounder and halibut and bass, codfish, herring, lobster and hake. The wholesale bill for it is twenty million dollars a year. We have lost our perception for such flimsy sums since we began dealing in billions of government money. But twenty millions is still a lot of money, and it will buy a lot of mackerel. Of course, the people who eat these mountains of sea food pay many times more than that. This is the wholesale take.

And it concerns more people than the credulous and easily frisked bumpkins of little old New York. For these salt-water fish come from the four corners of the nation—from Maine and Washington, from Florida and Texas and lots of places around all our far-flung coasts.

This fish is caught by fishermen and sold to shippers. The shippers sell it to receivers or wholesalers in New York, who in turn sell it to retailers. When it arrives in Manhattan it must be trucked to the wholesalers and then to retailers and cafés. This job involves the services of truckers, handlers, watchmen, forwarders. If, then, you want to get fish to your wholesale establishment from the docks or from your place to the retailer you will do well to employ the services of Mr. Mike Costello's and Charles Skillen's chauffeurs' union, or Mr. Joe "Socks" Lanza's United Seafood Workers and Mr. Benjamin Espy, alias Esty's Market Watchman and Patrol Association.

An Eleven-Billion-Dollar Graft

The amiable Mr. Lanza and his confreres impose a tax ranging from $50 to $1,040 for the services they perform, whatever they may be, and Mr. Ben Espy will give you "protection" from interference for from $25 up to $1,000. If you are in the fish business you pay it without murmur, because you know that those who have murmured or resisted have been given good reasons for thinking it over later. We will see something more of the technique of this astonishing fish racket later.

For the time being this is the place to say that it is estimated that these rackets cost the city of New York a billion dollars a year, and that no less an authority than the Wickersham Commission guessed that they cost the nation as much as eleven billion. That's what Europe owes us. Patriotic financiers tell us we cannot afford to lose it. Yet we lose it or some such sum every year to a countless horde of lawless extortionists who prey upon legitimate business in every town and city in the land. Beside this racket, prohibition was so much petty larceny. This is the criminal industry against which a young thirty-three-year-old lawyer, armed with the funds and processes of the state of New York, has now launched what may prove to be one of the most far-reaching investigations ever undertaken in this country.

This young lawyer is Thomas L. Dewey, who, though only thirty-three years old, has already served as United States Attorney for the Eastern District of New York—the most important federal post outside of the job of Attorney General. He was named to that post because of his extraordinary success as a prosecutor of just such gentry as must now face him.

Up to now the chief reason why there has been no such war on the industrial racketeer as there was on the prohibition racketeer is the helplessness of the federal government. Most rackets are local affairs. The gangster keeps his machinations well within the limits of a single state or even city, so that the federal government's jurisdiction seldom can be invoked. As for city governments, they are supine. They do nothing, for a variety of reasons, but chiefly because the racketeer pays his way. He is a member of a Tammany Hall club. He is useful on election day when plug-uglies are needed. He can be counted on for any little strong-arming which may be needed between elections.

He is good for a generous contribution to the war chest. Better still, he is a good friend of the boss, the right police, the magistrate. And even better still, he may have a powerful district leader for a partner. And so New York is asking—where will Mr. Dewey's probe lead? Will it find its way finally into the inner sanctums of some of those notorious district clubs whose bosses have so often been mentioned as patrons of rackets? Will Mr. Dewey uncover in America something resembling the Neapolitan Camorra, in which criminals and politicians exploited both the under and the upper worlds of business?

The Prologue to the Drama

Oddly enough, this young man, Dewey, is a Republican appointed to the job by Tammany Democratic District Attorney Dodge. To understand the prologue which is the swelling theme to the approaching drama, you have to go back to the fall of 1933, when the aged Thomas C. T. Crain was district attorney of New York.

For many years the district attorney's office of New York County was regarded as the special plum of one or two powerful district leaders whose special province was commercialized vice—gambling, prostitution, liquor. One way of using that office was to name a pliant tool. Another was to name a respectable nonentity or some futile stuffed shirt. Crain had been a Supreme Court judge. He was eminently respectable, but he had already reached the age for retirement as a judge. At a time when he was a candidate for his slippers and his pipe and his memories he was named to the turbulent job of prosecutor of New York County, which called for the energy and resourcefulness of a youthful and robust and resolute man.

In the fall of 1933 a grand jury got to prying about into some of the industrial rackets of the city. The names of four powerful district leaders came up. One of them had actually been considered for leader of Tammany Hall. But the grand jury soon got to feeling that someone in the district attorney's office, which directs New York grand juries, was fitting first green goggles and then outright blinkers over its eyes. It protested but got nowhere and ended by quitting in disgust.

Finally in March of this year another

grand jury began a similar examination. By this time a new district attorney was in office—Mr. William C. Dodge. He, too, had been a Tammany magistrate and a member of one of those Tammany clubs frequently mentioned in connection with rackets. No one accuses Mr. Dodge of being connected with rackets, but certainly he is a political protégé of one of those Tammany leaders, by many supposed to be the most active patron of some of the leading rackets. This grand jury soon became convinced that Mr. Dodge's assistants were not giving much help in the fight on the racketeers. They complained and soon a battle ensued between grand jury and prosecutor which was being fought out on page one when Governor Herbert Lehman intervened.

The governor is a Democrat. He is also a man of integrity and social vision. He told his fellow Democrat in the district attorney's office that he expected him to do something and, to be specific about it, indicated what that something must be. He must appoint a special assistant prosecutor to appear before a specially impaneled grand jury to hunt down the criminals. He gave him his choice of four lawyers—all well-known Republicans. They were George Medalie, Charles Evans Hughes, Jr., Charles Tuttle and Thomas Dewey. Medalie, Hughes and Tuttle promptly got together and jointly recommended Dewey. And now that young gentleman, able, even brilliant, fearless, ambitious, sits in the Woolworth Building, with a huge staff of twenty lawyers and a large corps of accountants, investigators, detectives, laying out his lines of battle against the greatest army of crooks, blackguards, gangsters, murderers and extortionists in the history of organized crime in America. This is probably the first offensive in a war which will spread throughout the country before it is done.

Tribute on the Artichoke

Rackets, of course, take various forms. But they may be divided into two grand divisions—the purely parasitic racket and the functional racket. The purely parasitic racket is that type in which some individual or group of individuals finds some device for chiseling its way into some otherwise legitimate business and levying tribute on it without performing any service. The functional racket is one in which the racketeer assists the business to carry out some objective in which it is interested.

Of the first type an excellent one is the artichoke racket in New York. The artichoke—an aristocrat among vegetables—is however a humble member commercially of the vegetable family. This racket fastens itself upon what is known as the small artichoke. Those large, impressive vegetables which you get in your hotel are left severely alone. The American, in fact, can get along very well without his artichoke. But to the Italian the small artichoke, properly trimmed and soaked in olive oil, is as important a delicacy as the olive or the sweet-smelling garlic.

These little artichokes come chiefly from California. They find their way into New York through only six commission houses, all located around the famous old Washington market near the Hudson River, only a few blocks behind the Woolworth Building. These commission houses sell their merchandise to petty wholesalers throughout the city. They are clustered principally around the Washington market, the Wallabout market and the Harlem market. These small wholesalers in turn sell to the retail grocery and vegetable stores, markets and push-cart peddlers.

Now let's see the racket at work. It had been flourishing for at least twenty years around the Harlem market but had not invaded the Washington market district. One morning the telephone in a small vegetable wholesaler's place near Washington market rang. When the Italian boss answered a voice said: "Lay off artichokes." That was all. The boss paid no attention to this until he went to the Italian restaurant near by where most of the small wholesalers gathered daily for their noonday spaghetti and vino. The place soon buzzed with the discovery that every man there had had the same mysterious warning.

You do not have to knock an Italian businessman down to make him see a point. He has been the prey of the racketeer here and in Italy for generations. It was the consensus among the lunchers, therefore, that it would be an excellent idea "to lay off artichokes." Then in a day or two, as they gathered for luncheon again, it was buzzed around that a new artichoke house had opened on West Street—the Union Pacific Produce Company. And then in a day or two more it came to be understood that this new "business" firm was being managed by an imposing array of enterprising and progressive citizens—Don Ciccio Guira, alias Cheech; Harry Bonsignore, alias Paul DiGorge, and another gentleman with the peculiarly inverted name of Columbus Christopher, sometimes known as James Cuneo. But, most important of all, it was learned that the power behind this impressive partnership was none other than Joe Costaldo, known sometimes as Muskie and sometimes as Jack Giacomiano and at other times as James Fioretta. That was enough. Mr. Costaldo had been the artichoke king of the Harlem market for some years. It was now clear that he had decided to muscle in on the Washington market trade. And the dealers knew Joe Costaldo's methods.

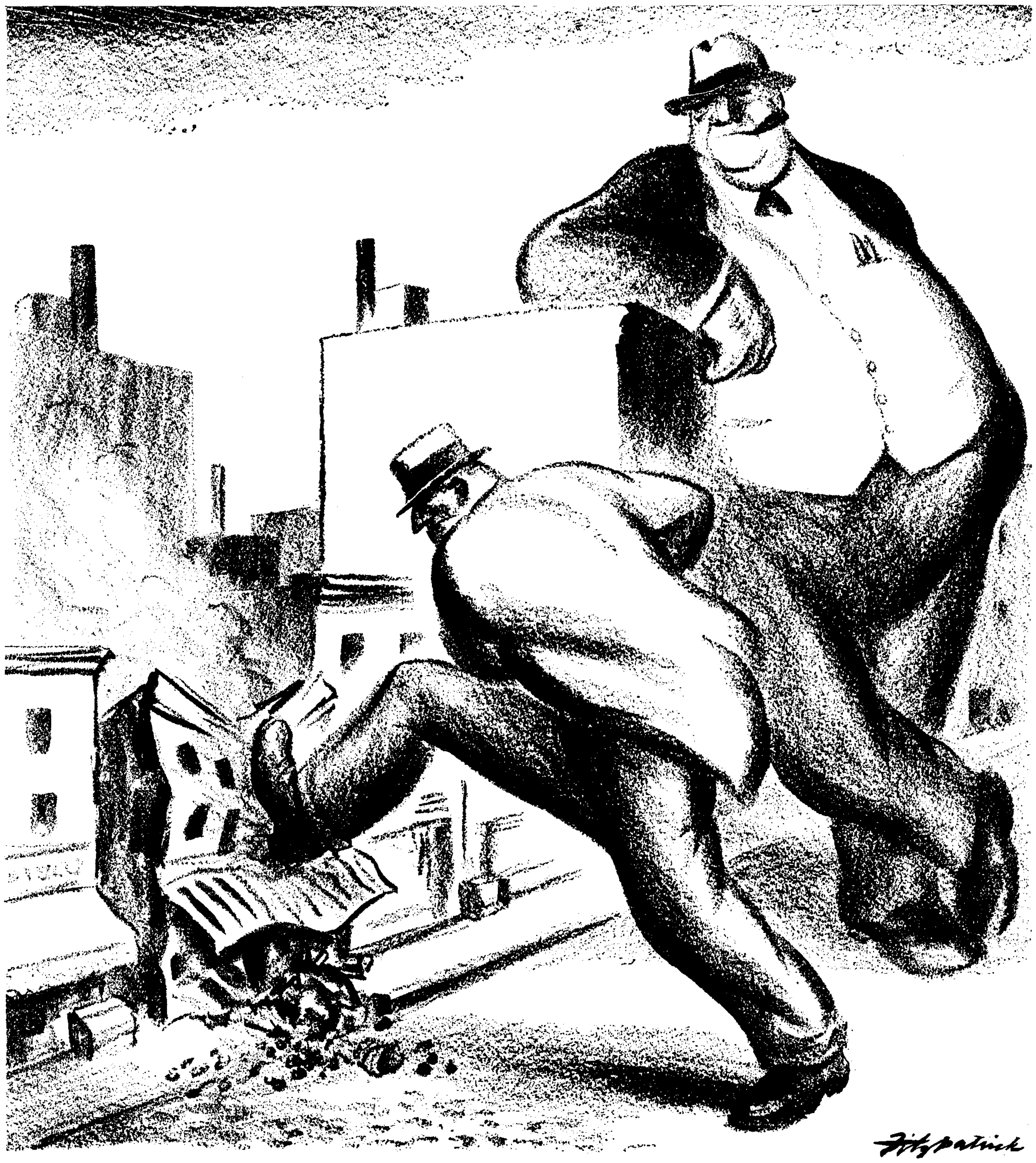
His technique was simple. The artichoke, as already pointed out, when going to market, travels from grower to shipper, to commission house, to small wholesaler, to retailer, to the table of Mr. and Mrs. Tony. Mr. Costaldo simply inserted himself at the obvious narrow part of the road along this journey. That was where the artichokes were all assembled in the hands of just six commission houses and were ready to make the next move—to the wholesalers. He performed no function. He merely added another stopping place—another middleman to the process of the marketing. He cut himself in on the business at a point where he could levy a tax of fifty cents on every box of the vegetables entering New York. He did what the robber-baron of old did when he took his station along the road—having closed all others—and levied a tax on all who passed. Or what the pirate of Tariffa on the Mediterranean did when he forced every ship which used the tranquil and safe shore waters off the coast to pay a toll—whence comes the name of one of our merriest trade devices—the tariff.

Mr. Costaldo Persuades

But how could Mr. Costaldo induce 100 wholesalers to buy from no one but him? You see, he bought each day the entire output of the six commission houses and sold to the wholesalers. Well, as a matter of fact, Mr. Costaldo's powers of persuasion were so well known in the trade that it was not necessary, save rarely, to use any of them. Dealers had learned that it wasn't safe to buy artichokes from anybody but Costaldo. Retailers found out that it wasn't safe to buy from a wholesaler who didn't deal with Costaldo. If they tried it they got a broken head or a broken window or both.

One day a wholesaler hardier than his brothers, under cover of the early morning darkness, bought a few boxes from a commission house and smuggled them, hidden under the lettuce, cabbage, scallions and other vegetables in his

(Continued on page 30)



The industrial racketeer must have the support of the politicians and that support must be obvious and ostentatious

Deepwater Island

By Alan LeMay

"This is a worse night than you think," Lilua persisted. "Something's walking around tonight that isn't supposed to walk around at all"

The Story Thus Far:

WITH proof that the Wayne family had purchased the rich island of Alakoa from her grandfather when he was mentally incompetent, Karen Waterson, a San Francisco girl, goes to Honolulu. There, advised by the astute John Colt, she prepares to fight for what she regards as her property.

James Wayne, head of the Wayne clan, is frightened. Likewise, his nephews Ernest and Willard. But a third nephew—Richard, a debonair young man who, cruising about the Pacific in his schooner, the Holokia, is known as "Tonga Dick"—is not. Having just returned to Honolulu, following a long cruise, he has met a beautiful girl—a girl who, having brazenly picked him up in a hotel dining-room, has made a date to go sailing with him next day. The girl is—Karen Waterson! . . . Dick makes certain plans of which the other Waynes know nothing.

Well aware of Karen's motive in meeting him—she hopes to inveigle him into revealing many of the Wayne family's secrets—Dick sails with her—to Alakoa. To her deftly placed questions he returns evasive answers; and, when the island is reached, he calmly announces that she has no choice other than to spend the night there.

III

FOR a little while, absorbed in her first view of the island, Karen had forgotten that in all Alakoa she had not one friend. The anomaly and futility of her presence here struck in upon her again, and she angered.

"I don't think I care to go ashore," she told Dick Wayne.

"Well, of course you're welcome to stay aboard. But it seems to me—"

Karen's temper blazed up. "You've gone a long way out of your way," she told him, "to put me in a perfectly impossible position. I don't see why I should wish to go ashore at a place which cannot possibly contain anything else except more of your own kind."

"Well," Dick grinned, "wasn't this your own suggestion? 'Take her out and show her the coast line. Feed her shark's-fin soup. Show her Alakoa—she'd be interested!' "

"No doubt that is very funny," Karen said incisively; "your jokes are perfectly killing. But, meantime, I am virtually your prisoner, for reasons of your own that I know nothing about. And I don't like it at all."

"It was purely a matter of convenience," Dick said. "Circumstances came up—"

"Perhaps it will suit your convenience to let my friends know where I am, so that they can come after me."

"Yes," Dick agreed, "I'll do that, if you wish. But meantime—hadn't you better come ashore? For one thing, if you just kind of lurk here on the boat, the entire island will inevitably assume that you are my mistress."

"I don't care in the least what either you or any of your tribe assumes," Karen said furiously. "I don't care what they think, and I couldn't help it if I did."

In the silence that followed, Karen's pointless and exasperating situation seemed to hang suspended, while the shoreboat waited, and the boys in the canoes seemed to wait; and the routine activity of making all fast at anchorage went on behind her without any meaning.

Dick Wayne spoke again, his voice very low and gentle. "I'm sorry it worked out this way," he said. "Of course, I understand how you feel. I promise you that things will be made as comfortable as possible for you while you're here. My brothers are in Honolulu, and there's no one you'll have to talk to here."

Karen Waterson's anger died out. This man could put her into white blazes of temper, but, curiously, she did not hate him when the anger was gone. Her tremendous curiosity about Alakoa came on her again, as strongly as if the heart of the island itself were pulling upon every part of her.

She glanced at Tonga Dick, who, as usual, was not looking at her; and, after a moment more, silently went down the ladder into the shoreboat.

ALWAYS afterward, Karen Waterson was able to recall every detail of that landing upon Alakoa—the brown-green of the barnacles bristling upon the rotting piles of the fishermen's pier; the broken, water-soaked fingernails of a small brown boy who clung for a moment to the gunwale at risk of the propeller; the salty, fishy smell of drying nets, the buttery reek of copra and the hot, lush breath of the verdant beach jungle, which seemed to give the island a soul utterly apart from that of the sea.

But among all these things that were meaningless in themselves, one stood out: the figure of the man who stood at the stem of the shore launch, balancing easily to its roll. It was the figure of a brown-skinned young man, dark as stained mahogany, who was getting ready to throw the painter to the landing.

To Karen the great height and breadth of shoulder of this man seemed beyond belief. She knew that the burial caves of the old Hawaiians told a story of a race among whom a man seven feet tall was a commonplace; and that museums contained Polynesian jawbones such as the hand of a modern man could hardly span. But she did not know that such types as this were common still, upon the remote beaches. To Karen it seemed that the broad sweep of this man's shoulders sustained something which she had supposed was gone—something that had lived between the jungle and the sea a thousand years before the first white whalers rowed thirstily ashore.

"Well, cast your line, Hokano!"

Karen Waterson landed upon Alakoa fascinated, deeply stirred, and—afraid.

"YOUR uncle," Charles Wong said, "is very anxious to see you at once."

Ever since Tonga Dick and Karen had arrived, the tall Chinese, secretary to James Wayne, had been hovering near Dick—if Charles Wong could be said to hover. Charles Wong, who had never seen China, showed in his tall and bony frame the stamp of the Manchu, but about him was no mannerism belonging to the Oriental. If there was a certain dignity about this Chinese, it was the indirect effect of assured competence.

Now that Karen Waterson had been turned over to James Wayne's housekeeper, Tonga Dick could give his attention to the things that had brought him here. The aged Hawaiian woman who had always taken care of this house had gone to join the Old Ones since Dick was last here, but her granddaughter, a slim Hawaiian girl named Lilua, was in her place, directing the little Japanese girls who did the work; and Dick had no doubt that the girl he had brought here would be shown every hospitality.

Dick was troubled because his uncle had not come out to meet him. "He's in bed?"

"No; he's supposed to be, but nobody can keep him there. We have carried him into his office and he's sitting at his desk."

"Carried him? Is it as bad as that?"

"This is very bad, Mr. Wayne," Charles Wong admitted. "It's almost impossible to get him to submit to any medical attention. But we think it's his heart."

"Well—I'll go right in."

Yet Dick hesitated; he was wondering whether he had better ask the advice of Charles Wong. After all, it was two years since Tonga Dick had met his uncle face to face.

DICK stood for a moment or two at the broad door of the old house, looking out across the mists that were already filling the valleys. Old Garrett Waterson had built most of this house, and his choice of location had a certain characteristic grandeur, together with an equally characteristic folly. It perched high in the arms of the hills, commanding two valleys—and here the rainfall was double what it was down below at the port. Now the swift dark of the tropics was only just closing, but already the fogs were pressing about the

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

old house. Far below, under the evening mist, lay the checkerboarded taro patches of the Hawaiians, and farther off some of the vast cane fields Dick's uncle had made; but these were hidden now by the curtains of the floating damp.

"This girl," Charles Wong said hesitatingly, "this girl—" He stopped.

Dick Wayne was startled. It was as if the Chinese had read his mind. He remained silent, waiting.

"I was just thinking," Charles Wong said after a moment, "that perhaps it might be unwise, considering your uncle's condition, to introduce a stranger now. I mean, if perhaps we just said nothing—"

"Charles," Dick said, "that girl is Karen Waterson."

The Chinese became instantly immobile. Charles Wong wore thick glasses, and a certain indescribable lack of bone in his nose gave him a permanent look of extreme and studious application. This did not change now, yet Dick knew that Wong was thunderstruck.

"If she had hoped to confer with your uncle," Wong said at last, "perhaps—"

"No use of it," Dick said impatiently. "She would do nothing whatever without talking to John Colt. Keep to yourself who she is. We'll say nothing to my uncle at all."

He went striding off through the big koa-wood rooms, leaving the secretary paralyzed under the weight of a hundred unanswered questions.

James Wayne, deeply swathed in blankets, sat behind a vast desk. His handclasp was quick and strong, as it always had been, though Dick thought there was a tremor in it now. But it was James Wayne's face that arrested Dick's attention, so that he wondered instantly how old his uncle really was. Because he had always been clear-eyed, pink-skinned and vigorous, always able to put in a full day in the saddle, they all were inclined to forget that James Wayne must be deep into his seventies by now.

FOR the first time Dick Wayne was looking at his uncle and seeing an old man. Haggard, gray-skinned, deep-carved with the lines which the years had saved up for him, only to mark him with them suddenly, overnight—the face of James Wayne was almost unrecognizable to Dick.

"I got your radio, sir," Dick said. "I came on under all power as soon as the message was in."

"I should think," his uncle said slowly, "you would have come anyway, without so urgent an appeal."

Even, Dick noticed, James Wayne's voice had changed; it sounded weary and dry. His old temperate manner of speech was there, and the courtesy, almost like kindness, which had marked his speech all his life, even when dealing with his enemies, was there; but a rustiness was in it now.

James Wayne's eyes were fixed hard on Tonga Dick's face, and those eyes, clear and direct as ever, now seemed to burn. "Is there any message?" he demanded sharply.

Dick stood straight and stiff before his uncle's desk; James Wayne did not ask him to sit down. Dick felt his body stiffening, against his will, until he stood rigid as a spar.

"No message, sir," he said.

"Dispatches, then?"

"No, sir."

James Wayne stared at him, his eyes boring hard into Tonga Dick. "You mean to say—you mean to say—no message, no letter—no anything?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Yet—he got the dispatch from me? He got the word at the same time you did?"

"I'm certain of it."

For a moment more they looked at each other, the old man's eyes alight with anger, and in his face—not disbelief, but an inability to accept the answer.

Dick Wayne returned the old man's stare levelly, without expression except for that rigidity which had come on him against his will. There was something strange and electric there in that room, in those moments. It was in the haggard face of the old man, and in Tonga Dick's stiff silence; but most of all it was in the meeting of their eyes. Into that room had suddenly come layer upon layer of reticent mystery.

BETWEEN the old man of the island and the young man of the sea was a knowledge shared by no one else in Hawaii, certainly no one else upon Alakoa. In the meeting of their eyes there was a recognition of that shared knowledge, yet each skirted it, unwilling that it should be put into words. And behind that, perhaps each of them knew that the other knew something he himself did not, and it put a harsh strain between them, making them close-lipped, reticent and watchful, in the very moment when, of all times, the chasm between them needed to be bridged.

"This is incredible," said James Wayne, his unwinking eyes fastened hard upon Tonga Dick's face.

Dick said nothing, and the moments ticked by in such a silence that Dick thought he could count the pulsing of his own heart.

"If this is true," James Wayne said sharply, "then how does it happen that you are here?"

"I'm here against my orders."

Silence again; but now after a moment more Dick saw the light of anger and unbelief die out of his uncle's eyes, giving way to a bleak fatality.

"Name of God!" James Wayne said, his voice low and thick. "Name of God!"

He turned his head and looked out the window, across the darkening fog; and that slight movement emphasized the stillness with which he sat, hardly seeming to breathe. By clear daylight you could see the bay from that window, miles away and far below. Nothing was to be seen there now.

When James Wayne spoke again his voice was flat and dead. It was as if their interchange was over, with nothing more to be said, and that the words he now spoke were routine words, hopeless of result.

"If you've talked with your brothers," James Wayne said, "you know the situation here."

"Yes," said Dick.

"Have you seen this man John Colt?"

"Only at a distance, sir."

"I've seen him," James Wayne said, speaking without emotion. "An acquisitive and predatory type, almost a piratic type; but a man born to succeed, in his way."

"That is my own impression."

JAMES WAYNE'S eyes dropped to his hands, which lay idle before him, and a silence fell. Dick Wayne's eyes roved restlessly over the room, but there was little to hold them anywhere. It was a barren room, decorated only by two photographs of cattle, and a map; for this room reflected the ascetic and Spartan life of James Wayne. Dick knew of no day in the world when James Wayne had not been working at this desk by four o'clock in the morning, if he was on Alakoa at all; yet from all the success of his many projects, from all the many developments of Alakoa, hardly a dollar ever seemed to have been turned to the personal use of James Wayne himself. For this man had served not himself, but an idea.

(Continued on page 39)

The Silver Desert

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

The Story Thus Far:

BESET by enemies led by the notorious Buffalo Galt, Tom Sebastian, owner of the Barrier Ranch, near Reno, is forced to kill two men—Humboldt, a cowboy, and later, Ben DePard—in self-defense.

Among the fascinated observers of the miniature war is Lily Tennant, a motion-picture actress from Hollywood. Sebastian's courage amazes her. And she does not believe what her friend, Kit Christopher, tells her—that Charm Michelet, who lives at Barrier and who, although unmarried, has a child, is Tom's common-law wife.

Her faith in Sebastian is justified. Kit has merely been repeating idle gossip, not founded on truth. But the scandalmongers' chatter embitters one of Sebastian's best friends: Matt Strang, his foreman. Matt is in love with Charm Michelet; and he knows—everyone knows—that Charm loves Sebastian. Mad with jealousy, he accuses Sebastian of toying with the girl's affections: whereupon, Sebastian orders him off the ranch.

From the day of her arrival in Reno, Lily Tennant has seen much of Sebastian. From the first, he has made it obvious that he loves her. Now, at last, as a ring of enemies closes in on him and he is in constant peril, she realizes that she loves him. And with characteristic frankness she tells him so. To her surprise, he kisses her gently, then lapses into silence. . . .

Duke DePard, Ben's brother; Dode Cramp and one "Whitey," aides of Buffalo Galt, meet in the near-by town of Tumpah. They go to old Madame Belle Gilson's saloon. Madame Belle suggests that Galt is forcing his men to do his fighting, and that he is a coward. Presently, Galt comes in. Duke, holding him responsible for his brother's death, administers a savage rebuke; after which he rides away. . . .

That serious trouble is brewing seems certain. To avert it, if possible, Sheriff McGinnis makes his plans Then, saddling his horse, he mounts and starts out across the desert—northwest, toward the Moonstones. As he rides, a tragic refrain runs through his mind: "I have lived out my time, and all my friends are gone. It would be a pleasant thing to see old faces again."

VIII

SEBASTIAN got up from his desk and put his head through the office window and called to Gath in the yard: "Bring Joe and come in here a minute." Afterwards he returned to the desk, signed and dated the paper on the table and reread it: "I, Thomas W. Sebastian, will the ranch commonly known as Barrier, including all lands, livestock, improvements, chattels, brands and records, and every kind of asset wherever found, in trust to Judge John Sillavan and Charm Michelet, trustees, for the following purpose: that when Thomas Michelet, minor son of Charm Michelet, reaches the age of twenty-one the above property shall pass unconditionally to him for his full possession and use."

Gath and Joe came in. Sebastian indicated the paper and handed a pen to Gath. "I'm making a will. You fellows sign it—and don't bother to read it."

"You know I can't read," remarked Gath.

When they had witnessed the will and gone, Sebastian addressed an envelope, put the will inside and filed it away in one corner of the desk. He had spent a full day at this desk unraveling his neglected accounts and the will represented the last chore of his housecleaning mood. Thoroughly weary of the job, he leaned back in the chair and packed and lighted his pipe.

He wasn't a businessman. He hated desk work and avoided it as long as he could. In this respect he knew himself very well, and realized he belonged to his father's generation. He had the same strange feeling about the range, its timeless swing, its prodigality and its cruelty. How could a man reduce its magnificent rewards and failures to ledger items? He had never tried. The only thing he had ever cared to know was that Barrier made a living for all those on it and maintained its protective margin against the lean years.

Normally, it did. But none of the past six years had been normal. The closed bank had trapped his last fluid dollar; the recent Frisco shipment was swallowed up in that, too. He had, he supposed, eighteen thousand dollars coming from the round-about ranches. Pine Brothers owed him six thousand on a purely oral transaction; Herman Schneider owed him four thousand; Malheur Land and Cattle Company, thirty-five hundred. All good money, but not to be had on demand. So he was broke, with the ranch eating its way deeper into store credit, pay roll and taxes each day. Since his father's time Barrier had been without a mortgage, without even an uncovered debt. It had been a cash ranch, from which had come its great power. It always had money to buy when others needed to sell. Credit was all right for a fixed business; but cattle raising wasn't a fixed business. So he had only one way open, which was to cut into Barrier's abundance, to send beef to market. He had sent his riders north yesterday.

HE SAT back, quietly smoking, eyes going through the low window to the diminishing shapes of Lily and Timmy Akin bound away for an afternoon's ride. He tried to bring his mind back to that particular problem, but his thoughts wouldn't lift. He felt tremendously tired inside his muscles, with that sort of weariness not absorbed by sleep; and added to this weariness was something shadowy, premonitive. He was riding into trouble, toward a showdown he felt rather than saw. So strong was the feeling that it had prompted

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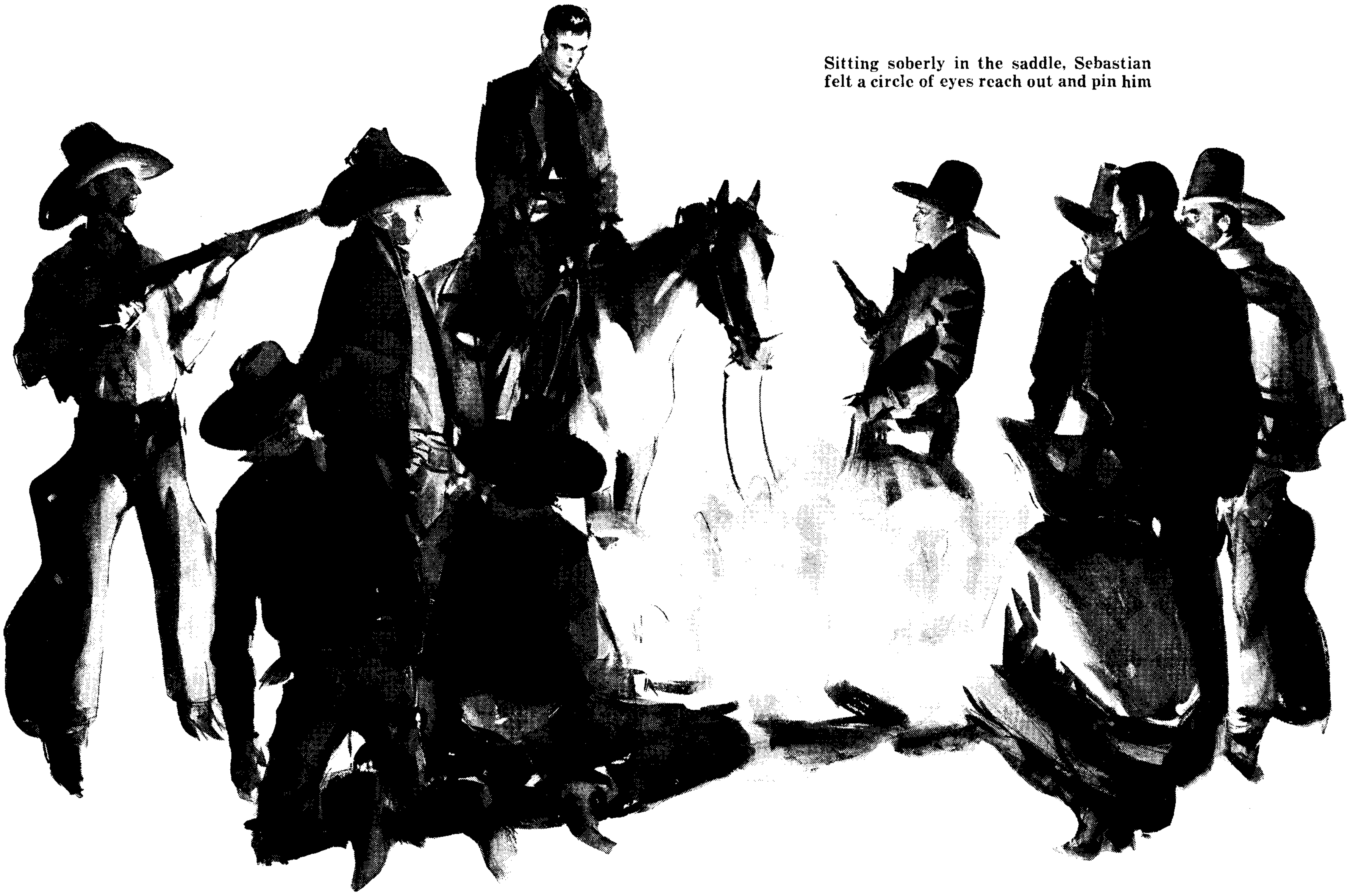
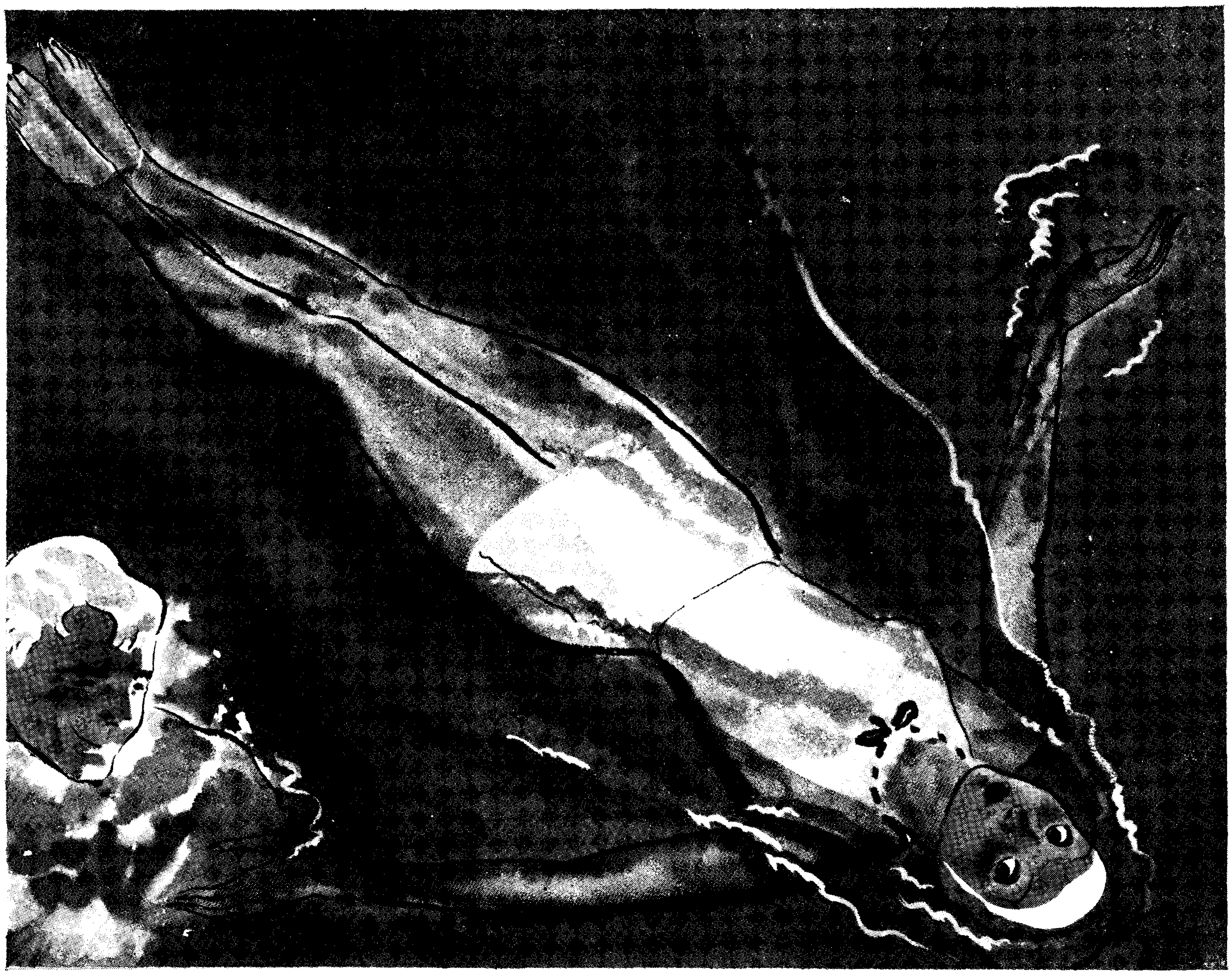


Sitting soberly in the saddle, Sebastian felt a circle of eyes reach out and pin him



I swam out to Monica. "You probably think you're smart," she began

Protecting Monica

When Johnny Hines went to Havana he knew all about politics. What he learned in Cuba had to do with girls. Miss Monica McCarthy, ably assisted, conducts the course

By Frederick Nebel

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

I CHECKED in at the hotel at six, showered and shaved, and before putting my clothes on killed fifteen minutes going over the letters and snaps Monica had sent the Old Man. Then I got dressed and went down.

When I strolled out into the lobby, a little fellow in a gray linen suit and black shoes came up to me holding a straw hat flat on his stomach and said his name was Félix Cerro. I nodded to the other end of the lobby and we went over and sat down facing each other.

"I hope you had a nice voyage, señor," he said.

"Well?" I said. "What about Jaime Estévez?"

He began to look pained and he pressed his knees together. A blank look came into his eyes and he stared at the floor as though he hadn't heard me. The Old Man had told me to give him fifty as an opener. I pulled a twenty out of my wallet and flipped it into his lap. He was on it like a bird on a worm, but as soon as he saw the amount he looked pained again.

"If you don't want it," I said, "give it back."

I started to get up, but he swallowed and gestured me back.

"IT IS only that living here in Havana is so expensive, señor. I don't want it to look like I am disloyal to Miss McCarthy. But she should be protected."

"That's why I am here."

"*Sí, sí, señor*. So Mr. McCarthy wrote."

"Estévez. What about him?"

He nodded, then wagged his head and sighed. "A very dangerous man. A very dangerous man for Miss McCarthy to be going out with. He went to college in the United States and when he came back—it was two years ago—he started this organization of young men to fight what he calls 'corruption in municipal politics.'" Cerro smiled with one oily eye. "But the rumor is that he is not sincere. Most of the members are students, poor, of impoverished families. They want fat political jobs. They have no money, but the gossip is that they get money from ladies like Miss McCarthy. They appear very romantic and reckless and this sometimes fools the young ladies. You understand, señor?"

"She still going around a lot with Estévez?"

He held up his hands, palms toward me. "Every night almost. Almost every day. Long drives. Guanabacoa. Playa de Cojimar. Cotorro. Tonight, of course, it is my night off. But usually they go to the Sevilla after dinner for coffee and brandy. I tell you, señor, this man Estévez is a danger. I have a grave fear every time I drive them that one day, or especially one night, there will be a shot. Perhaps the aim will be bad and Estévez will not be shot but"—he moved his elbows against his sides—"Miss McCarthy."

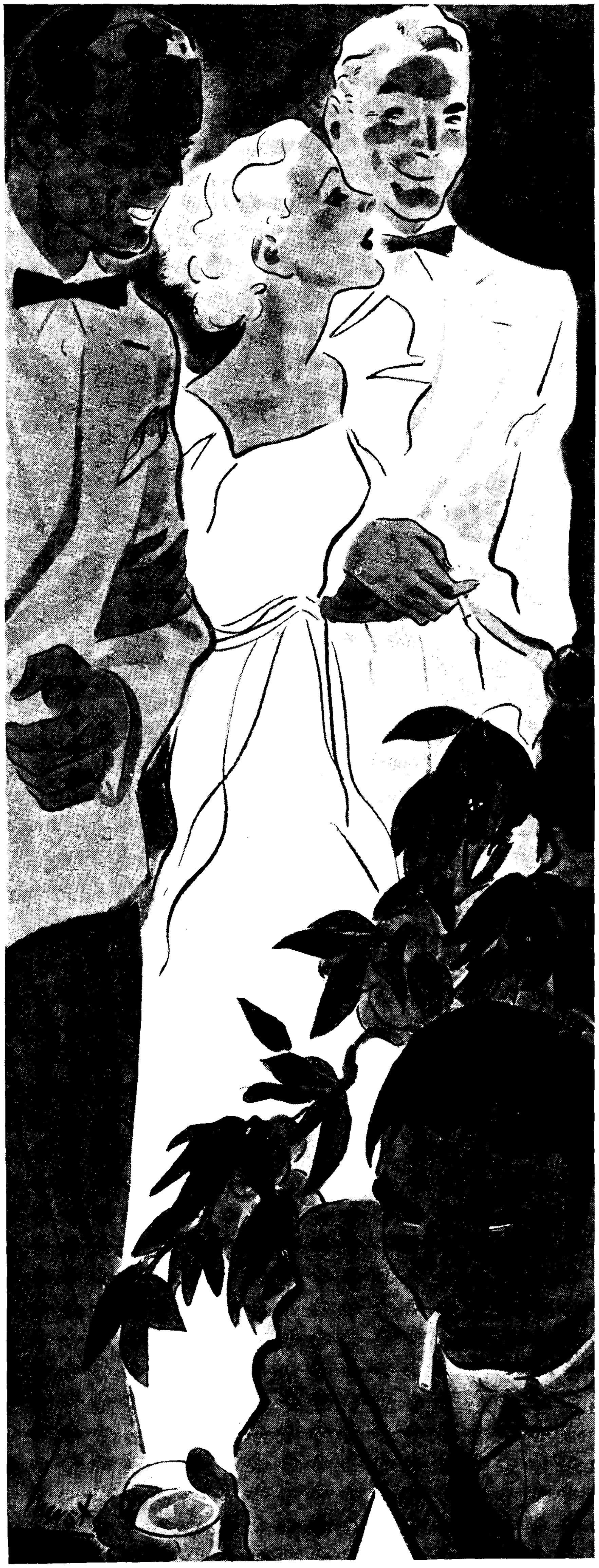
"I get it."

"It is only my great concern over Miss McCarthy."

"Sure. Keep your eyes peeled and your ears open and you'll get fifty bucks maybe when I break this up."

The amount made him look dull and unhappy, but I figured the lad was a chiseler at heart and, though the Old Man had told me to go as high as a hundred and fifty, I didn't see why I should. My own idea'd been to come down and grab Monica by the back of the neck and yank her home with me. But the Old Man was a tough egg in everything but where Monica was concerned. "Tact, John. We've got to use tact with Monica. You know how she is." As if tact had got him in as the greatest single force in city politics.

But she had him stymied. He was



Estévez passed within a foot of him without giving him a tumble

scared stiff that she'd come home with Estévez in tow, and he had a funny feeling about Greeks, Cubans and South Americans. I'd tried to get out of it, even though I wasn't nuts, either, about Monica bringing home an adagio dancer. I'd tried to get the Old Man to write his sister Hectorine—Monica was staying with her—but he and Hectorine'd been on the outs for years.

I stood up and said to Cerro, "Okay, you can go."

THERE was a breeze blowing up the Prado from the sea wall and rustling in the laurels. It was warm and moist.

I turned into the Sevilla and went on into the bar and sat down beside a potted orange tree. The place was full of Americans. I ordered a drink and was getting through with it when Monica came in.

There wasn't much back to the dress she wore, and she was tan. Her hair was blond and clipped short. She was small and had a shape like a million dollars. Her Aunt Hectorine was the one that had nicknamed her Midge.

"Hello, Midge," I said.

Her stare went blank for a second. Then it lit on me.

"Johnny Hines! Of all people! What are *you* doing here?"

"Can't I go places like other people?" I asked.

Estévez was standing behind her, being amused. I knew him from the snaps, but I'd expected to find more of a kid. I guess he was in his middle twenties but he had the look of a lad who'd been around.

"Oh," said Monica, remembering, "this is Jaime Estévez. Jaime, this is, you know, Johnny Hines."

He fooled me: he didn't click his heels. "Glad to know you," he said, with hardly a trace of accent, and put out his hand. His grip was hard. "This looks like an occasion," he said. "The drinks ought to be on me."

We all sat down and Monica stared bright-eyed at me for a long minute.

"Really, Johnny," she said, "if someone had told me an old friend of mine was in Havana and asked me to guess who, you'd be the last one I'd guess. Honest!"

"How is New York?" asked Estévez.

"Noisy and dirty, but still my town."

He smiled. "You were born there?"

"The Bronx."

"I was born here in Havana. But I went to school in New York. I understand there's been a great change in politics lately."

"There always is."

"You're a politician yourself, aren't you?"

"Sort of."

"I'D LIKE to meet Monica's father. From what I've heard, he must be a great man."

"He's got a lot on the ball," I said. "Do you know a man of about forty, with a porcupine haircut, black hat, a mole on his left cheek the size of a ten-cent piece?"

Estévez looked puzzled. He said, "Offhand, no."

"He tailed you in and he's now parked down the other end looking like he doesn't like your back."

Estévez started to look around but he didn't. He plucked his shirtcuffs out an inch or so and picked up his drink.

Monica put a hand on my arm. "A lot of people in Havana don't like Jaime. Certain conditions here are deplorable. He wants to change them."

I asked, "Do these fellows just stare all the time or do they ever shoot?"

Estévez tightened his lips and a hard look came into his eyes. He said in a low voice, "Basilio Delgado was shot and killed last month."

"Jaime's friend," Monica said.

"Politics, huh?" I said.

Estévez nodded grimly. Then he relaxed and put his elbows on the table and smiled. "But you're on a vacation. Forget it."

We had another round and then Monica thought I ought to see a place called the Sótano. As we walked out of the bar the man with the mole looked the other way, and Estévez passed within a foot of him without giving him a tumble. Monica's phaeton was out front. . . .

This Sótano was a jazzy spot, with blackish, uneven walls made to look like the walls of a cave. The music was pretty hot. Estévez said I ought to dance with Monica. In a minute we were going around and Monica was very good. In a couple of minutes she said:

"Why did you come to Havana, Johnny?"

"I killed a man and had to skip."

"No kidding, Johnny. Why?"

"All right, Midge, I won't kid. The doctor sent me away for my health."

She stopped dancing and said angrily, "Take me to the table."

Estévez stood up. "That was grand dancing," he said.

I said, "I can't dance very well but I can tap."

"Great!" laughed Estévez.

Monica shuddered. "Don't encourage him. He'll do it. Besides, it's stuffy in here. Let's go somewhere else."

We got up and went out into the street and I saw the lad with the mole leaning against a house wall across the way. I poked Estévez and said, "Bug-eye is across the street."

"Beg pardon?"

"Bug-eye. The guy that was at the Sevilla."

He shrugged. "Oh, that," he said, as though it were just a myth I was telling him.

THE three of us strolled to the car and I said, "Of course, Jaime, your business is your own, but it might be a good idea to pay a little more attention to that bird."

"Johnny," he said, "I'm always being shadowed."

He laughed softly and easily and I began to understand why a girl might go for him. . . .

We drove home late, by moonlight, and went up to the apartment. The floors were tiled and the windows were as big as church doors, but with blinds. Hectorine came out of the kitchen with a sandwich in one hand and a glass of beer in the other.

"Hello, Midge," she said. "Hello, Jaime." And to me, "Your face looks familiar."

"Yeah," I said. "How are you, Auntie?"

"Wait. No, wait. Don't tell me. You sound like the Bronx and you look like the Bronx. Ah, I know. Johnny Hines."

"Pop sent his best." This was a lie but I thought it made good small talk. It didn't.

She said, "Take his best back with you, Johnny Hines, and tell him to throw it in the East River. Besides, if it cost anything, he wouldn't send it."

"We ran into Johnny at the Sevilla," Monica cut in.

"We had a grand time," Estévez said.

"You did?" said Hectorine. "Good. That's good. Stick around and I'll make some sandwiches and there's plenty of beer on ice."

"For me, thanks, no," apologized Estévez. "I've got to get along."

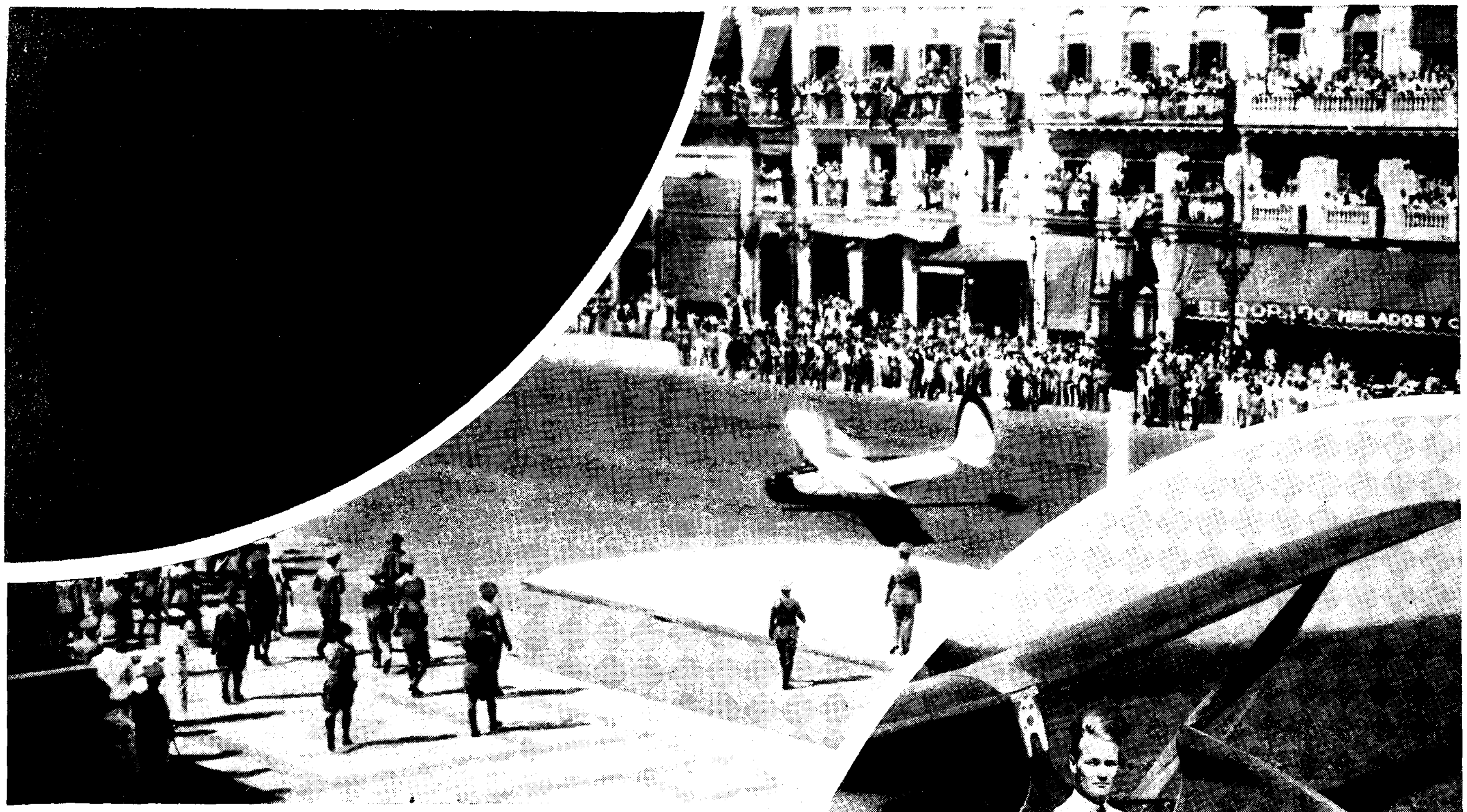
"Me, too," I said. "But I'll be seeing you, Auntie. You, too, Midge."

She was still a little sore. "Any time, Johnny."

Downstairs I said to Estévez, "How about a nightcap?"

"Just one, then."

(Continued on page 49)



WIDE WORLD

One of the two gliders of the Miami sky train settling down on the Prado in Havana

Richard C. du Pont, who holds the American gliding record for distance and altitude

ANYBODY who has ever jumped out of the hayloft in the barn clinging to the handle of Mamma's best silk umbrella will have enjoyed—temporarily, at least—the sensation of gliding. Soaring is another matter. When you glide you come down; when you soar you go up. The spectacle of a young man going aloft in a plane—a motorless plane—and coasting around up there at an altitude of 5,000 feet like a gull on a holiday is pretty hard on folks who have organized their lives on the theory that man was made to stay on terra firma, and no foolishness.

When Richard du Pont soared from Elmira, New York, to Basking Ridge, New Jersey, on June 25, 1934, he covered a distance of 158 miles, breaking the then existent world's record for gliders and showing that all you had to do when tired of walking was to go aloft with a couple of wings and let nature take its course. This is slightly less than accurate, of course, because what the glider pilot really does is take advantage of nature—when nature doesn't take advantage of him.

Gliding is not new. There were gliders long before airplanes were flown successfully, and the Wrights were making experiments with gliders at Kitty Hawk prior to their first airplane flight. The real impetus for the sport came in Germany after the war. Being cut off from motored flying by provisions of the Versailles Treaty, they sought to stimulate interest in flying and to train prospective airplane pilots by getting them used to the air.

On the face of it, the thing seemed fantastic. There was no motor and no other form of propulsion, and yet a glider could be shot off a hill and stay up for long periods by taking advantage of slope winds. It was when the thermal winds were discovered, however, that the soarers were able to attain extreme altitudes and long distances. Without being too technical about it, the thermal winds ascend in a spiral fashion comparable to the warm air in a room. When a glider pilot strikes a wind of that sort, he can get altitude in a hurry.

"You don't go up as if you were on an elevator," says du Pont, the American champion, "but it's no trick to make 500 feet in a few minutes when you get playing around with one of the thermals. The best way to find them is to watch the hawks and buzzards. When you see them floating around without bothering to do any work and yet going up, you just steer in that direction and join them. When you once get altitude, it's easy to get distance. That's what gliding really is—a process of going downhill. You simply coast along downhill until you catch another thermal and get more altitude again. Between that and following the winds which strike against the high hills and mountains you can get a lot of distance."

On his record flight from Elmira to Basking Ridge, du Pont flew over Scranton and Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, and down through the Delaware Water Gap. Before he took up soaring, he was an airplane enthusiast but had become bored with that type of flying.

Just You and the Elements

"Unless you want to be a speed flyer, there isn't much fun in flying a motored plane after a while. It takes you where you want to go and I still fly for that purpose, but it compares with gliding much as motorboating compares with sailboating. When you're up in a glider, it's you and the elements. There's no noise and you can even hear people talking on the ground when you're thousands of feet up. The buzzards come snooping by to see what sort of foolishness is going on and you get the impression you're pretty much of a guy, flipping around with nothing to hold you up but the air."

The sport began in this country about six years ago, when three German pilots came over and started a school on Cape Cod. Among some of the earlier enthusiasts were young men from Elmira and it is now the center of the sport in this country, with the annual meet there every summer. The main drawback to the popularity of the sport at the present time is the cost of the planes. The less expensive type, known as utility gliders, cost around $600. The sailplane such as used by du Pont on his record flights comes to $2,500. The days when the boys could make a glider out of three back copies of a magazine and a spool of thread are over, because the Department of Commerce licenses them as strictly as it does airplanes.

There are still, however, a few homemade affairs being constructed which pass the government tests and pop the eyes of all other pilots. There is a young man in the state of Washington who has licensed a contraption made of butcher's paper and baling wire. Not content with this originality, he dispenses with the usual formality of a car or airplane tow in getting into the air and does it by the simple process of starting his glider off the face of a cliff into a ravine with a rocky floor one hundred feet below. He comes down the shute like a schoolgirl off a playground slide and hopes that he will get safely afloat before hitting the rocks. So far the theory has worked.

The necessary equipment for soaring is a glider, an automobile tow car and a few hundred feet of rope. The most approved methods of launching are, as mentioned above, the auto tow car, with which the glider is taken to the top of a hill and yanked off, or an airplane tow, which can start as many as five or six gliders from a standing start on the ground. The trickiest way is getting them up by the use of shock cord. The cord is rope which is as elastic as a rubber band. The rear of the glider is tied to something solid like a tree and the shock rope is hooked to the front of the plane, and four or five men pull the thing good and taut. When they get it stretched properly, the rear end is released and the glider is catapulted into the air like a pebble from a slingshot.

"That's for getting out of tight places," says Mr. du Pont.

You Just Go Up and Fly

Learning to pilot a glider is comparatively simple, according to the enthusiasts.

"What you do first," says du Pont, "is get in the glider and have the tow car take you around on the ground five or six times. In that way you get the feel of the stick and learn how the rudder works. That's all a glider has—a stick to work the rudder and a brake. After that the tow car speeds it up enough so that the pilot can get the plane five or ten feet off the ground. In that way you learn how to guide it in the air and how to land. There's nothing to it at all after that; you just go up and fly the glider around."

(Continued on page 38)

There was a Giant

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

We wish Mark Twain could read this story. It would tell him that Huck and Tom are still there on the River, just as he left them a long time ago

MASTER MORRIE PINTER and Master Wally Lathrop, who had been selected to portray Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn in the Hannibal, Missouri, Century Club's celebration of Mark Twain's centennial, were not in the mood for true theatrical achievement.

Any experienced stage director taking note of Master Morrie and Master Wally as they sat on the terrace of the Harrison Hill Athletic Club this August afternoon would have put in an emergency call for understudies. Rebellion and the forbidden smoke of cubeb cigarettes was in the air.

"Gee, heck—why did he hafta write that darn' ol' book?" said Morrie, pacing the "terrace" with reckless disregard of a twenty-foot drop into an abandoned stone quarry.

Master Wally was absorbed in learning to inhale and inclined to be philosophical.

"He wrote a slew of books. If it wasn't Tom Sawyer, it'd be another one they'd make us act out."

This was scant comfort, and drew only a scowl from Morrie.

"Yeah, a lot you care. You don't got to hold ol' Mary Anne Watkins' hand and talk mushy to her. All you got to do is march around and chew lickorish and act tough."

His bosom friend and loyal conspirator grinned. The remains of a chocolate cone around Wally's wide mouth transformed the grin into something very like a leer.

"And will the gang razz you!" he taunted. "Yay-y-y, making love to ol' Mary Anne Watkins!"

"Not me!" yelled Morrie. "Not in a million trillion years!"

This statement was intended for the whole of Hannibal to hear. But Hannibal, a small city of some twenty-five thousand souls, seemed prostrated beneath a flood of sun and heat. Drowsing in a triangle formed by two high hills and the Mississippi River, Hannibal stirred not to Morrie Pinter's defiance. And even Wally appeared stoically unmoved.

A pie-faced little boy of eleven, Wally was content to follow Morrie's lead, but he preserved within his chunky body a savage independence of opinion.

"You got to say the words to ol' Mary Anne," he said flatly, "because they're in the book and your mother'll make you."

"Not to ol' Mary Anne, I won't. Not to 'at ol' smarty tattletale dumb mutthead!"

"She's gonna be Becky Thatcher because her mother's president of the Century Club. And it says in the book that Becky Thatcher is Tom Sawyer's sweetie."

"*She* ain't *my* sweetie! I'll jest give her a swift kick. I'll jest twist her ugly ol' hair till she hollers." Then, with a masterful drag on the cubeb and a hasty cough, "I'll jiu-jitsu her when she isn't looking and they'll hafta put somebody in her part!"

CARRIED away by this thought, Morrie kicked at the ancient bedspring supporting the left wing of the Harrison Hill Athletic Club. The edifice swayed perilously. "Hey, cut it out, Morrie! It'll all collapse and darned if I'll help you set it up this hot afternoon!"

Morrie's dark, thin face—sunburned to Indian copper—brooded for a moment on the imminent ruin. Then his anger shifted to the true cause of misfortune:

"Why did he hafta go and live in this town? I been hearing about that guy every single day since I started to school. Alla time talking about ol' Mark Twain. Huh! Twice a year we gotta write themes about ol' Mark Twain."

Wally had finished his last cubeb and, vaguely unsettled in his mind by Morrie's indignation, was ready to end talk and take some definite action.

"Maybe we could get your dad to take us fishing down to Bagnell Dam," he suggested. "Then they'd hafta put two other guys in it."

"I already asked him. He wouldn't. He's got a case in court. That darn' ol' book. Why won't they let us act out the *good* parts in it? Like going to the island on a raft or like Injun Joe murdering the doctor? But, oh, no—they hafta go and pick out a mushy, goofy stunt like me saving ol' Mary Anne Watkins from a licking in school."

Stretching, Wally squinted around the turn of Cardiff Hill to where a sheet of water like rough, gray pig iron, so wide it seemed a lake, poured southward toward the jutting bluff called Lover's Leap. He sighed.

"Tom and Huck sure had a lotta fun on the river," he said.

This remark touched off the smoldering fuse in Morrie's soul. He screwed up his face argumentatively and advanced on the startled Wally:

"But, oh, no—*we* can't go near the river. It's too dangerous, they say. It's got whirlpools and eddies and if you swim in it you'll get drowned. So we hafta paddle around that ol' pool at the Y and can't go fishing any place but Bear Creek that's so dumb shallow you jest can't catch nothing but sunfish. *Sunfish!*"

"Now and then a bullhead," Wally reminded him.

Morrie could not be soothed with judicial facts.

"Well, *I'll* go near the river!" he shouted. "If I got to act up in that ol' book I'm plenty big enough to do anything 'at Tom Sawyer did. *I'll* go near the river!"

"When?"

"Right now—right this aft!"

"Yeah, and get a licking."

"Oh, no, I won't. My mom don't—doesn't believe in corporal punishment."

"Since when?"

"Since the last time my dad licked me. She carried on so he hadta promise not to lick me any more."

"He won't remember."

"How'll he find out, unless you squeal on me? Huh! If I'm big enough to act up that ol' book—"

It occurred to Wally that matters might soon reach the "dare" stage unless he created a diversion. So he said: "Let's go over to my place, Morrie. Ol' Lucy's home and maybe she'll give us some money to go to the Orpheum with."

MORRIE snorted, still thinking about the river, that glamorous playground condemned by Hannibal parents.

"Ol' Lucy won't give us any dough."

"She might. Her boy friend's there this aft."

"Ol' Lester Geer?"

"Yeah. She might give us the money to get rid of us, if we was to hang around where they're talking."

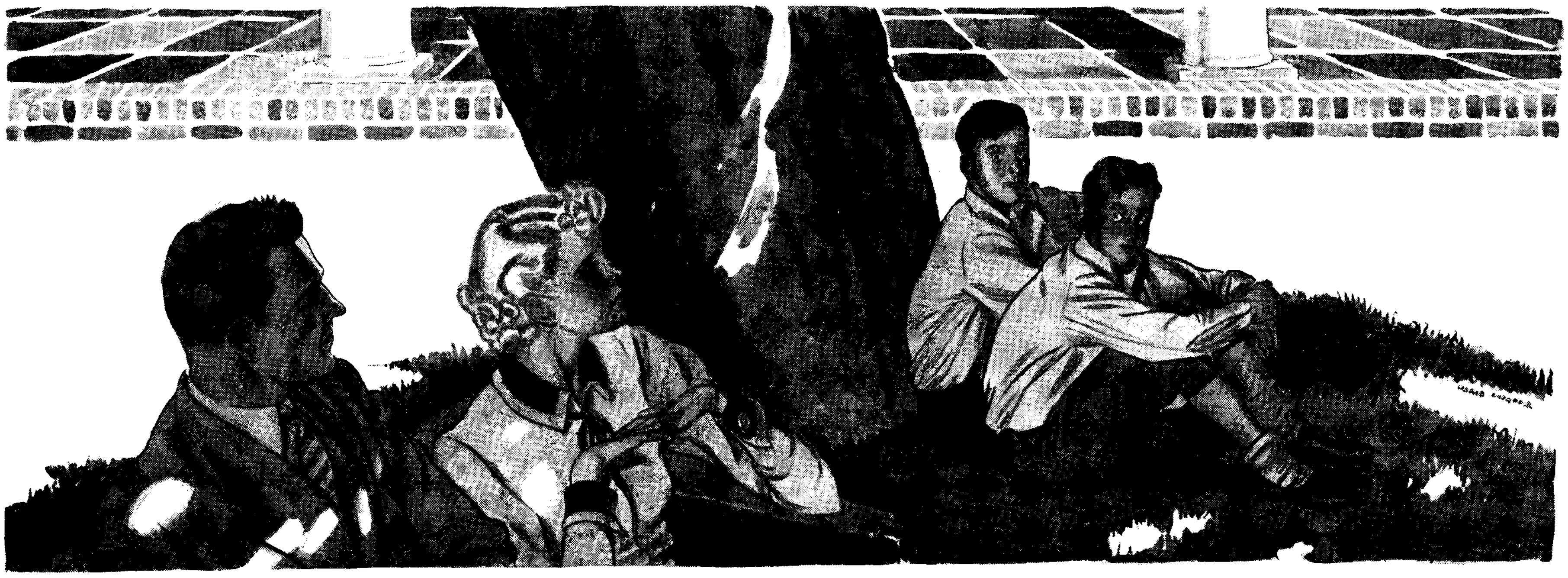
This information caused Master Morrie to reflect. Lester Geer, swain to Wally's big sister, Lucy, was not popular with the younger-younger set of Harrison Hill. He was a reporter on the Courier-Post and a humorist.

"Aw—" said Morrie, "ol' Lester'll razz us, the big wisehead. Alla time razzing you."

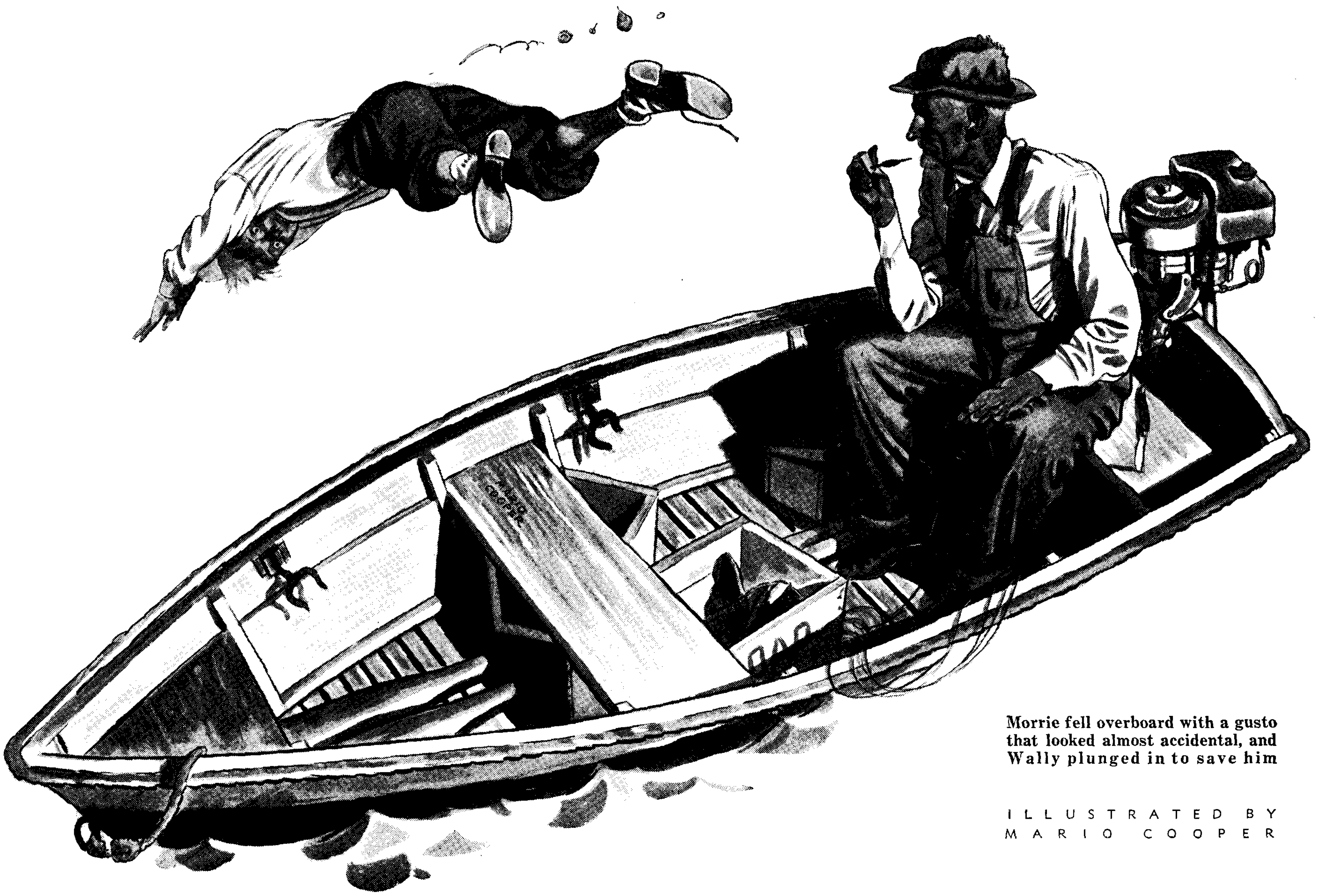
Wally examined two cubeb holes in the front of his seersucker knickers.

"What's the diff, if Lucy pays us?"

The logic was unanswerable. But Morrie, to take command, said: "I'll stop by there on my way to the river."



"It's all a lot of goofy stuff and it couldn't have happened in a million trillion years," said Wally



Morrie fell overboard with a gusto that looked almost accidental, and Wally plunged in to save him

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

"Aw, you don't wanta go to 'at ol' river."

"Don't I? Jest don't I? Wait and see."

Automatically, Wally blundered.

"You'd be scairt to go to the river," he said.

Morrie's face twisted into a murderous scowl.

"You're a liar. Say it again, and I'll disintegrate you!"

THIS ghastly threat only caused Wally to yawn and back away, saying: "C'mon, now, Morrie. Let's get that dough." Whereupon, Morrie dragged out his Buck Smith 21st Century disintegrator pistol from under a very soiled white polo shirt. He jammed the muzzle against Wally's stomach.

"You're disintegrated. The electron bullet went clear through your veins."

"Oh, no, it didn't. I got on my astro-wave reflector vest."

"Oh, no, you haven't. You didn't put it on quick enough. I'm Killer Bill and I slapped the ol' disintegrator onto you!"

The ensuing scientific argument carried them from the Athletic Club to Harrison Avenue and down the hill past Morrie's big white house to the Lathrop front yard. Morrie ruled out the astro-wave vest, but Wally stubbornly maintained that he had been seated in the proton-insulated cabin of his rocket ship and was consequently immune. . . .

Miss Lucy Lathrop and Mr. Lester Geer were seated on lawn chairs in the shade of an elm tree.

"Well, well, if it isn't Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn!" greeted ol' Lester. "Mark Twain should see you now. He'd have a laugh in Valhalla!"

"Hi, Mister Geer," said Wally, with long-headed diplomacy.

"Hi-yah, Lucy," said Morrie. "Gee, it's nice and cool in this shade." He seated himself within easy hearing distance of the lawn chairs.

Lucy promptly advanced to the attack.

"Look at you!" she said to Wally. "How did you burn those holes in your new knickers?"

Wally gulped. He had come suing for peace and nuisance money; he had not expected an immediate indictment.

"I did it," said Morrie promptly. "I dropped a match—two matches; I accidentally dropped two matches onto Wally over at the clubhouse."

Ol' smarty Lester Geer laughed.

"I suppose you two were rehearsing for the big pageant and you wanted Wally to get in character as Huck Finn, eh?"

"No, we weren't, neither. We aren't going to be in the dumb ol' show!"

Again, ol' wisehead Lester laughed.

"What's this—rebellion in the cast? Or do you and Wally feel you can't do the parts justice?"

LUCY spoke: "Well, you run in and change those knickers. My goodness. And Morrie can go with you."

But Morrie was glowering at Mr. Geer. He resented the imputation that he and Wally were quitting the pageant for reasons of inadequacy.

"Huh! That goofy ol' Tom Sawyer. Alla time mushing around 'at girl and getting *engaged.* Twelve years old an' no better sense than to get engaged!"

A third time ol' wise-cracking Lester went and laughed.

"What's this? Has heresy reared its ugly head in Hannibal? You presume to criticize Tom Sawyer, young man?"

"Well, he was a goofy guy and awful dumb and superstitious. He believed you could cure warts with stump water. Huh! And alla time believing in witches!"

Charmed by his leader's venture into literary criticism, Wally blurted:

"Everybody alla time laughs at 'at book and thinks it's funny. Gee—heck! *I* don't think it's so funny!"

"Oh, you don't?"

Sister Lucy pulled ol' Lester's coat sleeve.

"Lay off, Les. You know how kids twist things around. And that book is sacred to Mother—"

"*I* don't think it's funny, neither," shouted Morrie, sensing some mysterious adult interest in his opinion and vastly elated over it. "My mom and dad took turns reading it to me out loud and I didn't laugh hardly once except when Tom fed 'at ol' cat Pain Killer. 'At was kinda funny."

Ol' Lester held up his hand piously.

"Say no more, kid. The heavens are falling. This is Hannibal in the grip of boyhood-home-of-Mark-Twain fervor—"

"Lester, *please!*"

Morrie and Wally exchanged exultant glances. Obviously, ol' Lester thought it swell stuff to razz The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, while Sister Lucy was horrified.

"It's all a lot of goofy stuff and it couldn't happen in a million trillion years," said Wally. "Those guys would have been scairt to turn state's evidence on Injun Joe. He was a tough lug and he'd've rubbed 'em out."

Ol' Lester roared with laughter. Emboldened and trying to outdo Wally's criticism, Morrie shouted: "Huh! Our folks wouldn't think it was so funny if *we* was to pertend to get drowned! Oh, no—it wouldn't be so funny then!"

Ol' Lester turned to ol' Lucy:

"Oh, how I'd like to quote 'em in the Courier-Post! What a story to spread on page one along with all that boyhood-home stuff!"

ABRUPTLY ol' Lucy did an astounding thing. She jumped up and ran into the house. Ol' Lester went after her, saying: "Oh, don't take it that way—"

Morrie and Wally heard them arguing bitterly in the living-room.

"Gee, heck," said Wally. "We got her sore. Now there's a fat chance, a fat chance!"

"*He* ain't sore. Maybe he'll—"

A completely incomprehensible and flabbergasting thing happened next. Ol' Lester appeared, his face sober, and addressed them:

"Listen, you kids; I don't want you to go babbling anything of what I said about boyhood-home fervor or Mark Twain or the pageant. Understand? Not a word. Is that plain?"

Morrie and Wally stared at him in sullen bewilderment.

"Yeah, Mister Geer," Wally said, meekly.

"See that you remember," said ol' Lester, and walked back into the house.

The boys stood there abashed. What was wrong? What had they done? Why had ol' Lester been laughing one minute and peeved the next? They had considered him a friend and ally during the remarks about the book; now, unaccountably, he had reverted to disapproving adult ways. It was too much

(Continued on page 52)

PARAMOUNT

Mack Gordon does the lyrics and Harry Revel the music for the songs that have made this pair the highest-paid song writers in Hollywood

THERE is a fat, flat-footed and dressy oracle of the Broadway night by the name of Swifty Magee. In his roving youth he was a man about many towns, following the race-track trail from Belmont to Bangkok with only a pair of dice to keep him company. Now he idles about the nighttime taverns, drinking black coffee by the gallon and scheming ways to get last week's rent money without working for it.

One sad and sultry night in the spring of another year, the Broadway loafers were jittery and noisy with the talk of a murder up the street. It seems that a lady of the song and dance platoons had taken bull's-eye aim at her lover's black heart, laying him among the sweet peas forever more. They were reverently baffled by the lady's shrill statement that she had performed her sharp-shooting on the gentleman of her lethal fancy because she loved him so.

Swifty listened dreamily to the bloody history of the homicide, swallowed a last gulp of coffee, flicked his check to the tale-teller in a gesture of farewell, and started for the door on his sore feet.

"Boys," he said in his odd voice which is occasionally tenor and frequently basso and sounds remarkably like the distant music of a fife-and-drum corps, "don't worry about them two. Love will find a way."

There had been a congress of wise guys at Swifty's table, and among them were Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, who right now are the highest-paid song writers in Hollywood, which means the world. Swifty didn't know it, but he had explained the crafty secret of Gordon and Revel's sudden wealth and prominence.

It is their sly and profitable axiom that no matter what happens in the verse and the first part of the chorus, the lovers in their songs always find the way to happiness. They are guys who have been around, but in their songs every love is a true one which lasts until Gabriel plays his trumpet solo.

If you scan their roster of hits, you will discover only one disconsolate ditty where the lovers part as the song ends. It is a minor masterpiece called "A Night in June," which didn't make them change from a dollar when compared to their happy-ending jingles. It seems that people everywhere whistled "A Night in June" but refused to pay cash for copies of it.

"The reason is simple," says Mack. "We split up the lovers."

Here is a skimpy list of the best-sellers that have rushed from Gordon's pencil and Revel's piano: "Underneath the Harlem Moon," "A Tree Was a Tree," "A Boy and a Girl Were Dancing," "Time on My Hands," "An Orchid to You," "Listen to the German Band," "You're Such a Comfort to Me," "You're My Past, Present and Future," "When You Were the Girl on the Scooter and I Was the Boy on the Bike," "I Played Fiddle for the Czar," "My, Oh, My," "Many Moons Ago," "Good Morning Glory," "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" "Good Night, Lovely Lady," "May I?" "She Reminds Me of You," "Love Thy Neighbor," "Once in a Blue Moon," "Take a Number from One to Ten," "College Rhythm," "Stay as Sweet as You Are," "With My Eyes Wide Open I'm Dreaming," "Lookie, Lookie, Here Comes Cookie," "My Heart Is an Open Book," "Would There Be Love," "Straight from the Shoulder and Right from the Heart," "And So to Bed," "Doing the Uptown Low-Down," "Don't Let It Bother You."

It was thirty-four years ago in the summertime that the Brooklyn Gordons announced a son was born in their thronged flat in a Brooklyn tenement. The youngster was a giant of an infant, hairy, noisy and with dimpled arms which were as fat as an average child's thighs. As he grew older he flourished, and at the age of fifteen he weighed more than Primo Carnera in his prime —271, to be exact. Since then he has grown up. Standing five feet and seven inches in his socks, he hurries the scale's arrow to 328 after a fast.

When he was fifteen, Mack knew the bitterness of failure. Clumsy and slow-moving, he lost job after job as butcher boy, a runner in a Wall Street house, an errand boy in a department store, an express company handy man, and other petty occupations.

Minstrelsy on the Hoof

It was his pleasure every Saturday night to screech moody ballads at the dollar beer rackets where the mob guys assembled with their molls. It was their custom to water their beer with cascades of tears every time he yelled the torch tunes of the era.

In some mysterious way which he does not recollect, his neighborhood fame trickled into the dusty narrowness of a small-time booking office. They sent for him, and the next night he was "The Boy Soprano" with George Evans' "Honey Boy Minstrels."

It can be safely said that Mack was a hit when he opened at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. There was an acre of Gordons spread over the orchestra floor, and the gallery sagged with a ton of near and distant relatives. The Boy Soprano had to sing so many encores that night that he shouted himself into a baritone.

The performer had a peculiar fascination for those who toil in office, store or factory, and Mack immediately became a celebrity in the shabby section where he lived. Kids who had mocked his unwieldy proportions now followed him about, and heralded his coming, looking like proud and tattered mahouts as they flocked about this elephant of their own age.

It was a catastrophe to Mack that he did not have to use the red grease paint which is the symbol of the profession of make-believe. You see, he worked behind burnt cork, smearing himself black every night (matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday).

But he soon learned the anciently vain trick of the old-time performer. To impress the stranger that he was an actor, Mack painted a red rim about his street collar with a lipstick. If you asked him, and even if you didn't, Mack

(Continued on page 42)

Plan for your own Golden October Days

IT'S pleasant to dream about the future . . . to think of the time you'll be financially free . . . to plan security for your years of leisure.

Such dreams need not be futile. They can fire the imagination and lead to a determined effort to transmute dreams into realities.

Few men can, by investing their own savings, build up a fund to provide for their later years and at the same time take care of present needs. Yet everyone wants to. A Life Insurance Program will provide the protection that every man wants for his family, and also will assure security and comfort in the years to come.

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Frederick H. Ecker, President

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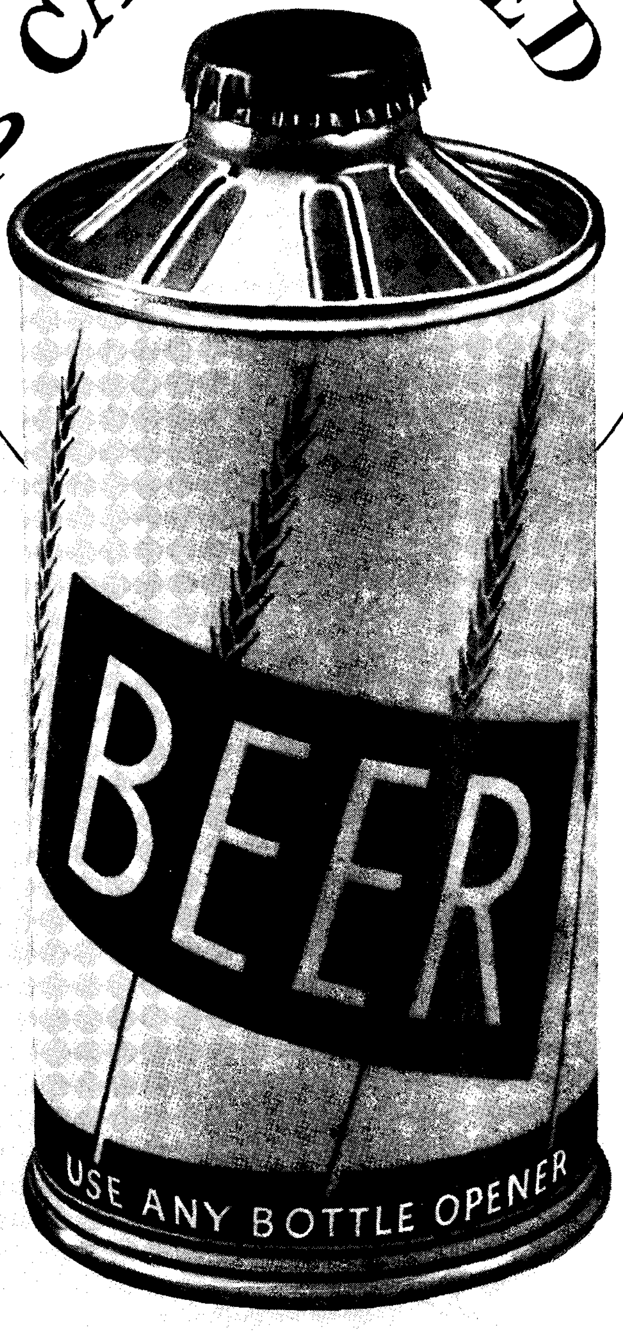

Tastes better • Easy to open
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No deposit • No empties to return
Cools quicker • Takes up less space
No danger of breakage
Sanitary—used once—thrown away
Holds 12 fluid ounces same as bottle
Drink right from can if you wish

NOW you're going to know what fine beer really ought to taste like—right in your own home or anywhere.

A brand-new container makes it possible . . . a special can designed by Continental Can Company after long research. This can is sealed with a cap and opens just like a bottle.

There are many reasons why you will prefer beer in this handy new container. But the chief reason is that it tastes better.

Why is this?

Because the can permits faster pasteurization. Because it keeps out flavor-robbing light. And because Continental's special lining retains the brewery goodness unchanged.

At present we can't make these cans fast enough to keep up with demand. But before long you should be able to enjoy your favorite beer in this new and better container. Watch for it, ask for it—and you'll thank us.

NOTICE TO BREWERS

Brewers have been pleased to learn that Continental's cap sealed can may be run on present bottling lines with very little change in equipment. Full details on request.

Can Company

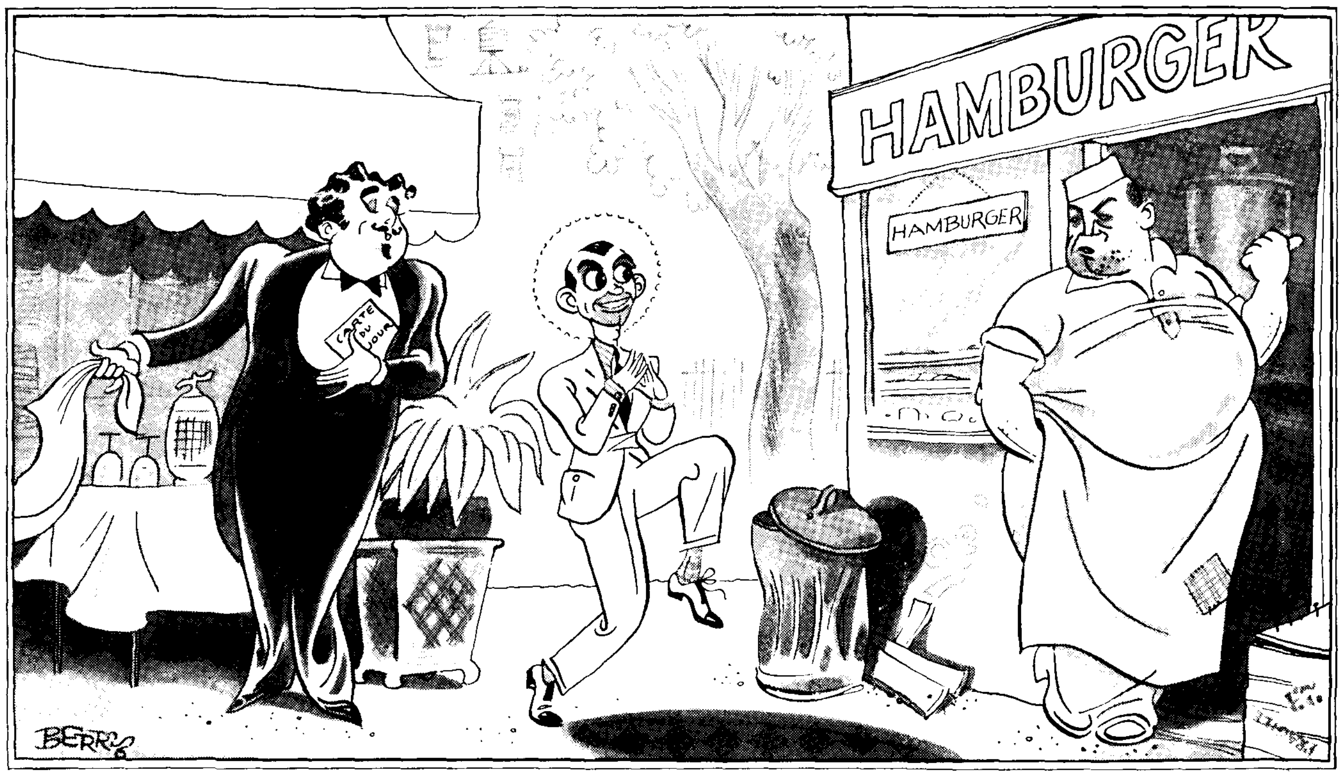
NEW YORK
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

One-Piece Meals

By Ruth Moore Morriss

They're a gift to the cook, a treat for the guest, a boon to the washer-up, in fashion everywhere. Help yourself

· ILLUSTRATED BY MIKE BERRY



Eddie Cantor admits that he'll take hamburger—every time

The one-plate-meal idea has been with us for some time

MIRIAM HOPKINS is always starting something. A few seasons ago it was Trouble in Paradise. Now—witness her Becky Sharp—it is color in pictures. Then there was the time when Miriam was invited for a week-end. Instead of arriving with the rest of the guests in the middle of the afternoon, she drove up to the front door in the middle of the night, and immediately announced that she was starving to death.

According to the best Hollywood tradition, a genteel butler should have appeared with a decanter of sherry and a well-stocked tray. But the trouble was, this didn't happen in Hollywood—or in Paradise. It took place at an old farm, down New Hampshire way, run more or less by guest power. The one servant had gone for the night. The icebox was empty except for butter and eggs and a bottle of milk. There was canned asparagus on the pantry shelf.

The asparagus gave Miriam her inspiration. White sauce. Could anyone present make white sauce? An applicant came forward. Miss Hopkins added a dash of Worcestershire, several dashes of paprika. She heated the asparagus. She poached eggs. She nested them in the green asparagus stalks, covered them with her revised version of white sauce, grated a fine sprinkling of cheese over the whole, and popped it into the sizzling oven of the kitchen range.

Those eggs came very near disorganizing the house party. Bridge players fought over them. Backgammon players forgot their scores to get a taste. They were hot and savory and exactly the dish to appeal to a midnight appetite. But Miriam had other ideas about her discovery. She said, "Not at all! It's a full-fledged meal, with the good old vitamins present and accounted for. Dinner all-in-a-piece, or lunch — or what have you?—and no dozens of pots and pans cluttering up the kitchen. Only one plate, and a knife and fork to wash. It's an idea!"

It was an idea and, like a good many other ideas of Miriam Hopkins', it has taken hold. One-dish meals are being served at the smartest lunches. They are taking the place of four courses at dinner. For Sunday night suppers there is nothing like them.

They have become in such demand that several of the New York hotels and restaurants are featuring them. In the Blue Room of the Hotel Carlyle—where, by the way, the amusing Victorian murals might have been lifted, corkscrew curls, tight trousers, and hourglass waists, from Miss Hopkins' latest picture—you will discover her one-dish meal on the menu: *Oeufs Pochés Miriam Hopkins!*

Try It on Your Family

She is not, however, the only celebrity to be thus set apart. Almost any evening, when he is in New York, you can see Leslie Howard in this same Blue Room enjoying his own particular one-dish dinner, which happens to be listed in plain Anglo-Saxon as kidney pie—but what a kidney pie! Flaky crust, and a filling to make you stand up and shout "Rule Britannia."

The beauty of this meat pie is that, like most one-dish meals, it is simple to prepare. A pound of round steak diced. A diced lamb kidney, with the fat removed. One large Bermuda onion, or two small ones, four young crisp carrots. Neither the onion nor the carrots should be cut too minutely or they will disappear as vegetables, and turn into gravy. Sauté all of this for seven or eight minutes in a tightly covered pan. Use at least two tablespoons of butter. Then thicken the browned butter with flour. Add water until you have plenty of gravy. Season well. If you are feeling in an extravagant mood, a wine glass of sherry will do wonders. Line a deep baking dish with pie crust—the best you can turn out. Fill it with the sautéed beef and kidney, top it with another layer of crust and, when it comes out of the oven, it will be fit for the dashing Scarlet Pimpernel; for the very human hero of the Petrified Forest; or —in your own case—for those three unexpected dinner guests.

At Twenty-one West Fifty-second, where Broadway meets Park Avenue, one-dish meals have become so popular that they are listed in a special card catalogue, along with the names of the celebrities who order them. Not that any such device is necessary while Mac is there. At least two novels and half a dozen short stories have been written around Twenty-One, but none of them has given Mac, the ever-efficient field marshal, so to speak, the credit he deserves—for his memory.

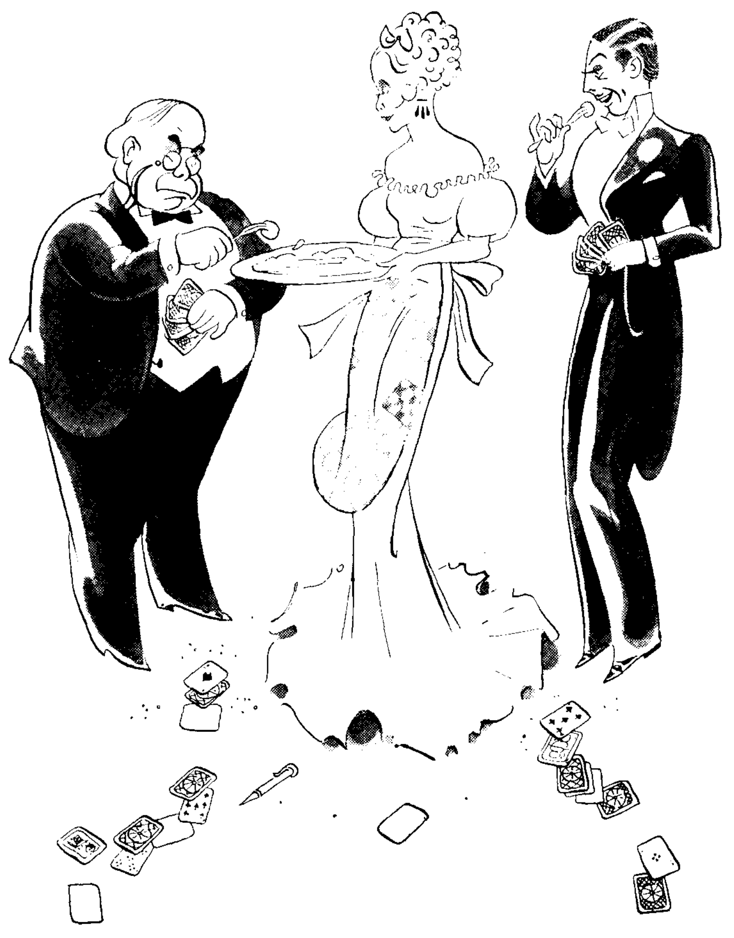
He is, let us say, at his headquarters in the bar, sitting at one of those tables with the blue-checkered cloths where first acts have been planned, movie contracts signed and wedding dates set. A waiter comes in. He says, "Mr. Mac, Herbert Marshall's upstairs."

Mac says, "I'll go up. Give me the phone."

The waiter plugs a portable telephone into the wall, and Mac gets the chef. He says, "English sole and green salad. Make it our special. That's right. Dry English mustard."

When Mac and Herbert Marshall's lunch appear almost simultaneously in the dining-room upstairs, the salad is as smooth as Herbert Marshall's acting. Lettuce, watercress, endive, romaine, escarole, field dandelion, chicory, crisp and fresh, mixed in a wooden bowl, and thoroughly marinated with French dressing—the dressing has been given a

(Continued on page 34)



Poached eggs à la Miriam Hopkins will stop anybody's party

Gateway to 11,000 Jobs

STOP ANY PLYMOUTH WORKER entering our gates and ask him, "Is this a good place to work?"

Chances are 99 out of 100 your answer will be "yes!"

That is important. Such contentment and satisfaction nake work pleasant... and workmanship good.

Most of the 11,000 who work at the main Plymouth plant in Detroit have been with us since this plant was built. Most of them will be here for years to come.

When new people come looking for jobs we try to start hem out right. We make them comfortable. Each applicant sits down in a chair and talks with an employment department interviewer... as human beings ought to.

As far as possible, each new employee is assigned to *a foreman of similar physical and mental type*... calm, deliberate people together... brisk, nervous types together. This, too, makes better work.

Hundreds of young workers are helped in continuing education... working hours often changed to further it.

We try, in more than superficial ways, to be friends. It succeeds. And in succeeding produces better workmanship... makes every Plymouth a better built car.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Chester Charles Davis, to whose efforts the AAA's success is largely due

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS *Collier's Staff Photographer*

The Solid Man

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

THE Solid Man! That is what official Washington calls Chester Charles Davis, head and driving force of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. With the pixies, elves, fauns and Peter Pans of the New Deal all about him, kicking up their heels to glad, mad tunes, round-headed, owl-eyed Mr. Davis plugs along the path that he has marked out for himself, trudging resolutely to his goal.

It is not that he is a dull, unemotional creature, incapable of curvets and gay prancings. There is little doubt that he knows a definite bitterness of spirit when he sees other New Dealers leaping from bough to bough, happy and carefree, but it so happens that Mr. Davis is burdened by the quaint belief that a job is something to be done. Take the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, for instance. He does not look on it as a fascinating experiment in social revolution, a playground for theories, but simply as a very definite assignment to bring about a better balance between farm production and market requirements.

Only a very foolish person, or one invincibly stubborn, will deny that there was need for the restoration of this balance. Back in 1932, it may be remembered, the country had a 400,000,000-bushel surplus of wheat, and about 13,000,000 more bales of cotton than could be sold. Not to mention an excess of pigs, tobacco and various other products constituting the farmer's stock in trade. No export market and the domestic market shot to pieces. Agriculturists, although numbering twenty-five per cent of the population, were receiving only seven per cent of the national income.

If anyone doubts that Mr. Davis has gone far in remedying these conditions, he has only to remember back to the recent Grass Roots convention. Next to concealing the fact that Herbert Hoover was still in the land of the living, the purpose of the Grass Rooters was to tear the New Deal into fragments, and then scatter those fragments to every corner of the country on the winds of oratory. The AAA was particularly marked for attack and destruction. When the last speaker, however, had sucked the last drop of poison out of the English language, it was found that the resolutions adopted came close to being lyric in praise of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. All of which means that the farmers of the nation had been heard from.

Contrary to general belief, "Chet" Davis was not a despot, running his chariot wheels back and forth across the prostrate body of agriculture, but a sort of man-of-all-work for the farmer, absolutely indispensable when it came to chores. Instead of three million farmers being slaves of the AAA, they are the bosses, running their own show in harmonious coöperation with Mr. Davis. No adjustment program has ever been adopted without the approval of the producers, and county production control associations, giving every individual farmer a chance to express his views, make it the most remarkable democratic movement in the history of agriculture. That was something the Grass Rooters did not know when they gathered for the purpose of excoriation.

The Fight on the Drought

Not that the AAA ever had easy going. Far from it. Crop and livestock curtailment seemed a cruel and stupid thing when thousands of Americans were knowing hunger. The NRA did not bring about industrial recovery as had been confidently expected, and the growth of economic nationalism shut off what little remained of the foreign market. On top of everything came the devastating drought. That drought, in particular, was the test of Chet Davis, and the manner in which he met it explains the high regard in which he is held by the entire Administration from the President down.

As early as June he began buying the cattle that were doomed to death by hunger and thirst, and the campaign never stopped until nearly eight million had been purchased. Some were killed and the meat distributed by Harry Hopkins to people on the relief rolls, and some were pastured in other states. The program was also in the nature of a winnowing process that took out the weak and diseased, preserving as far as possible the good strains and the strong. Some 36,000,000 acres were withdrawn from surplus grains, cotton and tobacco, and a large part put into emergency forage crops. Another helpful activity was the location, purchase and distribution of seed grain that the fruit of years of experience and research might not be lost.

One drought in India cost a million lives and another in Ireland caused the death of two hundred thousand. Thanks to Chet Davis and his co-workers, the Great American Drought took no toll in human life, and its economic consequences were held to a minimum of disaster.

In a town where press agents are so thick that they have driven out the pigeons, the swart, silent, indomitable head of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration is an anomaly. He cares nothing whatsoever for publicity. Where others stalk headlines with almost Indian cunning, Mr. Davis is so retiring that newspapermen have to hunt him with mole traps. One would like to ascribe all this to modesty, but the real reason is that Chester Charles has a job that he is in love with—a job that absorbs him to the exclusion of everything else. Farming is his passion and farmers his infatuation.

Born on a farm in an Iowa county—that was back in 1887—he rode lead horse to a binder almost before he was old enough to toddle, and sweated in wheat field and corn patch throughout his boyhood. Five other children worked along with him to help a father meet payments on the land, going to the little country schoolhouse in the winter between milking times. No theory there, no talk of agronomy, but a never-ceasing struggle against droughts, pests and mortgages.

The Making of a Farm Reliever

A year at Grinnell, where he first met Harry Hopkins, and then a year on newspapers in South Dakota, earning money to complete his college course. After that he decided to try the Pacific Coast, but, stopping off to do newspaper work in Montana, he met a girl in Bozeman and found himself anchored. Along with a wife, he collected two friends, one Joseph Dixon, a fighting progressive, and the other Milburn L. Wilson, a professor in the State Agricultural college. Offered the editorship of the Montana Farmer, he made it a force not only in agriculture but in the battle for good government, tilting bravely against the rule of the copper companies. Dixon was elected governor in 1921, and Chet Davis took office as his Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor, but after four grand, exciting years, the copper kings booted out the "reformers."

By this time, however, farm relief was Chester Charles' life work. Journeying to Illinois, he tied up with George Peek, at that time the foremost apostle of the agrarians, and while he had a

(*Continued on page 51*)

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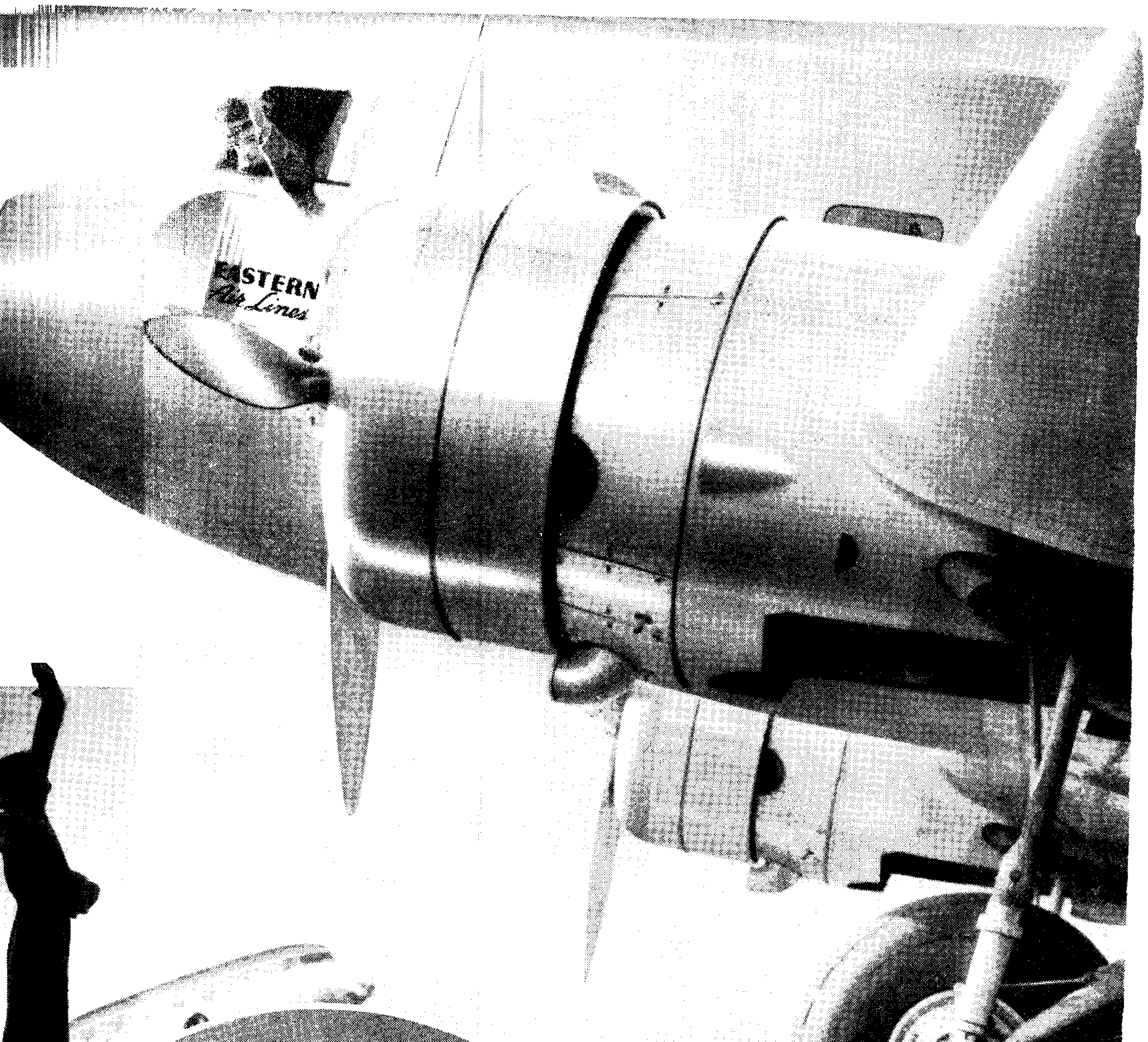

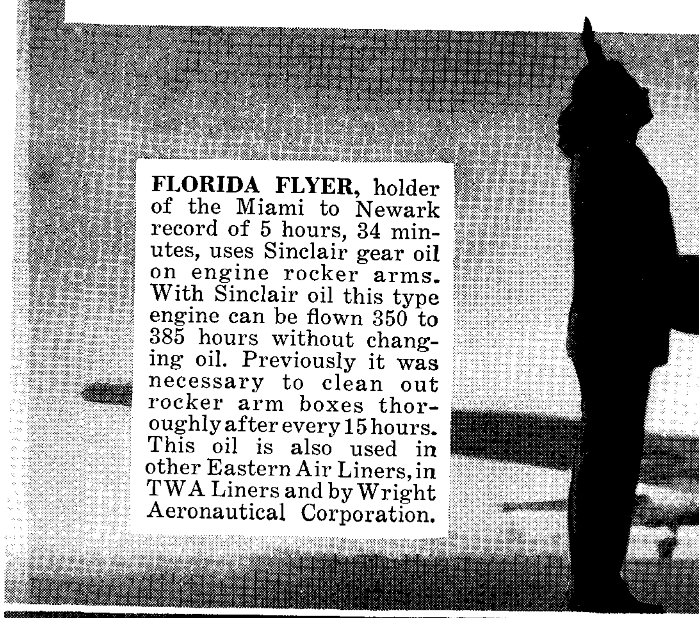

FLORIDA FLYER, holder of the Miami to Newark record of 5 hours, 34 minutes, uses Sinclair gear oil on engine rocker arms. With Sinclair oil this type engine can be flown 350 to 385 hours without changing oil. Previously it was necessary to clean out rocker arm boxes thoroughly after every 15 hours. This oil is also used in other Eastern Air Liners, in TWA Liners and by Wright Aeronautical Corporation.

TYRANNOSAURUS
SINCLAIR

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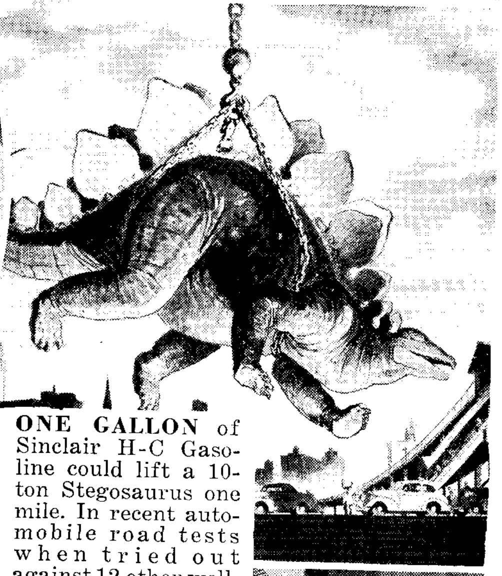

ONE GALLON of Sinclair H-C Gasoline could lift a 10-ton Stegosaurus one mile. In recent automobile road tests when tried out against 12 other well-known regular gasolines Sinclair H-C gave up to 27% more smooth power and as much as 3 more miles per gallon.

SLOW STARTING, hard shifting, crankcase dilution and other cold-weather troubles, can be avoided by having your car Sinclair-ized for winter. All Sinclair dealers equipped with lubrication facilities perform this trouble-saving service.

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MOTOR OIL

SALLY EILERS, appearing in the Universal Picture "Wild Night" looks for the famous Sinclair dinosaur on the Sinclair Motor Oil can. The *dinosaur* trademark guarantees you get a motor oil capable of withstanding a friction pressure of several tons per square inch.

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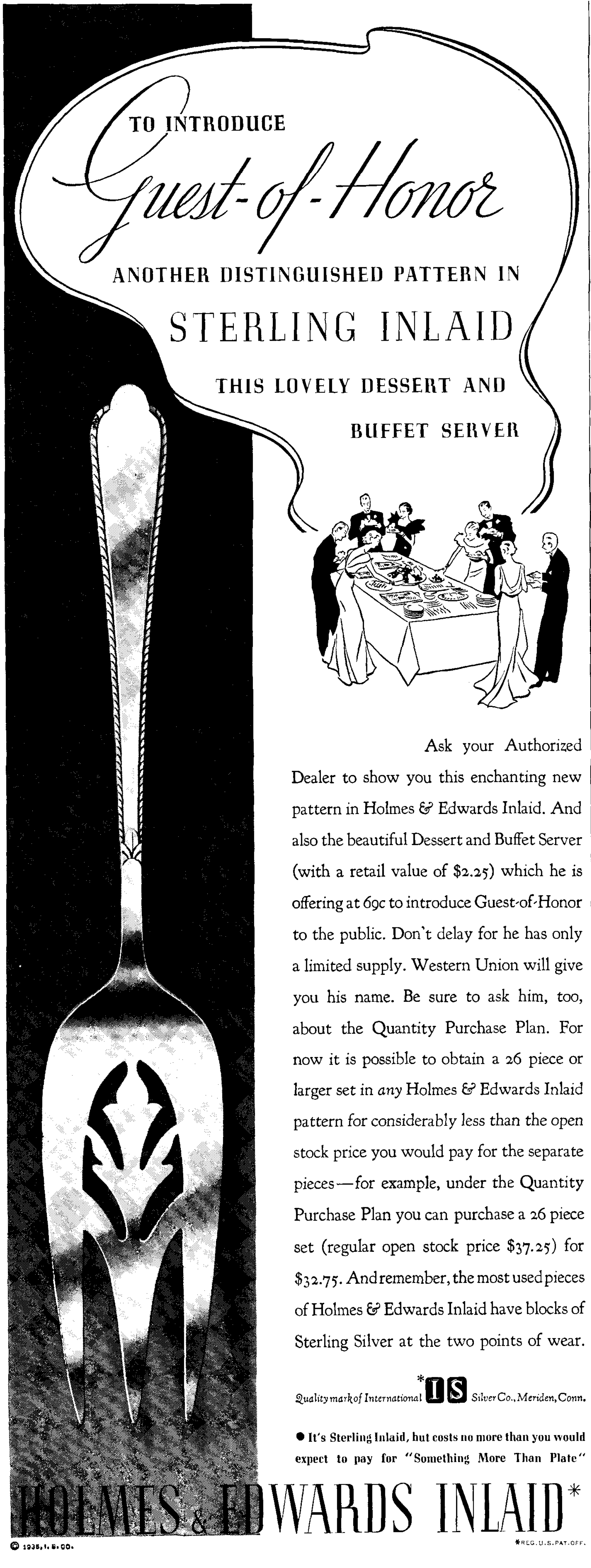

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ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED PATTERN IN

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THIS LOVELY DESSERT AND

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Ask your Authorized Dealer to show you this enchanting new pattern in Holmes & Edwards Inlaid. And also the beautiful Dessert and Buffet Server (with a retail value of $2.25) which he is offering at 69c to introduce Guest-of-Honor to the public. Don't delay for he has only a limited supply. Western Union will give you his name. Be sure to ask him, too, about the Quantity Purchase Plan. For now it is possible to obtain a 26 piece or larger set in *any* Holmes & Edwards Inlaid pattern for considerably less than the open stock price you would pay for the separate pieces—for example, under the Quantity Purchase Plan you can purchase a 26 piece set (regular open stock price $37.25) for $32.75. And remember, the most used pieces of Holmes & Edwards Inlaid have blocks of Sterling Silver at the two points of wear.

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- It's Sterling Inlaid, but costs no more than you would expect to pay for "Something More Than Plate"

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The Gangster in Business

Continued from page 13

day's purchase, to his store. But somehow word of his bootleg purchase got around. Before he got home, his truck was halted along the river front, the cargo dumped, the truck smashed and the dealer given a beating. Must have been drunken sailors, said the police. But after that the chastened dealer got all his artichokes from Joe.

The federal district attorney in New York, describing Mr. Costaldo's technique in an indictment, said that "gangsters" were used "for the purpose of intimidating, threatening, assaulting artichoke receivers, jobbers, retailers, push-cart peddlers and their customers and employees and injuring their property." Whatever Mr. Joe did, it was efficient. He was the king all right—until the United States attorney got him, as Al Capone was gotten—on an income-tax case and sent him to a federal prison, where he now languishes.

Once on the Pay Roll—

There is another type of industrial racket which, for want of a better name, I have called the functional racket. This is a conspiracy in which businessmen, through partnership with the gangster, seek to obtain certain benefits for themselves or for their industry. The fresh fish business is a good example of this racket.

In Brooklyn the fish dealers' association wasn't satisfied with the way the fresh fish business was going. New York, near to the vast fish resources of the Atlantic Ocean, nevertheless draws heavily upon the supplies of the inland states—Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa. From these lakes come the carp, pike, lake trout and other freshwater fish which the fastidious New Yorker demands.

The fish business, alas, has its troubles. At times the supply is short. At other times the inland lakes seem to open their vast mouths and disgorge all the fish in the world upon a market which, after all, can only consume so much fish. What is more, fish once caught is appallingly perishable. It must go through all the complicated stages of marketing —fisherman to shipper to wholesaler to retailer to the dining-room table—in twenty-four to forty-eight hours.

And so the Brooklyn fish dealers had the same problem as the coal men, the textile makers, the wheat farmers and the rest of us, of how to protect themselves from overproduction of fish.

With the unerring instinct of the businessman who insists on looking to the end of his nose and no further, they arrived swiftly at the conclusion that the way to do this was to fix the price of fish by combination and to plow under some fish dealers. The Brooklyn dealers communicated this discovery to the Bronx and Manhattan dealers and all together formed a single association to carry out the plan.

Next they went to the wholesalers and unfolded their scheme for a planned economy in the fresh fish business. It was as simple as ABC or, for that matter, as AAA and NRA.

First of all, no one should be permitted to buy fish save from wholesalers who were members of the guild—you might call it the code. Next, no one would be permitted to open up as a retail dealer without authority of the combined association. Next, prices for fish would be fixed daily by a committee representing the association. No one was to buy fish outside the city. Finally, not to be outdone by our farm statesmen, some dealers were to be plowed under. Some of these were just to be told to close up. Some others, more favored, were to be paid not to raise fish or at least not to be in business any more. One concern was paid three hundred dollars a week not to engage in the fish business.

The delicate task of compliance or enforcement was turned over to as suave, as amiable and pleasant a gentleman as ever bashed a head or threw a stink bomb. This was Mr. Joseph Lanza, better known as Joe "Socks" Lanza. Mr. Lanza, youthful, well-dressed, intelligent and reputed to be the very pleasantest person in his profession, was ably assisted by Woodsie Guma and Shorty the Wop. These were nice employees of reputable businessmen. But such are the exigencies of business in this sadly unethical age.

We need not describe the methods used by Mr. Lanza to carry out the arrangements under this idealistic system of guild government. It is sufficient to say that it was efficient. What is important, however, is that here we see businessmen seeking a definite objective and calling in the racketeer to implement their plan with force. Of course, the inevitable happens. Presently the new partner becomes the big shot of the whole game. He proceeds to issue orders, invent new forms of exaction, find new ways to raid the industry and ultimately bring his original employers under a form of oppression from which they cannot escape. The gangster's motto is: Once on the pay roll, always on the pay roll.

What more eloquent of this than the amazing career of Simon J. Gorman, czar of the laundry racket in Chicago? The secret of this man's extraordinary power over an industry composed of so many people—men with large business interests, workers' unions with large memberships, several hostile business association groups—is not easily explained.

Laundry operators were organized into an association called the Laundry Owners' Association. Gorman, primarily a labor man, was on their pay roll for $7,500 with no ostensible duties. Then the Chicago Wet Wash Association was formed. Its members had been cutting prices, stealing each other's drivers, raiding each other's routes, and there had been a little hijacking of laundry bundles. Customers of these laundries couldn't tell whose collar they might be wearing next week. So the association was formed and Gorman called in. The president of this association later confessed himself a figurehead. Before long, he said, Gorman was running this association, too.

Making Them Behave

A third association appeared—Chicago Linen Supply Association. Very quickly Gorman was in this, displaced the original president and put in the business agent of the drivers' union—his own man—as president. All three were formed into the Chicago Allied Council, absolutely dominated by Gorman.

A fourth association cropped up—made up of the eternal Little Fellow—the hand laundrymen. Having handled the big fellows without difficulty, the little ones were no trouble for the ubiquitous and talented Mr. Gorman. The big fellows insisted that Gorman take these small fry in hand and make them behave. Gorman, now fast in power, made them behave, but in a way satisfactory to himself. He graciously permitted a small hand laundry to open as long as it was not too near to the big rivals. He permitted a group of little fellows to establish a new wet-wash laundry—competitors of his Wet Wash Laundry Association members. But he took a good part of the stock of this new wet-wash laundry for himself. To run a hand laundry you had to have wet wash done in one of Gorman's association laundries and pay ten per cent of your wash bill for the privilege.

If you resisted, your driver might be slugged, your windows broken by someone. Thus we witness the astonishing spectacle of one man, called in first for his good will at a salary of $7,500 a year by one association, gradually swallowing the whole laundry industry of a great city.

He was investigated and scrutinized and called by the prosecuting attorney. But his political influence was great and nothing ever happened to him until the Illinois Crime Survey boldly told the story of his whole career.

How can men be brought to submit so tamely to this kind of force? The explanation seems to be that the racketeer succeeds first in spreading his terror and then manages to make his victims feel a complete sense of their own helplessness. To do this he must have not merely the support of the politicians but that support must be obvious and ostentatious. Often some powerful political leader is his partner.

If the harassed and oppressed businessman feels the urge of revolt in his blood he reflects that he can do nothing alone against a man who has such powerful allies. For is not Mr. Spider Colombo, the terrorist, to be seen eating lunch every day with Big Dan Mahoney—though that's not his right name—boss of one of the city districts? If the rebel goes to the district attorney's office he meets someone from Mahoney's club. He goes to the magistrate and finds Mahoney himself sitting there in authority as the lordly clerk. So he shuts his mouth, smothers his wrath and pays.

In Chicago some 18,000 farmers are organized in the Pure Milk Association. It handles their product, assigns them a quota, collects 4½ cents for them on every quart they deliver. But some farmers have more than their quota. Instead of destroying that surplus they find ways of selling it—bootlegging it, as they call it. Independent distributors outside of the Big Four buy it. The Big Four sells its milk in Chicago for 11 cents. These independents sell for 8 cents. One large independent is the Meadowmoor Company. It has refused to play ball on price.

The farmers called on the drivers of the union working for the combination to deal with the Meadowmoor Company and with the farmers who supplied it. Barns were burned, herds destroyed, milk was dumped. Independent drivers were beaten up. Here was the invitation to violence. The Meadowmoor at this point took in strange partners—Mr. Three-Fingered Jack White and Murray Humphreys. Then things began to happen. A member of the milk drivers' union was taken for a ride. This was more violence than the originators bargained on. Where will this end? The Meadowmoor insists it can sell milk for 8 cents and prosper. The Big Four say it can't be done if the independents pay their drivers decent wages. This is an issue, but it ought to be capable of exploration and settlement without the researches of Murray Humphreys.

Ready for the Fireworks

This astonishing racket has begun to spread itself to all sorts of business. Dwight W. Green, former District Attorney of Chicago, says it is in the cleaning and dyeing, as well as the milk and laundry industries, in the carbonated beverage, building, paving, trucking, garbage removal, food, fish, amusement and coal industries of Chicago.

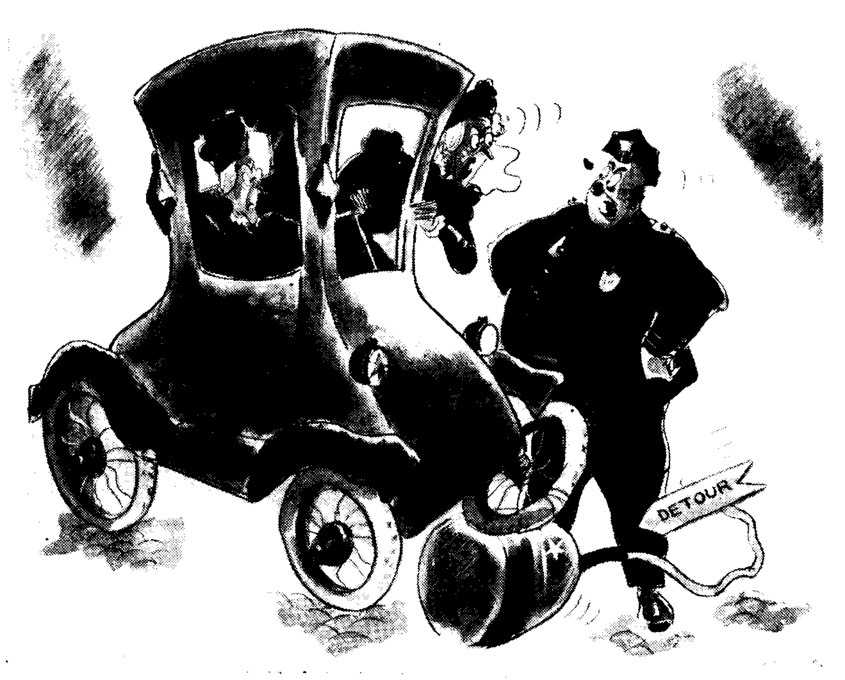
In New York now large numbers of men are under indictment in the needlework, fur, fish and artichoke industries. But they are charged with violating the Sherman anti-trust laws, while in fact their crime is extortion, assault, murder.

They are attacked thus in the federal courts because the local courts have abdicated. And this is the wide-spreading, complex, powerful racket which Thomas Dewey has now tackled.

Of course, the terror which makes a victim fearful of resisting the gangster also makes him equally frightened about giving testimony. In the state courts, witnesses have been exposed to the work of the gangster well in advance of the trials. In the federal courts witnesses' names are kept secret until the trial. Mr. Dewey insists that in the federal courts he has never had a witness tampered with or injured and he has guaranteed protection to all his witnesses.

Will he succeed in breaking up this shameful system which disgraces American business and American justice?

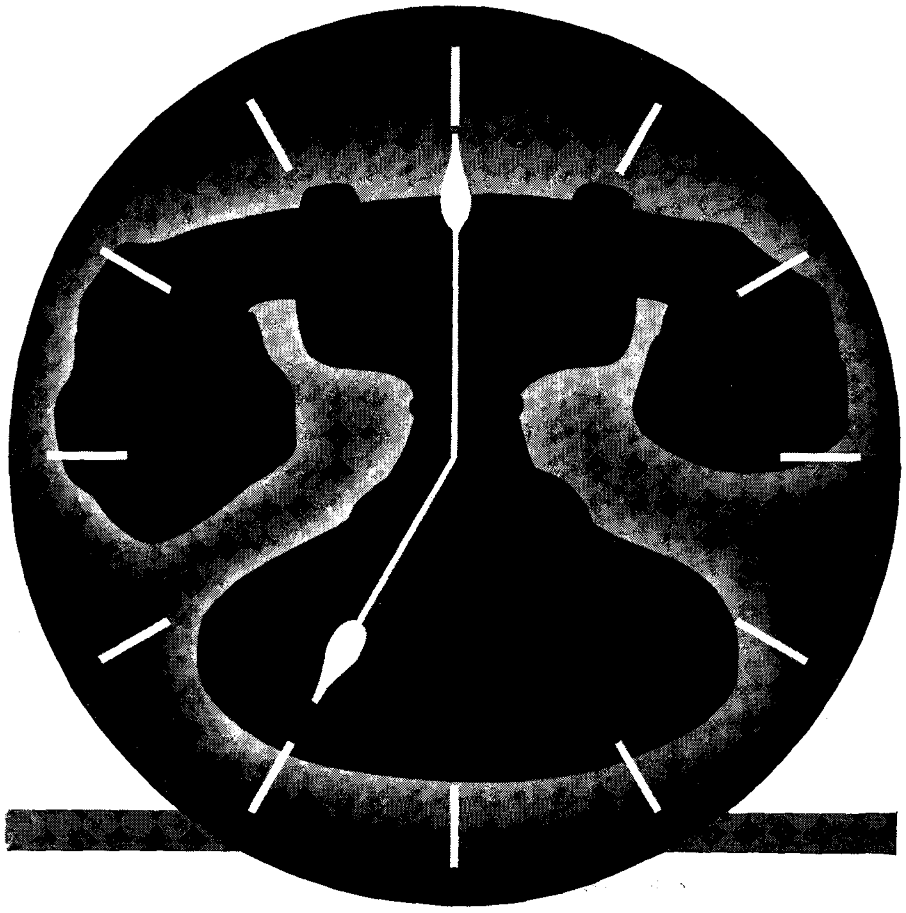
The fireworks ought to be popping soon. We shall see.



"For land's sake, shut up! We'll take the rap!"

ELWIN HENRI

Save after Seven



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La Cucaracha

Continued from page 9

question of time until Pancho Villa heard it. . . .

I was out *pasear*-ing on a scout patrol when Pancho sent a special squad of his *dorados* to Medino's camp.

Jaquero saw the *dorados* ride into camp and he made tracks for the one person he figured could help him. The *dorados* were right in back of him when he reached Chacina. Lucky she was caught by surprise. There might've been more of a fuss and the *dorados* never let any fancy notions about chivalry and etiquette to ladies stand in their way. As it was, she gave them quite an argument, with Jaquero blubbering for her to save him, before they really closed in.

I LOPED back into camp with my scouts just as the *dorados* were leading Chacina and Jaquero off to jail. Chacina stepped along like a soldier, not scared a bit; now and then making a few remarks about the *dorados*. Jaquero acted better in front of a crowd but you could see his nerve wasn't going to last.

It didn't, either. The *dorados* took charge of the jail and their leader, a tough *hombre* name of Garzo, went to report to Coronel Medino and ask permission to arrest Jaquero. Can you imagine? I had a report to make to the *coronel* myself about my scout *pasear* and that gave me a chance to see the play as it came up that night. First, though, I dropped by the jail. It was dark by the time I got there. There was somewhat of a crowd in front of the place. The word had got around that General Villa had ordered Jaquero to be executed. That wasn't precisely news. But the *general* had decided not to have a firing squad. Instead, he was going to give Jaquero a chance to die the way he didn't at Llano Blanco. *Si, señor;* he had ordered Jaquero to be hung to the nearest cottonwood. He had even sent a faloot to be put around Jaquero's neck. What's more, the *general* himself was going to ride over in the morning to take in the show. I heard a soldier say:

"Pancho Villa is coming! What a chance for Jaquero to redeem himself."

"Not that one," said another. "His heart is pale as a snake's belly. When the time comes, you'll see; he'll turn coward and crawl."

Medino's camp was pretty certain that Jaquero wouldn't overact the hero part, not even with Pancho Villa for his audience. I kept wondering about Chacina. One of the *dorados* on guard was a man I'd met some time before, in the Juarez fighting.

"He sobs like a baby," this *dorado* told me. "He is going to make the ceremony very difficult. And Pancho himself coming to see it. Even a coward should be brave at a time like this."

I asked about Chacina. He said:

"*Ai*, what a woman she is! If this cowardly one had only half her spirit. Why, she has commanded us to send word to Coronel Medino that she wants to see him at his headquarters."

I hung around the jail. After a while, Medino sent for Chacina. They took her out a back way, through a *patio* where there was a troop stable. She was gone more than an hour. When she came back she was smiling. Garzo, the *dorado* leader, came back from Medino's headquarters with her. He was carrying a guitar and seemed embarrassed and pleased to do it. Chacina took the guitar and thanked him kindly when they led her back into the cell where Jaquero was. Garzo got his *dorados* together for a powwow, inviting me to please haul my freight out of there. The crowd was still outside the jail. I stood with them, putting two and two together and getting a different answer each time.

All of a sudden the crowd hushed. Some one inside the jail was playing the guitar and playing it all lively and gay. It was Jaquero. They listened until he'd finished that piece. I can't begin to tell you the change that came over them. You'd have to understand more what music means to those people. This was Jaquero's way of declaring himself; telling them he wasn't scared of dying. All Jaquero had to do after that, to be a complete success, was get hung.

I decided it was time I was reporting my scout *pasear* to Coronel Medino. That two-and-two-together sum was starting to make sense. Coronel Medino pretended he was studying some maps when I came into his headquarters.

"Welcome, *compadre*," said Medino. "I have just received some fresh limes and some bottles from the Sorpresa Rosa. They will be refreshing, no, after your so arduous duties?"

"You bet," I said, "but there's something I'd like to talk about first."

"This is unlike you, *capitán*. Can it be that some other matter diverts your attention from your report?"

"Well, now you mention it," I said; then I asked him, straight out: "What are you doing for Jaquero?"

"Nothing for Jaquero," Medino said. "Whatever I have done is for Chacina."

"Still being romantic?" I asked him.

"So you remember that failing of mine," said Medino. "I am afraid I have not changed. At any rate, the man of Chacina's choice must not die a coward. That I have arranged."

"You are clever, *coronel*," I said. "But not clever enough to make Jaquero die like a man."

"Such skepticism desolates me," he said. "Listen, *amigo:* Chacina and I have managed. She came here—to me; and he sent her, knowing too well what price might be demanded for such a visit. I need not assure you, I trust, that no price was asked."

"I'm sure of it," I said, and I was.

"*Mil gracias* for your faith. She had it, too, admirable woman. That is what made it so easy . . . and so hard. *Ai*, a woman's devotion to the man she has made her idol! We once spoke of that, remember? I spoke true words, *amigo viejo*. It is so with Chacina. That Jaquero must die is nothing compared to the necessity that he die bravely . . . and so, as I say, we have arranged."

"All right," I said, "you needn't tell me."

"IT IS so simple," Medino said, "I thought surely you had guessed. We have arranged with the compliance of Garzo. He has his romantic side, too, Garzo. In short: Jaquero is to escape."

"That's why he was playing the guitar so carefree," I said. Then that two-and-two jumped into my mind. I said: "It's the *ley de fuga!*"

The *ley de fuga* means: the law of escape. Officially, it means a prisoner has tried to escape and has been downed. There used to be lots of cases like that. . . .

"However," said Medino, looking at his watch, "Jaquero is playing the guitar. That is the important thing. Soon he will find his cell door open. He will make his way to the patio stable and ride away. Come, *amigo*—"

There was a balcony outside the long window. We stepped out on it. Medino pointed to the edge of the *plaza*, where the moon fell like a big stage light.

"Jaquero will ride to that point," Medino told me. "There he will halt and make his last, heroic gesture. He will sing the chorus of La Cucaracha."

"If he actually does," I told Medino, "the chances are your soldiers will make a hero of him."

"That is our plan," said Medino. "But, if you mean they will interfere, do not forget Garzo's *dorados*."

"I've spotted 'em already," I said, "on that low roof looking down on the *plaza* corner." And I said: "What is Chacina going to do?"

"I confess a mild, similar curiosity."

Just then a cracked church bell started to go bong-bo-ang-g across the *plaza*. I didn't want to see it happen but I didn't want to offend Medino, either. This was his show, you might say.

"We shall observe, as philosophers," he said, "the transformation of a fraudulent hero into an invincible shadow."

"Chacina can't pretend any more," I said. "Not after tonight. She may fool the whole army, but you know—and she knows—"

WE WERE both watching the deep shadow around the jail gate. The gate began to open, slow, and through it came a man on a horse. Jaquero, carrying the guitar.

Then another horse came through the gate and its rider spurred alongside the first. And they both rode into the full light of the open street.

"It's Chacina!" I said. "You didn't tell me—"

"It was not part of our arrangement," he said.

Chacina and Jaquero rode side by side towards the plaza. He kept looking around, suspicious and scared. Chacina rode straight up. Once or twice she talked to him. There were still quite a few soldiers hanging around the *plaza*. We could hear them talking amongst themselves, excited, as Chacina and Jaquero came down the street. The crowd didn't come too close.

Chacina and Jaquero reached the *plaza*. She talked to Jaquero again. At last he took his guitar, struck a couple of chords and began to sing:

"*La cucaracha, la cucaracha,*
Ya no quiere caminar—"

His voice kind of broke when he got that far and Chacina joined in:

"*Porque no tiene,*
Porque se falta
Marijuana que fumar!"

Chacina stood up in her stirrups. She lifted her face up to the roof where she knew the *dorados* were. She tried, at the last, to get herself between the *dorados* and Jaquero. They fell out of their saddles together.

I turned to Medino.

"But why?" I asked him.

"You answered that yourself," said Medino, "when you remarked that she could pretend no longer, after tonight. And so she chose to die."

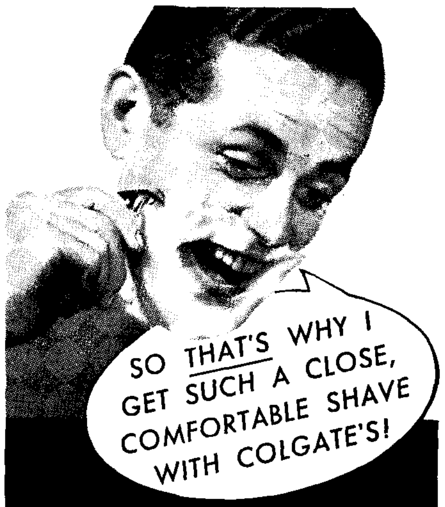
I couldn't see his expression but his voice sounded sadder than I ever had heard it.

"And so," he said, "there are two invincible shadows."

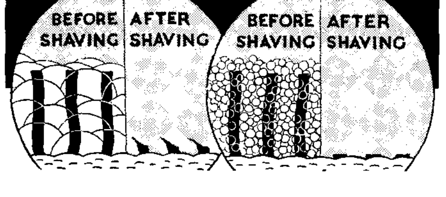
He turned to the balcony window.

"Now, *compadre viejo*," said Medino, "we will return, no, to those fresh limes and the excellent bottles from the Sorpresa Rosa?"

I didn't feel much like it, to tell you the truth. But you accepted invitations from Coronel Medino, *compadre* or no *compadre*.


SO THAT'S WHY I GET SUCH A CLOSE, COMFORTABLE SHAVE WITH COLGATE'S!

BUBBLE PICTURES EXPLAIN THE COLGATE SKIN-LINE SHAVE



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New extra-plate Prest-O-lite HiLevel
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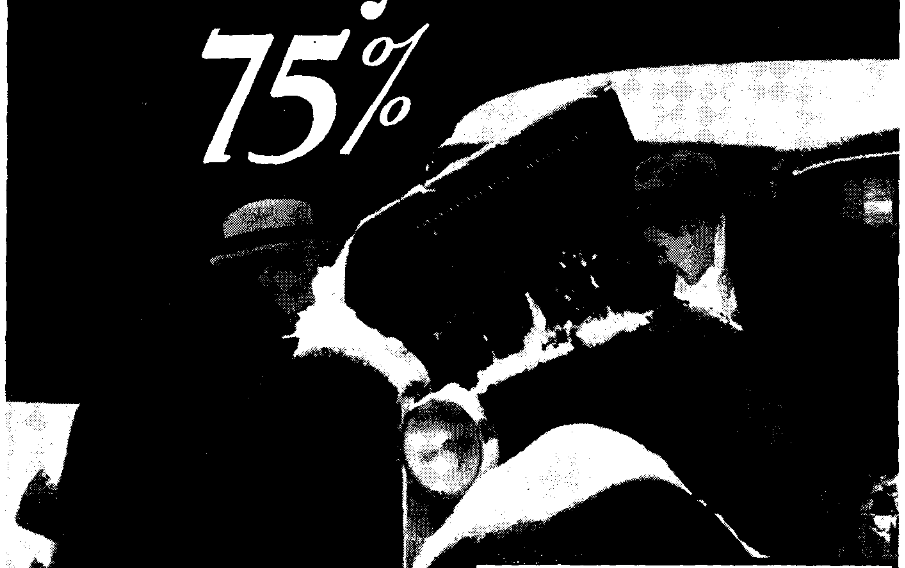

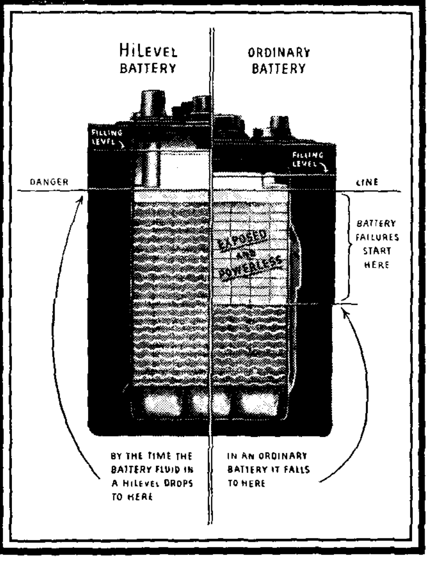
HiLevel BATTERY
ORDINARY BATTERY
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FILLING LEVEL
DANGER
LINE
BATTERY FAILURES START HERE
EXPOSED AND POWERLESS
BY THE TIME THE BATTERY FLUID IN A HiLevel DROPS TO HERE
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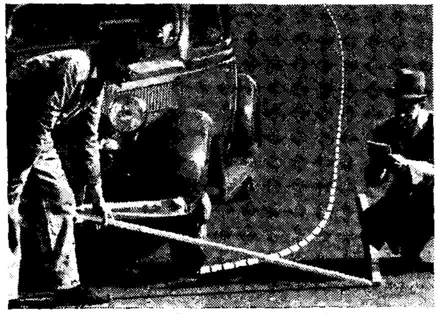
THIS SHOWS WHY *the new HiLevel gives greater power, reduces chance of failures.*

Needs water only 3 times a year. Four times the usual reserve water capacity guards against premature battery breakdowns

FOUR months without adding a drop of water! The new Prest-O-Lite HiLevel Battery needs attention only 3 times a year in normal service. Compare that with the ordinary battery that requires re-filling every two to three weeks. This new development in battery construction—available only in the HiLevel—reduces the danger of premature battery failure 75%.

Prest-O-Lite batteries are designed to give powerful, dependable battery service. Into each battery is built miles of reliable performance. But despite a 24-month service warranty, the service record of thousands of these batteries proves that, in actual use, they outlive the warranty many, many months. On this proved basis of service, *the HiLevel costs you less than any other battery you can buy.*

Drive in to your nearest service station today. Ask to see this remarkable new battery that will give you more power, more capacity—greater convenience.



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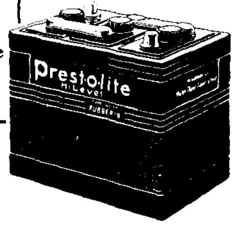


Prest-O-lite
A BATTERY FOR EVERY CAR . . . EVERY PURSE

One-Piece Meals

Continued from page 26

fillip of dry English mustard in the mixing. That is the secret of the green salad at Twenty-One. When it is served with a fillet of English sole sautéed in butter, into which a small handful of chopped, blanched almonds has been sprinkled, you can understand Herbert Marshall's enthusiasm.

Now suppose it is Helen Hayes, instead of Herbert Marshall, who happens to be lunching or dining at Twenty-One. Incidentally, Helen Hayes has dined there ever since she starred as the little Southern girl in Coquette. However, Miss Hayes is no coquette when it comes to food. She likes good, sturdy meals, even if they are in the one-dish class. You discover that when you hear Mac put in her order over the phone. "Liver and bacon, with the beans Miss Hayes likes!"

Your first thought is that Mac's amazing memory must have failed him for once. The Helen Hayes who played the unhappy and unworldly Vanessa couldn't have descended to bacon, and beans—and liver. But wait! Calf's liver sautéed gently in butter. Crisp strips of bacon, and then the supreme triumph of the dish—new string beans in a light cream sauce with a sprinkling of cheese over them. Yes, they must be browned for a few seconds in the oven.

Discovering Fried Chicken

Then Dorothy Parker. A small, thick, juicy, sirloin steak. Grilled along with it are halved tomatoes, mushrooms and marrow—discs of summer squash, which have been boiled lightly in salt water and then covered with pats of butter, may be substituted for the marrow. When the steak comes to Dorothy's table, even her sometimes acid wit can find no inspiration for complaint.

Eddie Cantor admits quite frankly that hamburger is fancy enough for him. But at that, it's rather a fancy hamburger after Mac has made a few suggestions to the chef. Fresh-ground round steak of course—don't accept just any ground beef the butcher happens to offer you as a Thursday special—well-seasoned with salt and pepper, and celery chopped fine! No onions, please. The hamburger has a much finer flavor without them. For Eddie it is broiled, served rare with a butter sauce and garden peas. The peas also have a flavor, quite distinct. What is it? Another secret from Twenty-One. Half a teaspoon of sugar and half a dozen leaves of chopped fresh mint added when the peas are bubbling and boiling.

Another man with a camera—or card-catalogue—mind for menus is Francis J. Leney, of Vienna, Paris, Newport and New York. Back in the days of the Hapsburgs, Mr. Leney was educated for a diplomatic career. The Hapsburgs and their glories went, but Mr. Leney went on to other glories and other diplomacies—in the world of hotels. If the proverb to the effect that the fate of nations can hang upon a statesman's digestion—or a chef's whim—is true, Mr. Leney has made history. He has fed Lloyd George and President Coolidge. At the Ritz in Paris he has catered to the whims of a dozen French premiers. He insists that one-dish meals aren't new, although the fashion for them is. He says that all their ramifications have been explored by Admiral Byrd. Furthermore, Dick Byrd's favorite recipe is as unknown to the rest of the world as Antarctica—and it's fried chicken!

However, this is no usual fried chicken. Here it is: Sauté one young, milk-fed chicken in two tablespoons of butter, along with eight medium-sized mushrooms, four crisp stalks of celery cut in inch-long strips. When the chicken is tender, season with salt and pepper, and roll in fresh bread crumbs. Around this arrange yams, already parboiled, skinned and halved. If yams aren't on the market, substitute sweet potatoes rolled in brown sugar.

Dot both the yams and the breaded chicken with pats of butter. Pop the whole thing under the broiler until it is a delicate golden brown. Meantime, add about a half a cup of water to the mushrooms and the celery, which are simmering on top of the stove, season and pour over the main dish. Serve with hot biscuit, crisp and flaky.

Up in the Rainbow Room in Rockefeller Center, where celebrities dine and dance in close proximity to the stars, Maestro Toscanini is feted with spinach! The small-statured conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra doesn't even bother to order. He simply nods to the headwaiter and a dish appears, almost instantaneously, it seems. It is a warm toast-brown, ringed around with emerald green. Not spinach! No spinach ever looked like that. But listen to the chef of the Rainbow Room on the subject of Maestro Toscanini's favorite food, and its intricacies—which he says are no intricacies at all!

A veal cutlet. Not too thick. Not too thin. Tender and no veins. Did I comprehend? Season the cutlet and roll it in melted butter. Sprinkle with bread crumbs, not the crumbs of stale bread, mind you, but from bread freshly toasted, freshly rolled. Sauté it gently in butter, and cover it with a thin slice of Parmesan cheese.

Meantime the spinach—so there was spinach in this after all! The tender green leaves are to be boiled quickly in salted water. Remove from the stove, drain, chop, add a tablespoon of lemon juice. The juice of the lemon takes away that certain something one does not care for in the flavor of spinach. Fold into a thick cream sauce and add paprika. Paprika is gay. Ring this around the cutlet on a fireproof platter or baking dish; put it under the broiler until the Parmesan cheese begins to sizzle and turn a delicate brown. And there you have a dish, according to the chef, to tempt the greatest orchestral conductor of the world today.

Beer with—

The great and the famous, he went on, liked the food of a simplicity, the food of a one-pieceness. Now Mlle. Lillie . . . Mlle. Beatrice Lillie, who amuses one with her songs, with her dancing. Miss Lillie, it seemed, always ordered beer, and then the order always came to the kitchen for lamb chops grilled over the coals along with thick slices of pineapple. Fresh pineapple, the chef explained, has a certain tang which is peculiarly enjoyable with beer, but pineapple from the tin would also do nicely for grilling.

I had an inspiration of my own, then. It may have come from the suggestion about grilling over coals. Or it may have come from those lines of Miss Lillie's song, *Down in the Bottom of the Garden*. But I did not confide in the chef for fear of disturbing his Gaelic sense of the fitness of food, and where it should be served. The beer, yes. The pineapple and the chops by all means. A wood fire glowing down to coals. What a late-in-the-season supper for the autumn out-of-doors!

Out of the Shadows

Continued from page 11

places with him. He knew what he would do if he could. He would change places with the least of them. He hadn't had a simple, natural conversation with another human being since he had left Waubun. He hadn't talked with a girl for years. He was stared at daily by co-eds—single co-eds, pairs of co-eds, bevies of co-eds. But he was in the engineering school. There were no girls in his classes.

Colonel Brookfield drove him home afterward. Colonel Brookfield was on the crest.

"How do you feel?" Colonel Brookfield asked.

"I feel fine," Colorado Jones said. That was what he had to say.

"I'm going to give you a good stiff drink," Colonel Brookfield said. "You'll sleep better."

"I'll sleep all right."

"You're a bit on edge. And you should be. Tomorrow is the big day—the real test. They'll gang you. But if you can put it over you're made for life."

COLORADO JONES drank the stiff drink with the Colonel and went up to his room. But he couldn't go to sleep. He stole down the stairs and got out the side door and walked down the road, away from the Minnewaska campus. It was a clear, cold November night. He liked it. He felt less lonesome, walking down the road in the dark. He felt less need to talk to somebody he could really talk to.

The men on the squad never referred to his past at Waubun. He knew they must talk about it among themselves. But they carefully avoided the subject with him. They were determined to be kind. They were so determined to be kind that they weren't human.

Colorado saw the lights of a car ahead. It wasn't moving. He saw the lights dim and brighten. He knew somebody was trying to start that car and the battery was low. It hadn't been so good the last time he had tried to help somebody out on the road. But a thing like that couldn't happen twice in a lifetime.

He walked up to the car. There was a girl in it. He knew how she felt by the way the starter whirred. She was exasperated.

"Wait a minute," he said.

The girl took her foot off the starter. The lights brightened. Colorado Jones smelled raw gas.

"It just won't start," the girl said.

"You've got her flooded. You'll have to wait until she dries out a bit."

"It wasn't flooded in the first place," the girl said.

"You wait a minute," Colorado Jones said soothingly.

The girl wasn't a co-ed. If she were a co-ed she wouldn't be out here alone in a car toward midnight. Anyway, she wasn't a co-ed. He knew she wasn't. He was glad she wasn't.

He saw that she was fumbling in her bag. She got out a packet of cigarettes. She offered him a cigarette. He lit her cigarette. He shielded his face behind the rear corner of the roadster's top when he lit his own cigarette so she wouldn't see his face in the flare of the match. She would probably know who he was if she got a good look at him. He didn't want her to know who he was. He wanted, once, for five minutes, to talk to somebody who didn't know he was Colorado Jones.

She asked him what he thought Minnewaska's chances were. He said he thought Minnewaska had an even chance to beat Michigan.

"You're forgetting Colorado Jones," she said.

He said he wasn't. He said he thought the Michigan team undoubtedly had plans for stopping Jones. They chatted on idly. He hadn't talked to anybody like that since he could remember. This was the way life would have been if he had changed his name instead of coming back to Minnewaska.

Their cigarettes were soon finished.

"The road runs a little downhill," he said. "You turn on the ignition and put her in second gear and hold the clutch out while I push her. When I get her rolling you let in the clutch and she'll catch."

He pushed the car and she did what he had told her to do and the motor roared. The car drew away from him, roaring in second gear. He watched it going slowly down the road. It stopped. She was waiting for him. He ran down the road.

"Jump in," she said.

She took it for granted he lived in Grandison. He didn't want to tell her he lived near at hand, at Colonel Brookfield's. She would know who he was if he told her that.

They talked a steady stream all the way in to Grandison. But it wasn't more than fifteen minutes.

"Where do you want to go?" the girl asked.

"Drop me at the first dark alley," he said.

"Why dark?" she asked.

"I don't want to be seen," he said.

"With me?" she asked. She wasn't annoyed. She was merely curious.

"I don't want anybody to know I'm out," he said.

She stopped the car. She studied him. He knew she could see him fairly well in the light of the dash lamp. He could see her. He had been gazing at her profile all the way into Grandison. She had blond hair and a slightly turned-up nose and a delicious mouth.

"You're Colorado Jones," she said.

"Yes," he said, "I am."

"Why be snooty about it?" the girl asked.

"I'm not snooty," he said. "I merely can't stand being Colorado Jones."

SHE started the car again and drove up a side street. She stopped in front of a two-story brick building. Colorado Jones saw that the ground floor was a beauty shop. The name in silver letters on the big plate glass window was "Mamie Taylor."

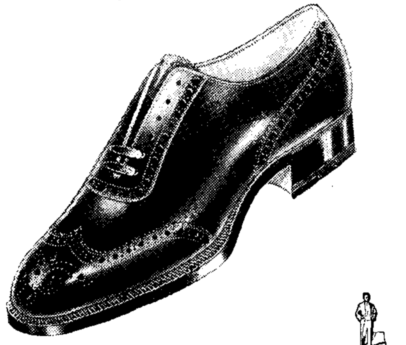
"That's mine," the girl beside him said. "I live in the flat over the shop. You come in and I'll find something to eat and you can tell me all about it."

Colorado Jones followed her upstairs. She got out bread and milk and cheese and things. They sat down at the kitchen table. Colorado Jones saw how young she was. She didn't look more than twenty. She had wide, clear eyes. Colorado Jones looked into those eyes and began to talk.

He told her how he had been walking down the road one night in another state two years and more ago. He had come on a stalled car exactly as he had come on her car. He knew about cars. He had worked his way through his freshman year at Minnewaska as a garage mechanic. He had been promised a better job in the East. He had been hitchhiking his way east to take it.

There were three young men trying to start the car. He stopped to help. He hoped to get a ride. It was nearly midnight and ten miles to the next town.

(*Continued on page 36*)



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Below: Norwegian Grain, another Walk-Over that's friendly to your feet and grows old gracefully. Black or brown. Custom grade . . $8.50.

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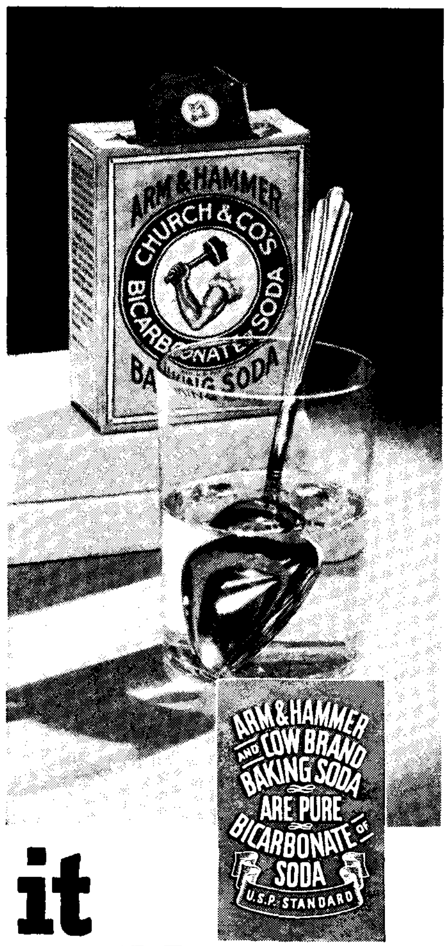

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To relieve the distress caused by hyperacid types of indigestion, physicians often prescribe our Baking Soda (pure Bicarbonate of Soda) half a teaspoonful in half a glass of cool water. Our Baking Soda also makes an effective gargle. Applied as a paste, it is a soothing first aid for scalds, burns. Ask for Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda, they are identical in quality and price—just a few cents for a handy package from your grocer.

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ALSO A SET OF COLORED BIRD CARDS
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STREET
CITY
STATE
10 CEDAR ST. NEW YORK

(Continued from page 35)

He hadn't noticed how anxious the three young men were. Or he hadn't thought about it. He had remembered it afterward. One of them gave him a flashlight. He was peering under the hood of the car with the flashlight when he heard a car coming at high speed, the engine droning like an airplane. He didn't think much about it. But the three young men did. They ran. They climbed the fence and ran into the woods. The car was a police car.

"THEY had held up a gas station eight or nine miles back," Colorado Jones said. "It was the third time the gas station had been stuck up that summer and the police were sore. They had me and there was a gun in the car. The flashlight in my hand was the flashlight they had taken away from the fellow at the gas station fifteen minutes before. And when they got me back there the fellow identified me as one of the men who had held him up. And I got three years. I didn't serve three years. I got time off for good behavior."

"What a break," Mamie Taylor said; "what a gosh-awful break."

She stared at him, shaking her head.

"No wonder," she said. "No wonder you don't want to be Colorado Jones."

Colorado Jones looked into her wide clear eyes. "You believe me," he said.

"Yes," she said, "of course I believe you."

"Nobody else ever did."

"Not even Colonel Brookfield?"

"He wouldn't let me tell him the story. I told him I wasn't guilty and he stopped me right there. He wouldn't let me go on."

Mamie Taylor nodded sagely. "No," she said; "no, Colonel Brookfield wouldn't want to hear your story. He mightn't believe it if he did hear it but he wouldn't want to hear it. It would spoil his ballyhoo. It wouldn't be half so good if you were innocent. You've got to be a real criminal who's trying to go straight."

She drove him back to Colonel Brookfield's at three o'clock in the morning. He slipped out of the car. Mamie Taylor held out her hand. He took her hand.

"Good night," she said.

Colorado Jones leaned toward her. She held up her face. He kissed her gently.

"Good night," he said.

MINNEWASKA and Michigan played to a tie most of the afternoon. Colorado Jones couldn't get away. Michigan broke through the interference and nailed him before he got started. The score was still nothing to nothing when the captain told them they had two minutes to play. Michigan had the ball on Minnewaska's ten-yard line. There wasn't any hope for Minnewaska. The Minnewaska rooters were droning the sad line, "Hold 'em, hold 'em!"

Colorado Jones was playing in close. He had to stop that play. It came. The ball was suddenly loose. Somebody fumbled. Colorado Jones picked that ball out of the air. He was off. He got clear. He ran all the way to the goal line with the entire Michigan team trailing out behind him.

He couldn't get away that evening. He couldn't get away until late Sunday afternoon. But then he went to see Mamie Taylor. He was pretty badly banged up. She made him sit in the big easy-chair in her living-room and eat a piece of devil's-food cake with a glass of milk.

He managed somehow to call her up every day during the next week. But he couldn't get down to see her. He had classes all morning and football practice all afternoon and he had to study after dinner and go to bed at ten o'clock. He didn't see her again until the day after Thanksgiving, when Minnewaska had won the championship of the Big Ten, and then he had only an hour. He had to go to the annual football banquet.

He sat through speech after speech at the banquet, pretending to listen and thinking about Mamie Taylor.

He heard the president of the university telling them that they owed their victory to Colonel Brookfield, and he thought to himself, "I've got to make that girl wait for me—I've got to."

He heard Colonel Brookfield assuring them that they owed nothing to him—they owed it all to Colorado Jones and he thought, "I've got to make her promise she'll wait for me until I make as much money as she does."

Colorado Jones was suddenly aware that he was being lifted to his feet. They were yelling, "Speech! Speech!" He could be a showman like Colonel Brookfield if he had to. He could make capital out of the fact he had no speech to make. He held up his hand for silence. He waited till he got silence.

"Mr. President—" he said. "Colonel Brookfield—gentlemen—I thank you one and all for those kind words."

He sat down promptly and let them yell.

Colonel Brookfield was very serious in the car going home.

"Now that we've put you over as a hero," he said, "we've got to put you over socially. My wife and daughters will be back before Christmas. They'll have a big house party more or less in your honor over New Year's. They'll see that you take just the right girl to the Prom."

He got away from the Colonel and the Colonel's whisky and went up to his room. He waited until the house was quiet. Then he stole out of the side door and jogged all the way into Grandison and Mamie Taylor's.

"Listen, Mamie," he said, "I can't stand one more week of being a circus horse or a side-show freak. I'm going to change my name and go away and be somebody else."

She looked up at him. Her eyes were wide and clear. But she looked as if she were about to cry. He took a step toward her.

"I'm coming back for you," he said. "You've got to wait for me. Promise you'll wait for me."

He took her in his arms.

"No," she said, "no—I'm not going to wait for you. I'm going with you."

"But you can't—you've got your shop."

"No," she said, "not any more. I sold it. I got thirty-five hundred dollars for it—cash. It's in the bank—most of it. I kept out five hundred to travel on."

"I can't live on your money."

"If you can't live on my money for a while—until you get on your feet," Mamie said, "you can't have me. I wouldn't marry a man who was such a fool."

"But—"

"We'll get married," she said. "And then we'll change our names and disappear. We'll go somewhere out West. You'll get a job in some garage and I'll start a new beauty shop."

He looked down into her eyes. She was irresistible to him. He kissed her and was lost.

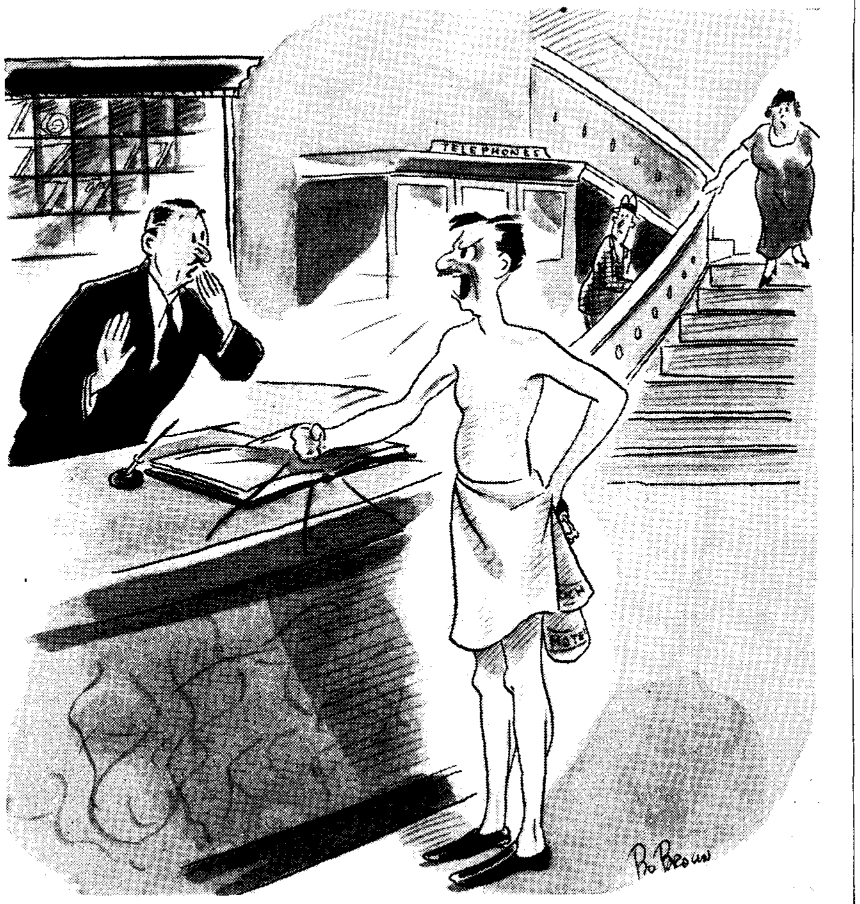
WHEN Colonel Brookfield tells his version of the story he makes a point, naturally enough, of how much he was prepared to do for Colorado Jones.

"He might have had anything there was," Colonel Brookfield says. "But he was too dumb. His sentence in Waubun had cured him of holding up people with a gun. But he was still looking for easy money. He eloped with a little girl who owned a beauty shop in Ormsby Street."

You look surprised. You don't understand how there was any easy money in that.

"You see," Colonel Brookfield says, "she'd just sold her shop for thirty-five hundred dollars. And Colorado Jones was so dumb he couldn't see anything but that thirty-five hundred. He couldn't see the money he might have had."

And then Colonel Brookfield shakes his head. "But dumb or not, Colorado Jones was the greatest half I ever saw. There wasn't—there never has been a man who could carry the ball in a broken field the way he could carry it."



"What the heck's become of room 616?"

BO BROWN

Buy UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

In 10 years Your Investment earns 33⅓ per cent

$18.75 . . .	*increases in 10 years to*	**$25**
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Being a direct obligation of the Government, United States Savings Bonds offer safety for your investment. Held to maturity these bonds will show a return of 2.9% compounded semi-annually—an increase in your original investment of 33⅓%.

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To make ownership of these bonds possible for the small investor, they are issued in denominations as low as $25.00, with a purchase price of $18.75. They provide a dependable security for the investment of your savings and a convenient means by which to save regularly out of income.

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Enclosed find check, draft or money order for—

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Your personal check will be accepted, subject to collection, or you may send bank draft or money order. Do not send currency by mail. Make checks payable to Treasurer of the United States.

"My taste in clothes is conservative"

"No new style for me, until they are accepted as standards of dress. But if anything comes along that is a real, practical improvement, I welcome it."

The days of experiment are over . . . Five million men already know the rightness of the Talon trouser closing . . . the improvement in appearance it creates . . . the convenience and security it gives. Everywhere men say—"This idea will grow until all trousers are Talon-fastened." Wear a pair . . . you'll understand . . . Ask your clothier about . . .

TROUSERS TAILORED WITH TALON

FASTENER INVISIBLE

The Talon trouser fastener is the only slide fastener made especially for trouser use. Very small . . . exceedingly flexible . . . creates a thin, smooth, continuous, seamlike closing . . . neat and trim in any position . . . locked so the slider can't slip down. Makes disarray impossible . . . refines line and finish of trouser tailoring. Scientifically applied . . . can't catch in underclothing because of protective under-flap. Precision-made . . . rustless . . . unharmed by dry cleaning and pressing. Gives perfect service, far beyond the life of a suit. Your clothier will show you . . .

TROUSERS TAILORED WITH *TALON*

Today WELL-TAILORED TROUSERS are closed with the TALON SLIDE FASTENER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Birds Without Feathers

Continued from page 19

But it isn't all beer and skittles. There have been casualties, and accidents are sometimes unavoidable. Young du Pont had a saddening experience at Elmira three years ago when he attempted a flight in a two-seater sailplane with his father. It was a moment of some importance to the family. The thing was well planned. Du Pont got in and gave the word to start. The tow car took up its burden, the glider took off gracefully from the brow of the hill and kept right on going until it came down with a bump in the valley below.

"We didn't get enough impetus to start with," says du Pont ruefully. "We started and the next thing we knew there was a bump and it was all over. We weren't hurt, but the plane was busted up and I felt pretty foolish."

Gliding's Record Holders

There was the even more extraordinary case of the young lady, last year at Elmira, who created a world's record for coming down in the wrong spot. The spot was a rail fence. She had trouble with her landing technique and on her first trip up found herself eventually astraddle the fence. That was bad enough, but it didn't take her nerve and she was aloft again next day. After cruising about successfully, she again started down, landing astride the same fence at exactly the same spot. It was considered a model of precision by the gliding fans.

The glider records are held by Germans. Heinrich Dittmar has a distance record of 233 miles and an altitude record of 14,190 feet. The duration record of 36 hours 35 minutes is held by Kurt Schmidt. Du Pont has the American distance record of 158 miles and the altitude record of 6,224 feet. The American duration record is held by William A. Cocke, who stayed aloft 21 hours and 34 minutes in Honolulu in 1931. There is a later distance record by Rudolf Oeltzschner, a German, of 310 miles which has not yet been approved by the Federation Aeronautique Internationale, governing body for the sport. Oeltzschner was killed while being towed back, his glider crashing when the towing plane was forced down in a heavy squall.

As a practical aid to transportation, much experimenting has been made of the use of gliders towed aloft by airplanes as trains. The first test in this country was made by Jack O'Meara and E. Paul du Pont, Jr., who piloted two gliders which were towed from Miami to Havana and landed on the Prado. Under the auspices of the Post Office Department, another test was made between New York and Washington with three gliders being towed by a mail plane, and cutting off and landing safely in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington with special loads of mail. There was a later experiment with four gliders handled by Jack O'Meara, R. E. Franklin, Stanley Smith and Elwood Keim on another New York-Washington trip.

All this did was to stimulate the Russians into action. They have already done more with practical soaring than any other country, bringing it to such a point of efficiency that it is assuming the importance of an aid in transportation.

"We did four, and the next week there was a dispatch from Moscow announcing that they had completed an airplane tow with five gliders," said du Pont. "They have probably brought it to a dozen by this time. I once hitched on to a plane while both of us were in the air, but the Russians have perfected a system whereby a glider can be taken off the ground while the airplane is in flight. You can see what that might mean. They could take up a string of gliders and drop them off at their special destinations."

The first spectacular glider flight in this country was the transcontinental towed trip by Frank Hawks several years ago. It did nothing but show that a glider could remain in the air endlessly, motor or no motor, and it seemed to indicate that anything in the world with enough wing spread was a flying machine. The only axiom about the sport is that when you start losing altitude and can't find a cumulus cloud to hover under or a thermal wind to spiral you aloft, you had better pick a soft spot to land. The comforting thing about it is that landing in a glider is comparatively simple and exceptionally safe, provided you have altitude left in which to maneuver. The gliders are so constructed that they can't nose over.

At Elmira last year there were forty gliders and ninety-six pilots in competition but they were able to do soaring on only eight of the sixteen days of the meet. There were teams from Massachusetts Tech and Lawrence Tech, combining sport with an opportunity of furthering their studies in aerodynamics and meteorology, but since nobody came forward with plans for a bellows which would provide wind enough for a national contest, it was considered an even break for nature. The chief sufferers were the two young men who had hitchhiked from California for the event in the hope that they would get a chance either to borrow a glider or to act as members of a ground crew. With the flying time so limited, the contestants with planes stayed in the air practically every minute the winds lasted.

The standard equipment for soaring is a glider, a tow car and the usual rope. The planes are folded up and transported by the tow car to the place of starting. They get the glider started off the ground and later go out and locate the plane when it lands and bring it back.

A Surprise for the Birds

"You get most of the fun in dodging from cloud to cloud," says du Pont. "There is also something to be said for suddenly coasting down out of the air and astonishing a perfectly good citizen who is taking his ease on his front lawn.

"But the birds are the real stuff. Lew Barringer was attacked by a hawk, but I've never had anything like that. The most that has ever happened to me was journeying along by their side as they looked sardonically into the cockpit and tried to figure out what sort of fool this was. I'm no expert on the thing but they seemed rather intelligent animals. I've known times when I wondered what I was doing up there myself. Once I was soaring in the Blue Ridge Mountains and losing altitude by the minute. I was going over one mountain range after the other and hoping that when I crossed the next I'd find some place to land. I don't remember how many I crossed but it seemed about fifty at the time. I kept trying to fight the glider up and it kept coming down. Just when I thought I'd better head for a tree and hope for the best, I saw an open field. When you hear pilots talking about happy landings, this is probably what they have in mind."

Deepwater Island

Continued from page 15

"But the girl I have not seen," Dick's uncle said now. "This Karen Waterson—have you seen her, Dick?"

Tonga Dick hesitated. "Yes," he said at last.

"What does she look like?" James Wayne demanded, his voice rising a little. "Does she look like old Garrett Waterson?"

Dick said nothing for a moment. "I am trying to think," he said at last, "if I ever saw a picture of Garrett Waterson when he was young."

"Some of the pictures you have seen of him show him when he was forty. That ought to serve the purpose, I should think."

Dick shrugged. "A picture of a strapping, big, hell-busting ship's captain would hardly look like a one-hundred-and-twenty-pound girl, would it?"

"Does she look hard? Does she appear grasping—predatory?"

TONGA DICK stirred uneasily. "No," he said after a moment.

"Yet she must be," James Wayne said, his voice vibrant. "That girl is evidently made of something harder than glass."

"I suppose, sir," Tonga Dick said, "that nowadays all girls who make their way in the world without help must be a little bit hard. They need to be."

"This is a different thing," James Wayne insisted. "When a young woman seeks profit for herself by theft, and when that theft is based upon a calumny of her own grandfather, a discrediting of the very blood in her own veins—"

James Wayne had always spoken well; but at the same time he had always spoken briefly, choosing few words. Except for the curtness of anger, Dick had never seen him speak with emotion before. Now, as James Wayne fell silent, Dick wished that he were away.

"Dick," James Wayne said with a deep conviction, "I don't believe she's his granddaughter at all."

"My brothers told me," Dick said, "that they had thoroughly investigated that; they say that her identity can be established in any court."

James Wayne's eyes jumped to Dick's face again. "I want your own opinion as to whether she is an impostor or not."

This time Dick was definitely restless under his uncle's gaze. "I think she's telling the truth," he said.

The old man drew a deep breath. He dropped his eyes with a curious effect of effort, as if it cost him a great trial of self-control. "But you do not definitely know?"

"No."

"I suppose," James Wayne said wearily, "we may assume that the claim of relationship will be substantiated—at least to the satisfaction of the court. Beyond that—beyond that, what is your impression of her case?"

"My advice," Tonga Dick said, "is to settle at once, out of court, at the cost of any compromise whatever. This case must never come to trial. If it comes to trial they will win."

A low, slow thunder came into the old man's voice, like the sound of surf a long way off. "No," he said. "No! They must not! And they will not! They'll never win Alakoa—never, do you hear?"

Tonga Dick tried to drop the discussion to a tone of judicial consideration. "The case has a thousand precedents in the Islands," he pointed out. "Most of them are cases where illiterate natives were swindled out of their lands, that is true; but there are other precedents, such as the case of Inter-Island Sugar, which lost a million and a half dollars on just such a—"

A strange thing happened then. The immobile, apparently bloodless figure of James Wayne suddenly galvanized with such an explosion of energy as Dick had never seen James Wayne use. The old man shot straight up, and behind him the heavy chair crashed onto its back, and the blankets fell away to a heap about his legs. A white blaze was in the old man's eyes, and every muscle of his body seemed to tremble.

"No!" he shouted. "No, I say! Never while I live! Not one cent—not one cent—"

The door opened and Charles Wong was there, and his thick glasses were beseeching upon Tonga Dick's face. In the moment's silence the blaze within James Wayne seemed to die away. Charles Wong picked up the chair and the old man accepted it. Deftly the tall Chinese sought to rearrange the blankets.

"Dick," James Wayne said, "you know and I know there's a way to break this case."

Dick was silent; but it was the silence of a tentative consent.

"We've come to a showdown," his uncle said. "We've got to show down our cards—both yours and mine."

"Are you sure you want that?" Dick asked.

"It begins to look as if there isn't any other way."

"I'm afraid there isn't, sir. Although —although—"

"Later," Charles Wong put in. "There's plenty of time for this. Mister Dick, your uncle should not talk any more right now."

"Wong," James Wayne said dryly, "if you'll be so kind—"

"Your nephew has not eaten, sir," Charles Wong said.

Unquestionably, James Wayne was very weary, with the bone-deep weariness of old men near the end of the road. He was silent a moment, but when he spoke it was to give in.

"Well—let him go ahead and eat," James Wayne said thickly. "Let him go ahead and eat." He rubbed his eyes with one shaking hand.

Dick attempted to speak, but was checked—partly by his own loss of words, and partly by Charles Wong's shaking head. Silently Tonga Dick Wayne left his uncle's room.

THE slim Hawaiian girl called Lilua had shown Karen her room; and now this girl was back again, tapping at the door panel.

"Yes?"

"Mister Dick wants to know if you would like to have coffee with him."

Uncertain, Karen Waterson opened the door. Tonga Dick was surely the last person in the world she wanted to see. But the room in which she had been put was turning cold and lonely, and its great height of ceiling made it seem empty and bare. The massive furniture was beginning to take on an unfriendly look as the darkness outside increased; and the fog reached clammy tendrils into the room. They had brought her dinner to her room, but she had been unable to eat it, and she felt that there was no possibility of sleep.

As she hesitated, Lilua moved across the room and closed a casement that Karen had opened, and Karen experienced a sharp annoyance. There was

(Continued on page 40)

The latest Hospitality Tray

Sparkling with ideas

Hilarity reigns more than ever at parties this season. Good reason—the new Toastmaster Hospitality Tray is on the scene . . . and no crowd can stay stiff and formal when all the guests are making beautiful toast in the Toastmaster . . . and spreading snacks in inspired combinations.

Everything's new about this Hospitality Tray . . . and everything is in matching design. First innovation . . . four individual snack plates in lovely Fostoria crystal, "The Glass of Fashion," recessed to hold cup or glass. The new double-compartment Fostoria glass appetizer dishes to match the snack plates. The handsome new tray comes in a choice of woods—walnut, mahogany or antique white, with wooden cutting block and knife. Second innovation... a stunning folding stand for the Hospitality Tray—available for only a little more. With the tray, it makes a permanent coffee table.

Best of all, Toastmaster itself—essential to the successful "hospitality party," for Toastmaster alone has a Flexible Toast-Timer that times each slice individually and automatically—longer when the Toastmaster is cool—shorter when it's hot. The degree of heat itself regulates the toasting time. One slice or a hundred—they're all alike—each the same shade of brown.

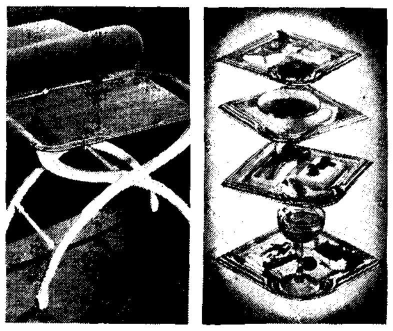
"Only Toastmaster makes perfect toast every time for everybody"—for "hospitality parties" or at the breakfast table.

See Toastmaster wherever quality appliances are sold. Additional snack plates are available. McGraw Electric Company, Waters-Genter Division, Dept. 1017, Minneapolis, Minn.

***R.S.V.P.* Send for new booklet, "Help-Yourself Parties."**

Toastmaster

with Hospitality Tray



Just where you want it

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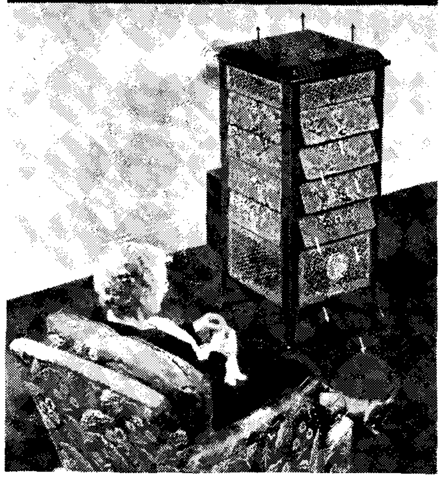

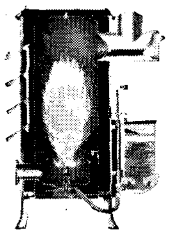

Open the **HEAT-DIRECTOR'S** *patented adjustable shutters to direct heat rays at any angle you choose*

Diagram shows burner, patented shutters and removable fuel tank.

All stove-heated homes, stores and offices can now have the cleanliness and flexibility of modern oil heating. The Superfex Heat-Director makes possible new comfort and convenience by doing away with extremes of temperature and constant fire-tending. It combines circulating and radiating heating methods and *directs* the heat rays to warm the floor or other surface. The patented heat-directing shutters may be opened on one, two or three sides, sending radiant heat at any angle. With the shutters all closed, the heat rises through the top grill and circulates through several openly connected rooms

The Heat-Director gives clean, flexible heat that can be increased or decreased instantly, at will, by a slight turn of the dial. The fuel used is inexpensive No. 1 light domestic fuel oil, distillate or kerosene.

The removable fuel tank holds enough for as many as forty-two hours. With the Heat-Director, you can get up in the morning to a comfortably warm house; and you can be away all day long and come home to a heated house. This feature is particularly valuable in cases where a store or other stove-heated building must be kept warm over a holiday or a Sunday

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(Continued from page 39)

no air of service in the Hawaiian girl's movement or in her face; rather there was a faint irony in Lilua's eyes, as if she condescended to assist a helpless person who didn't know how to take care of herself.

Karen put a cigarette into an ebony holder, lighted it, and studied Lilua impersonally. Lilua had the creamy brown skin of the pure Hawaiian; her softly waved hair, black as any night, was drawn back over her ears, brushed severely. Her eyes were level, with that look of quiet, of peace, only possible to a nature which never wars against itself. She wore a gingham house dress, but her eyebrows were plucked into slenderly traced arches, and for some reason this seemed anomalous to Karen.

"How old are you?" Karen asked suddenly.

Lilua's unwavering eyes seemed amused. "Eighteen. How old are you?"

If Karen had conceived Lilua to be in any way less than her equal, that idea was evidently not shared by Lilua. Karen turned away.

"Somewhat older," she said shortly. "Tell Mr. Wayne I will come."

She leaned across the bureau's marble slab to retouch her lips by its mirror; but the Hawaiian girl still waited.

"I'll show you where he is," Lilua said.

KAREN turned to look at her, impelled by that steady gaze. "You're glad to see him back, aren't you?" Karen said.

Lilua hesitated, but her quiet voice did not change as she answered: "I haven't seen him for two years."

Karen, her annoyance unaccountably increased, followed Lilua through the house.

Dick Wayne was stretched out before the fire in the big room whose immense doors opened upon the valley and the fog; Lilua immediately crossed the room to close those doors. Dick rose, looking apologetic.

"I hope you'll make yourself comfortable here. I'm sorry if you feel I've made things awkward for you. I think I'll be able to take you back tomorrow."

"Good."

In the stiff silence between them, Lilua came and stood in front of Dick's chair, looking at him steadily.

"Dick, you must be careful of this night. I don't like this night at all. *E makani auanei, ke kau mai la ke kakai o Kakaipali—*"

"That's rude, Lilu'," Dick stopped her. "You know she can't understand that."

Lilua cast a contemptuous glance at Karen, and she did not translate; but she went on in English:

"Pretty soon the clouds are going to rise higher, and the wind is going to blow through. And then it is going to rain, and even the rain is going to be a bad rain."

Dick pulled at his cold pipe, his eyes morose upon the fire. "Don't think much of it myself," he admitted.

Watching Lilua, it seemed to Karen that the girl's face was naïve, blurred; she had none of the sharp, keen edge, the alert sophistication, admired in the girls of Karen's race. But she had something else—a vitality, perhaps, so deep, so powerful, that it seemed derived from ancient hidden wellsprings which Karen had never known.

"This is a worse night than you think," Lilua persisted. "Something's walking around in the fog. Just now, as I came through the garden, Hokano's big dog was with me, and he was whimpering and walking close against my legs. He kept looking down the valley, and every hair on his back was up."

"If you think somebody's prowling around, I'll—"

"If there had been a man out there in the fog, that dog would have charged him. That dog isn't afraid of anything that lives. Out by the wall I smelled *maile leis*, and there isn't any *maile* growing within ten miles. I tell you, something's walking around tonight that isn't supposed to walk around at all. But when I wanted to let the dog in the house, he wouldn't come in. Something's wrong here, Dick. Something's terribly wrong."

"But you don't know what it is?"

Lilua shook her head slowly. "Once I would have known. Once you would have known, yourself. I don't know now."

The fire wavered smokily, and beyond the range of its light the room seemed very dark. Beyond the windows the fog now pressed as dense and impenetrable as cloth, as if this night clad itself in a double security much more oppressive than darkness alone.

"The wrong gods are walking," Lilua said now. "The right gods never walk here any more. Remember how we used to hear them walking? But they haven't walked here for a long time. Something else is here instead. Sometimes I can feel it coming near. And tonight it is very close, terribly close; and even the dog is afraid."

Dick Wayne stirred restively. Perhaps he thought he knew what it was that was near; but he didn't want to look at it, yet. "You'd better go get some sleep, Lilu'."

"Dick, this is a wrong time."

"Wrong time for what?" Dick snapped at her.

Lilua glanced at Karen, but what she said next was unintelligible.

"Dick," Lilua said, "Kai-Ale-Ale has been seen again. He hasn't been seen—Dick, he hasn't been seen—since my grandmother died."

Dick Wayne took time to explain this to Karen. "There's a big shark," he put in, in an aside, "that the natives think is a god. I've never seen it, but they swear it's as big as a ship."

"Kai-Ale-Ale is here again," Lilua said; "and there's another thing. The red mullet are running, Dick. Ever since the islands first came out of the sea, when the red mullet have run a king has died."

"Lilua," Dick said, "this is pure, plain nonsense."

"Maybe it is. But if it is, this is the first time it was ever nonsense since the islands began."

WHATEVER else Lilua lacked, she had a faculty of making everything restless except herself. Dick and Karen, motionless as they were, were made to seem uneasy; even the house was restless under the pressure of the fog. It was annoying to Karen that Lilua could stand so perfectly relaxed.

"You'd better go on to bed now, Lilu'," Dick said.

"You won't want me any more tonight?"

"No; we have everything we'll need, I think."

Lilua stood motionless a moment more. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, yes, of course!"

When Lilua was gone Tonga Dick Wayne sat looking into the fire, saying nothing; and Karen found herself unwilling either to look at him or to speak. There was a low moaning of warring air currents somewhere out in the mountain gorges, but it seemed very far from the house, and only served to make the silence between them seem more complete.

While that silence lasted it was impossible for Karen to forget that she was in a strange and hostile place; and still it stretched on and on, until there was a quivering tension behind Karen's knees, and she knew that she had to say something, anything, if only to hear the sound of her own voice.

"Do all your servants call you by your first name?" Karen asked at last.

Dick frowned a little. "She isn't exactly a servant. Her people were a very proud people—masters of this island before any *haole* ever saw it. And she—she's lived here all her life, and I've known her all her life. I can remember her when she was five years old, bouncing around in the surf without anything on."

"I don't believe," Karen offered, "that that girl has had her eyes off you one moment since you've been in this house."

Dick Wayne looked startled. "Huh?"

"You don't mean to tell me that you didn't notice that?"

FOR a moment Dick looked worried. "Bunch of nonsense," he said.

"You're a good deal more than likely to find out. I don't know when I've ever seen such dumb adoration."

"It would be dumb, all right," Dick grunted. "Bunch of nonsense."

"Can it be possible," Karen asked, "that she believes all that—that stuff?"

"Of course. Different races have different ways of talking about the factors that make things happen."

"Oh, my Lord!"

"Things do work differently in the islands, Karen. I've seen things right here in this house that you couldn't believe."

"As for instance?"

"Well—" Dick hesitated, and visibly shifted ground. "Well, it seems to me extremely remarkable that you and I are sitting here tonight, together by this fire."

"It is through no wish of mine," Karen said.

"I'm sorry. I still can't understand why you're not interested. For one thing, this might very well have been the house in which you were born. The room you are to sleep in tonight might have been the very room."

"I thought of that."

"There's a lot of history in this old house," Dick went on. "Of course the most interesting part of it, or at least the most highly colored, goes back to your grandfather's day, before you were born at all—before the Waynes came in. In his day the house was never silent and empty, as it is now.

"Garrett Waterson believed in plenty of guests—sometimes complete strangers showed up and lived here for weeks. That long dining-room in there—it never looked right to him unless anywhere from twenty to forty people were sitting at the table. First thing in the morning your grandfather used to go stomping and roaring through the house, thrashing about with an enormous cocktail shaker. He'd go booting his way into the rooms of all the guests, and get them up by means of eye-openers fit to curl their hair."

"I never heard of him as an early riser."

"What he wanted was to have everybody at breakfast, which was an event," Dick explained. "Garrett Waterson made all meals big, outstanding events. Twice a week two huge drays toiled up from the port, pulled by long jerk-line teams of those little vicious black mules he used to raise. One dray hauled food, but the other seems to have been required for wines and liquors. For breakfast he'd start out with all manner of wild fruit; then three or four kinds of fish; then birds; then hot cakes and molasses. And poi—always plenty of poi. They hunted and fished, and rode fine horses. If it were today, they'd be polo ponies, without a doubt. When it came to enjoying life, it seems there never was a more robustious old pirate than your grandfather, Karen."

(To be continued next week)

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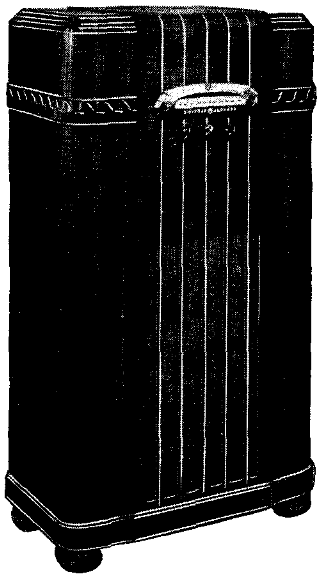

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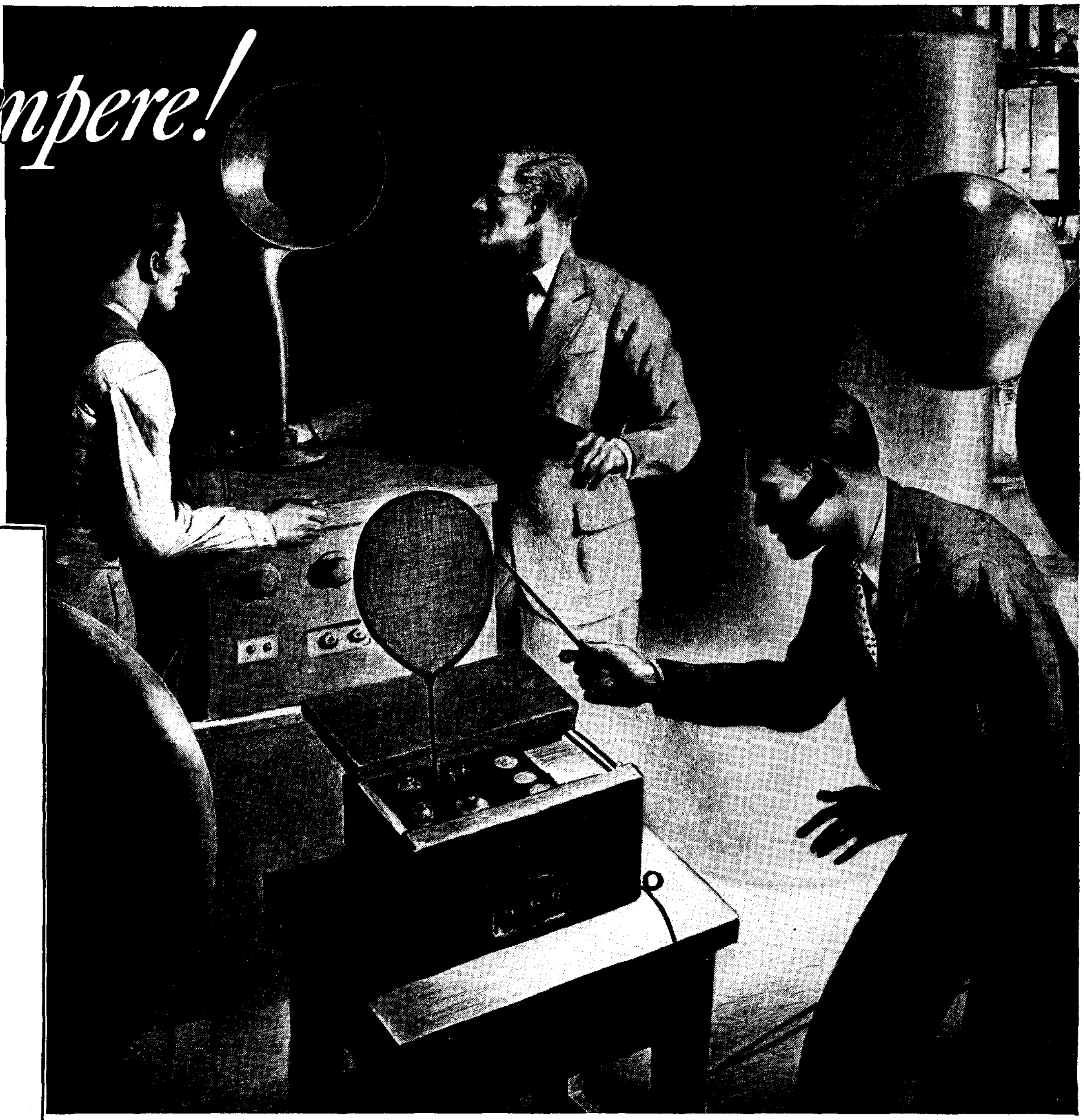

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Allied with these enduring metal tubes is a Stabilized Speaker . . . born in rooms so silent that the rustling of paper sounds like the beating of African war drums.

A supremely sensitive speaker that reproduces speech and music with lifelike brilliance.

And this purity of tone is jealously protected by the Permaliner that maintains the original alignment of the radio . . . keeping the set at "concert pitch" over a long and glorious career.

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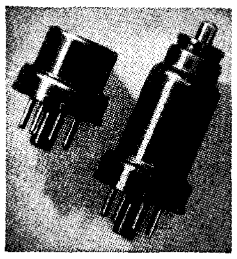
Performance lastingly brilliant

You also will be impressed by the Sliding-rule Tuning Scale which shows only one tuning band at a time . . . lists all stations in a straight line—as easy to read as a ruler.



Yes — you're going to get a thrill from this "House of Magic" radio the first time you turn its distance-defying dials.

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**Metal radio tubes, invented and perfected by General Electric, are made for General Electric by the RCA Mfg. Co. Complete receivers built by G-E at Bridgeport, Conn.*

The new 1936 GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

Press Agents for Love

Continued from page 22

would always explain the stain by casually declaring, "Oh, that's make-up. I left the theater in a hurry and didn't have time to change my shirt."

Brooklyn was Mack's home town, and was his whole world, too. New York was only a fifteen-minute subway ride from his home, but it was a strange and frightening place to him, and every night his mother was at the stage door to take him home when he played the Manhattan mansions of the song and caper.

It came time for the minstrel men to take to the road, and Mack, who by now weighed more than any heavyweight champion on the records, was frightened by the thought of leaving Brooklyn. But the manager of the troupe talked Mack into packing his bags and hitting the one-night stands.

His Best Audience

The first stop was Jersey City, which is a subway ride and a ferry-boat trip from Brooklyn. But it seemed like the last port of call to the mountain of a lad, and he telephoned his mother after the first show. So homesick and afraid was he, Mack refused to go on at night, and his father came and took him home.

And that was how he broke into show business. It was the last time he got homesick, for he played whistle stops and junctions and hamlets all around the country for many a year in an act called "Three Jacks and a Queen."

The act was a sprawling roughhouse, and Mack lunged about the stage in a sailor suit. He wrote the silly songs for the burlesque skit, and every now and then dashed off an epic in rhyme which he sent special delivery to every music publisher in New York. At first Mack thought the post office was double-crossing him by not delivering his sad sonnets. But after a hasty investigation he discovered the publishers had received them. The young man figured it was jealousy when they sarcastically informed him the trouble with the Post Office Department was its efficiency.

But romance stirred in Mack's baggy chest, and in his brief lay-offs he courted a dark, quick young lady with the gift of thinking everything he said was funny. Mack married her, declaring this happy elf was not only the Number One Dream Girl of the world, but also his best audience. They have two astonishingly polite children who can sing every song their father ever wrote.

Mack forgot about song-writing for several years until the movies spoke. Silence was no longer golden, and there was a stampede for the studios by every man, woman or child who could write a note or rhyme June.

The talkies had hurt vaudeville, so Mack kissed his wife and two kids good-by and took the next train for the city of sunshine and Cinderellas who had learned to talk.

But they wouldn't give him a tumble in the loquacious land of promise. They didn't want his lyrics, and the boys he had hung around with in New York were drunk on success and treated him as though he were an Abyssinian running for office in Italy.

It really got tough. He decided Broadway was his alley when he came home one night and discovered he was locked out of his hotel room because he was behind twenty-one dollars in the rent. The twenty-one bucks represented three weeks' rent. He was living with several other New York refugees, and twenty-one dollars was his bit for the small room in the classy caravansary.

Mack made a quick touch, and with his borrowed poke bought a one-way ticket to Brooklyn. Home he came to vaudeville. Song-writing was for suckers and get-rich-quick guys. Vaudeville was his business. There wasn't much of it left, but at least the fat boy knew he could make a living out of it for his wife and children.

Mack collected his old troupe, and they were given a break-in date in Poughkeepsie up the Hudson River. His partners wanted him to write some new songs for the renovation turn, but so angry was Mack with the business of rhyming to music that he refused.

He dropped in on Rocco Vocco, the song publisher, to pick up some popular melodies to use in fifteen minutes of song, dance and tumbles.

In Vocco's sunny and rambling office, a guy sat at the piano aimlessly striking chords. The guy was a little guy, darkly dressed, black-haired and with the shyest expression Mack had ever seen. So meek did he look that Mack figured he would inherit the earth within the next hour.

"Mack," said Vocco, who is called the Saint of Tin-Pan Alley because of his kindness to newcomers and has-beens, "I want you to meet Harry Revel."

They shook hands, and Harry Revel went back to slamming the keys. Mack complained to Vocco about the wrong racket he operated, but he couldn't keep his mind on what he was saying, because of the rhythm Revel's stubby fingers made.

They began to fool around, Mack chanting suddenly invented lyrics to Harry's improvised melodies. They were so interested in their grave frivolity that they had forgotten Vocco was in the room.

"Why don't you two guys get together?" drawled Rocco.

Close Harmony

That starry twilight, as the night boat moved up the Hudson toward Poughkeepsie, Mack Gordon and Harry Revel sat in the dimness of the deck. Mack muttered lyrics to Harry's hummed music. It seems that Harry had come aboard, gambling his last money to form a partnership with a man he didn't know, a man he had just met, joining his talent with a talent he had great confidence in but no knowledge of.

Somewhere in the depths of the big pleasure boat, an orchestra whimpered dismally of the cruelty of unrequited love.

"That song won't make a quarter," Mack said.

"Why?" asked Harry.

"They split up the sweethearts at the finish," Mack said. "That's why. Love must find a way. You can't knock love in songs, and love songs are the only ones that make money. You got to boost love. People know it's a pain in the stomach that spreads to the heart, but they like to be kidded. They want songs that praise love."

"You know, Mack," muttered Harry, "instead of song writers, you make me feel like we were press agents for love."

They sat in Mack's dressing-room in Poughkeepsie, and in a creative frenzy wrote nineteen songs. Harry says it was like writing in a trunk. Mack's size would make Madison Square Garden look like a closet, and the dressing-room seemed to close in around him like a tailor-made suit.

One of the songs they had written was a red-hot coon shout, "Underneath the Harlem Moon." It was a sensational hit.

Broadway saluted them with its customary fair-weather enthusiasm. They were begged to attend night-club openings, and their hips ached from bowing. They were sun-tanned from spotlights, and sick from the cold chow-mein with which night clubs pay off celebrities who come to entertain as guest stars.

The Broadway historians praised them constantly, and Walter Winchell, the gray hawk of the Broadway night, was lavish in his praise. As a result, Flo Ziegfeld hired them to work on his last Follies.

In the Rut of Success

Their songs were sad and frisky, and by now they had half a hundred to offer. But Helen Morgan declined to sing any of them. Harry Richman felt the same way, deftly avoiding their material.

After a great battle, they slipped a song or two into The Follies but they showed no profits. They had a few hits going, but the radio had ruined the song-writing business. Song writers must be on a movie company pay roll if they want to make money at all. Songs are bigger hits than they used to be. They are heard more often, but people don't buy songs any more, and that was the basis of the aria architect's revenue.

Winchell left on his annual pilgrimage to Hollywood, but telephoned Mack the second day he arrived on the Coast.

"I'm lonely for you guys," said Winchell at person-to-person rates. "Come on out here. This is where you belong. You're the best song writers around—why the hell aren't you out here?"

The next day Winchell said the same thing in his column, and two days later Gordon and Revel took a plane for Hollywood under contract to Paramount.

They have been an odds-on favorite in the Success Sweepstakes since then. Paramount has re-signed them again and again, and right now their salary is in the neighborhood of $3,500 a week.

The lottery of show business shows up many numbers. Helen Morgan, who haughtily declined to lavish her peculiar grandeur on their "Follies" hymns, was the first performer in New York to intone their biggest hit, "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?".

Richman, who had shared Morgan the Magnificent's views in the same show, has taken it all back, and on their last flying trip to New York about three months ago, he introduced them to a night-club audience as: "Gordon and Revel—poor fellows. They're in a rut. They can't write anything but hits."

They were singing their latest songs to Nancy Carroll a while ago at a party in Beverly Hills. An old man waited patiently on the fringe of the famous trinity and when they were finished, he said with great dignity: "My wife is a great admirer of yours, she wants to meet you, Mr. Gordon."

"Why, you ought to remember me," Mack said to the surprised gentleman.

"I don't think I ever had the pleasure," the old man said and mentioned his name.

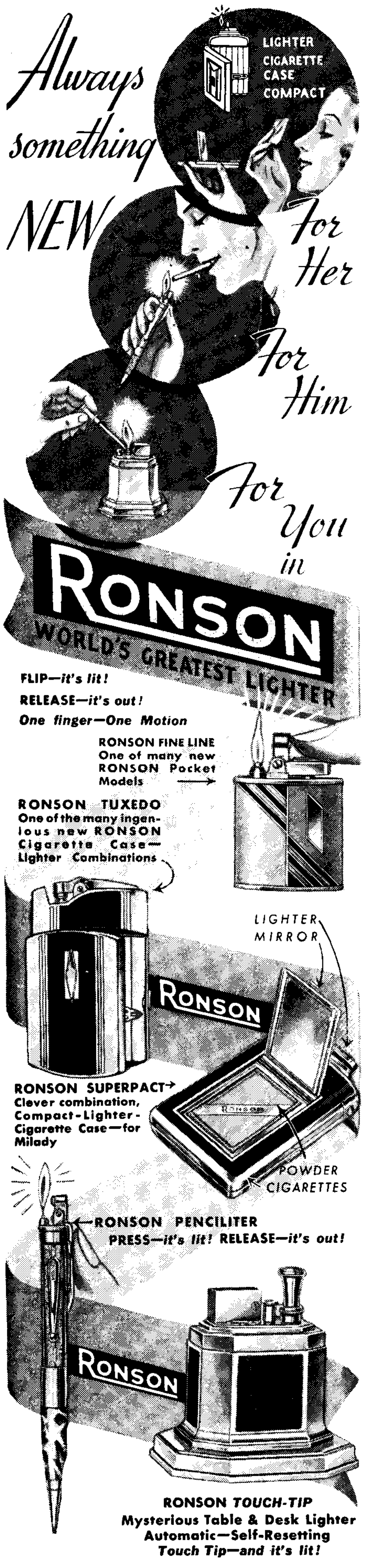
"Oh, yes, you had," Mack said. "I was locked out of the hotel you owned once because I couldn't pay my bill."

The old gentleman was flustered.

"Oh," he laughed, "let bygones be bygones. That was a few years ago, wasn't it?"

"It was only a few dollars ago," Mack answered.

And Harry Revel nodded.



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Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

More than 90 per cent of the population of the world and 50 per cent of the people of the United States do not have running water in their homes and still use wells, springs, lakes, rivers or fountains.

Sometimes a child will develop a phobia or fear indirectly. A case in point was that of a child who feared rabbits, with which it had played for years, after being startled during such play by the beating of a gong. Another case was that of a boy who grew to manhood with an intense fear of confined spaces because, when very young, he had been frightened by a dog in a narrow passage.

The largest real estate transaction in history was the Louisiana Purchase, in 1803, when the United States bought from France the middle third of this country—a piece of land five times larger than France itself. Moreover, its low price probably constitutes a record, for, although it is the richest agricultural region in the world, it cost us only four cents an acre.

Death rates from alcoholism and cirrhosis of the liver among wage earners have shown no increase since the repeal of prohibition on December 5, 1933.—*By Winfield Foster, Hinsdale, Illinois.*

"Monkeys" vary tremendously in size. Of the 600 species of primates—lemurs, monkeys and apes—the smallest is the marmoset, which weighs only nine ounces when fully grown, and the largest is the male gorilla, which weighs about 400 pounds or 700 times more.—*By Chester N. Carper, Detroit, Michigan.*

A true fish, the mudskipper (*Periophthalmus*) of tropical countries, not only spends most of its time on land but must come up for air frequently while in the water.—*By David Tison, Manila, Philippine Islands.*

After 2,500 years the Samaritans of Palestine, the last of the tribes of Israel, are nearly extinct owing to a dearth of women for generations. As they cannot marry outside of their tribe, men often reach old age before a girl is born and betrothed to them. Today, in Nablus, these white-haired men can be seen going about with their future brides, infants whom they cannot marry for at least ten years.

Some obscure relationship exists between asthma and thunderstorms. Physicians who have greatly relieved asthma sufferers by the use of air-conditioned rooms, free of dust and pollen and regulated as to temperature and humidity, have found that these persons almost invariably develop attacks shortly after a severe storm.

In the seventeenth century lace became highly popular among gentlemen, particularly those in royal and aristocratic circles. The peak of this fashion was probably reached by King Charles I of England (1600-1649) who had even his night clothes trimmed with 1,800 feet of fancy lace ruffles.—*By Louise Baker, Washington, D. C.*

The Pilgrim Fathers so resented their persecution by the Church of England that for 66 years after they landed on Plymouth Rock in 1620 they would not allow a clergyman to perform a wedding ceremony.

For many years the musical shows of Paris have been proud of their international reputation for nudity and naughtiness. Today, however, they humbly advertise the fact that their presentations are on a par with those of Broadway.—*By Arthur Moss, Paris, France.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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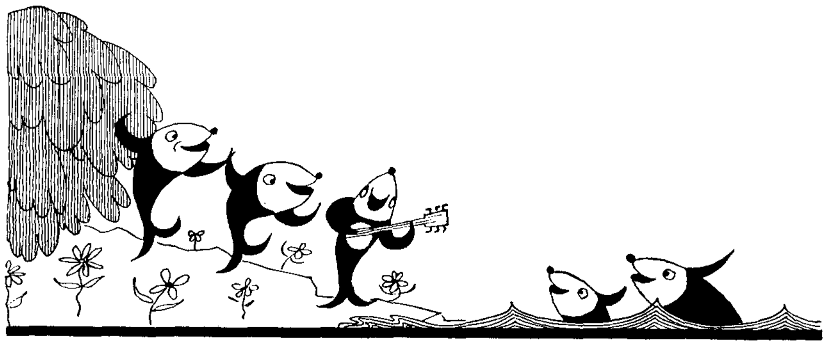

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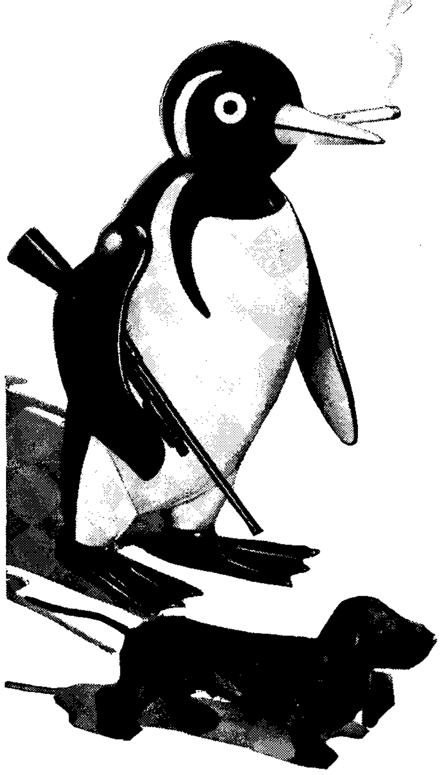

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The Silver Desert

Continued from page 16

him to wind up his day's work by writing a will. It was the first time he had ever experienced that definite a reaction regarding the future. Well, it was somewhat the same as the intuition which once, years before, had impelled his father to rise and move away from a lighted window a few seconds before a bullet crashed through the glass.

SOMEBODY knocked on the office door. Sebastian said, "Come in," but he *didn't look around. He recognized* Jay Stuart's footsteps. Jay walked past the desk, facing Sebastian, and sat down. Stuart had a way, soothing to watch, of relaxing in a chair, and Stuart's face was blandly humorous—indicating some idea behind.

"Aren't you getting tired of company, Tom?"

"I wish you could stay several months."

Stuart said: "I'd always regarded Western hospitality as ballyhoo. I come to see that it's real."

"That's because ranchers are lonely people. You do Barrier a favor by being here."

Stuart said quietly: "You're doing us no favor by letting us stay. We're all playing hooky from Hollywood."

Sebastian didn't answer. Stuart looked across the desk. "When are you going to send Lily back?"

"Is it my decision to make?"

"I'm sorry to say that it is. I happen to know where Lily's heart has turned. I know her very well—so well that I know what her smile means, what her tone means, even what the lift of her head signifies. You see, I have made it pretty much my business to understand that girl. In fact, it's been my only business the last six months."

"I've guessed that you've been interested," said Tom noncommittally.

"Yes, but never mind that. I've taken my beatings before. I may again. All I want you to credit me with now is a little bit of disinterested anxiety over her career. If you knew my record better I doubt if you'd credit me with any decent intentions at all. But maybe, for once, I can make a straight appearance."

"I like you," was Sebastian's quiet comment.

STUART stared and spoke with a dry uncertainty that suppressed his real feeling: "That's damned decent—and it makes it tough for me. But, look. She can do anything she wants to do in Hollywood. I've seen a lot of girls. But Lily's going to be among the great. It doesn't happen very often, Sebastian. Thousands of 'em break their hearts and starve and make the wrong guesses, and pass out. It takes a lot of breakage to produce one Lily Tennant. Well, I don't look to you like an emotional man, but this is one thing I can get eloquent over. I don't want to see her waste her life. There are damned few Lily Tennants in the world—and those few don't belong on Nevada ranches."

"You're pretty clear."

"I'm trying to be."

"Think she'd be unhappy here?"

Stuart got out of his chair and went over to the window. He put his back to Sebastian, whose eyes had been lying all this while against him. "I can't say that much," he admitted candidly. "She's too strong a girl to regret the things she does. Whatever choice she makes she'll stick with till the last trumpet." A little exasperation crept into his voice. "That's why it's so cursed hard for me to stand by and watch her do the wrong thing."

"You think it's the wrong thing?" questioned Sebastian, voice riding even.

"Throwing up her career? My God, yes!"

Sebastian rubbed his hand across his eyes. He said, faintly irritable: "I don't quite like the idea of discussing Lily."

Stuart turned about. He was definitely upset. "Some things I can't mention to you. It isn't my place to mention *them. But it's your place to consider* them before you pull Lily into your life. Think it over carefully." He walked straight to the door and said, "Think it over even more carefully than you usually do," and went out.

A small gust of wrath whirled through Sebastian, and passed. He snapped down the top of his desk and left the office, crossing the living-room. Stuart stood by the fireplace, hands laced behind him, handsome cheeks disturbed. Kit Christopher sat on the leather divan. Sebastian paused in the middle of the room.

"I'm sorry to be so poor a host. I have got to go to the north end of Barrier this afternoon. Make yourselves completely at home. Ask Gath for anything you want. Will you tell Lily I'll be back sometime tomorrow?"

He went out to his machine, got in, and drove away.

QUARTERING across the desert, Lot McGinnis entered the Moonstones under cover of dark, rode ten additional miles through the tangle of canyon and trees and made a cold camp. Sunrise found him squatting on the summit of a crumbling rock pinnacle which thrust its spire considerably above the surrounding terrain. Here he stayed, slowly conning the land through a pair of field glasses with an old man's infinite patience. At ten o'clock he marked a traveling puff of dust in the east, which was a rider coming across the desert from Tumpah; around two the rider had reached the foot of the hills and entered them. A little later McGinnis caught him again, this time cruising along a canyon of the Moonstones, northward bound.

There was something going on up north. For his searching glasses had now and then vagrantly caught individual men sliding through the rocky defiles and passing into the pines below, all headed in the same northward direction. Once he picked up a dim stirring of shapes out on the desert at the west side of the Moonstones. This was a brief view, soon clouded by the heat haze boiling off there, but he knew a Barrier crew was operating around Huggins Point and so he dismissed that quarter from his mind. Later in the afternoon, about five o'clock, he noticed a rider break through timber and canter over to Camp Four; and not long after that a car made its appearance in the south, running up from the Barrier Ranch. That would be Sebastian. He kept his attention there until the car stopped at the Camp Four cabins; later he saw two men leave the shanties there and canter into the timber.

It was enough. He put his glasses away, stamped his numb feet and crawled down the butte through a fast-running twilight. He climbed into the saddle and left the butte behind him, keeping to the high ground as he struck into that north which seemed to be attracting so many men. A touch of rheumatism bothered his legs; for a while he rode with one foot and then the other out of the stirrup.

HEADS OR COCKTAILS?

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He was traveling through a country as familiar to him as the palm of his hand. He had begun his career by tracking a man through the Moonstones, just as he now reached the final years of his career by trailing another man through them. Thinking back through the long seasons, he recalled vividly and accurately all the outlaws who had raced for the shelter of these dark and protective alleys. It was a pattern that didn't change. They had been of every sort, laughing and reckless men, merciless men, men with some goodness in them, men with almost none. But they had all led him into the Moonstones, playing the same grim game to the same dismal end.

FAST traveling brought Sebastian to Camp Four within the half-hour. Jim Kern, promoted to Matt Strang's job as foreman, waited there at the shanties with a spare horse. Everybody else had gone on to Huggins Point, which was the northern prow of the Moonstones and the extreme boundary of Barrier in that direction. The beef roundup started there.

"We been workin' like hell all day. Some of those cow creatures come out of the brush in a manner just plain spooky."

"You could have saved yourself the trip back here by leaving me a note tacked on the shack door when you started north. I'd have found you."

"People," observed Jim Kern, "can tear notes down. Or write new notes to lead you astray somewhere. This is open season on Barrier riders, Tom."

"Then you should have sent one of the other men back instead of coming yourself."

"I wouldn't ask another man to come through those hills alone," stated Jim Kern, very sober with his words.

Sebastian studied this white-haired, stoop-shouldered man who had been a part of Barrier for more than forty years. The feel of the land was in Jim Kern and the messages coming along the vagrant winds were as real to him as gunshot reports. He was like an old hound dog in which knowledge had long since been sublimated to something like instinct. Jim lived by his reactions; and his reactions were truer than his reasons.

"Smell something, Jim?"

Jim Kern smoothed his hand through the air, aiming in the direction of those hills rising beyond the small meadow—that meadow wherein the two DePard men had tried to ambush the Camp Four crew a few nights back. "Coming here," explained Jim Kern, "I stuck to the brush. The trail's a bad place to ride right now. I'm certain the hills are full of Buffalo Galt's men. I caught sight of one lately acrost a ravine."

The sun had gone and faint purple began to tincture that still, lucid light which lies between sunset and dusk. "We'll start now," said Sebastian.

Jim Kern shook his head. "Not till it's dark."

"We'll stop in the trees as soon as we cross this meadow," explained Tom. "But if we're being watched I want them to see us cross it."

They turned to the horses and rode slowly down the small grade into the meadow. Jim Kern twisted his small shoulders. "I don't like any of it," he said.

"When you get spooky, Jim, there's usually cause."

"I feel bad weather comin'."

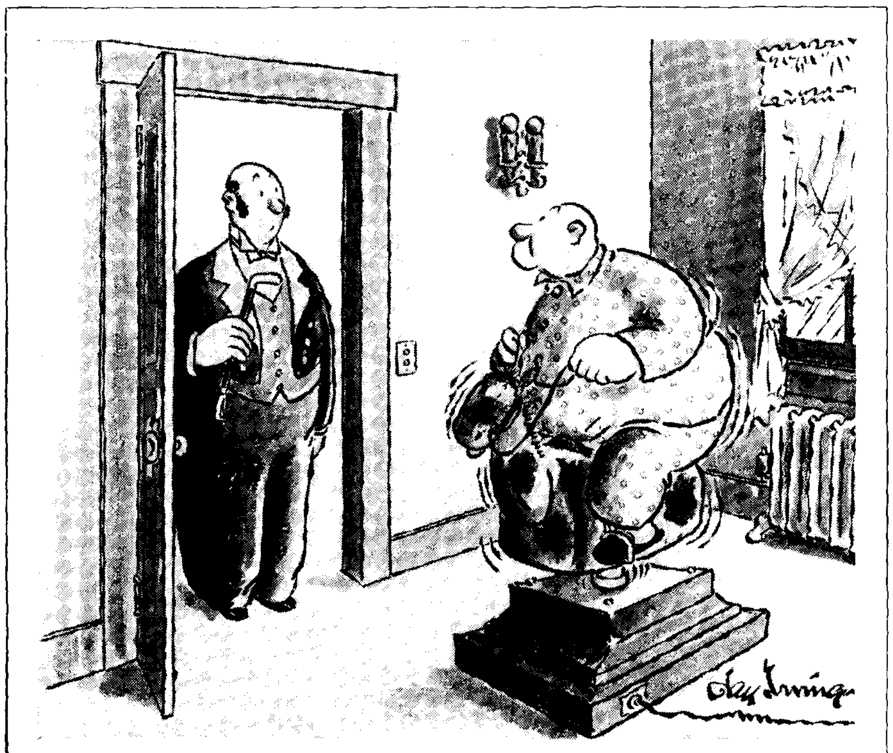
"That's right," agreed Tom quietly.

"Well, Barrier's stood against it before," mused Kern. And his thoughts went back. "Ninety-five was the worst year of all. I rode with your daddy when he was fighting for his life against some strong men. They were all crooked and they all hated each other. But that time Ed Brean got the whole pack of tough ones organized against your dad."

"Brean?" said Sebastian. "I never heard that story completely."

"HENRY SEBASTIAN was no hand to tell his troubles. He was a great one. He and Ed Brean were enemies to the last breath. Well, Ed Brean never was no hand to give ground, and neither was Henry. They were both prime men then, with Nevada too small to hold both. Brean got the crooks together and moved onto Barrier." He stopped a moment, seeing that far day brightly. His voice was singsong. "They hit Barrier hard. Men simply didn't give a damn in those days, Tom. The world's gettin' older and folks are afraid to die now. They wasn't then. It wasn't safe for a man to trot across any piece of ground in this section. Henry and me led out forty Barrier hands and we come on those fellows where we found 'em. It was pretty rough for a while. But we drove Brean's outfit clean off Barrier.

(*Continued on page 46*)



"Never mind the crop this morning, Jeeves. I'm just taking an easy canter"

JAY IRVING

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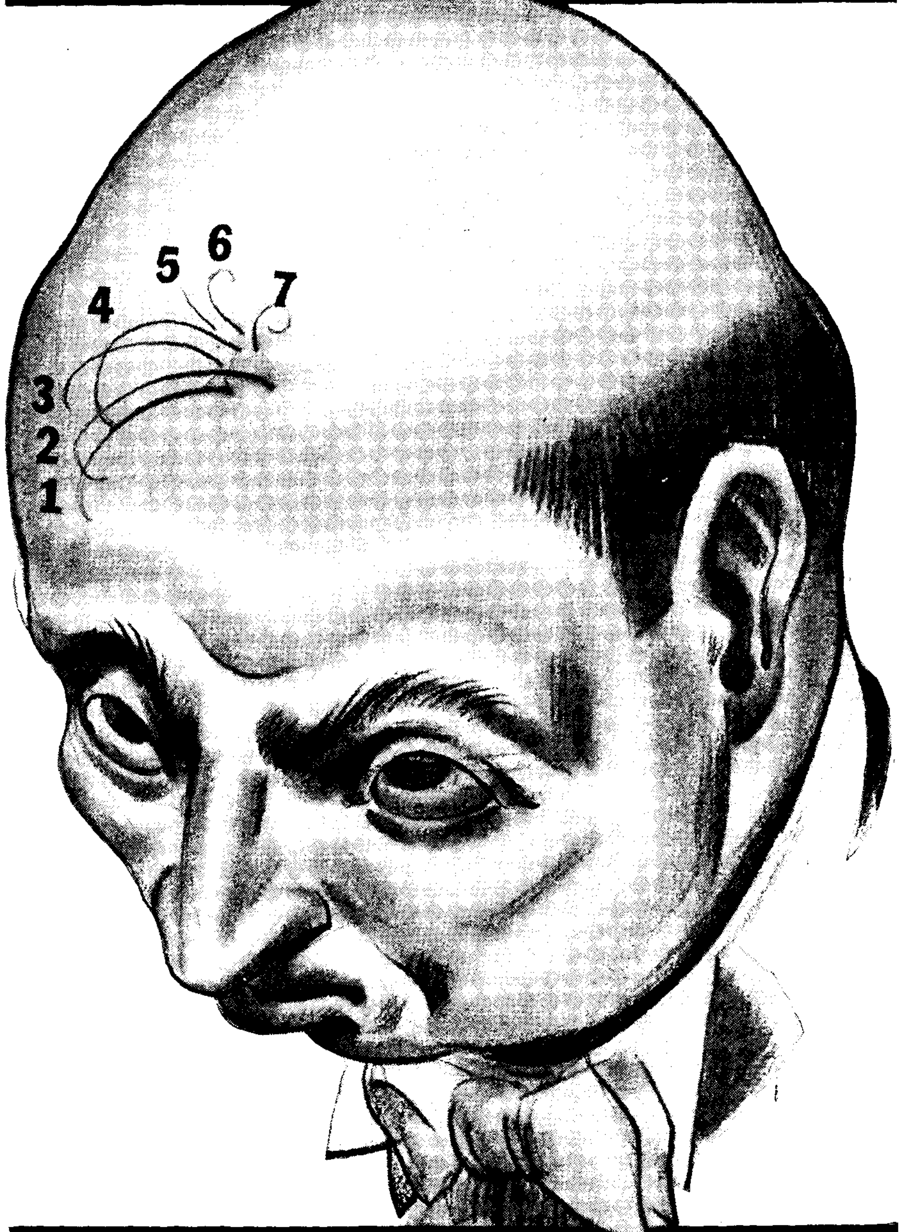

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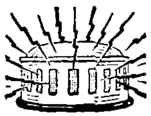

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(Continued from page 45)

He never was able to get the crooks organized like that again. From that time on till the day Henry was killed he held the whip over Ed Brean."

"Jim," said Sebastian, "what did those two originally quarrel over?"

"I never rightly knew," mused Jim Kern. But the man's tone was soft and evasive. He was one of the old ones, and none of the old ones ever fully told what they knew.

They were across the meadow and traveling single file up the trail. The filtering blue had stained the air a deeper shade. Shadows slowly swirled through the trees. Sebastian said:

"Start back to the outfit as soon as it gets dark. I'm going to swing through the hills. I'll see you sometime tomorrow."

Any other Barrier hand would have spoken his doubt. But Jim Kern only inclined his head; he had served Sebastians too long to argue with one of them.

SEBASTIAN traveled no more than five hundred yards on the trail, for he strongly suspected his passage of the meadows had been observed. At the first break in it he swung away and followed a lesser path; and presently abandoned this to strike into the trackless and fairly open heart of the forest, his course taking him upward toward the backbone of the Moonstones. Ten minutes later he arrived at a small crest, from which certain darkling alleys of this broken land could be commanded. Here he paused.

Somewhere in the heart of these hills was Galt's camp, which he now sought. But his mind wasn't unreservedly on the job. It kept returning to Jay Stuart, who had said: "Some things you ought to consider carefully before you pull Lily into your life." Stuart thought what everybody else thought, that Tommy was his son and Charm his common-law wife. Lying like a foreign growth in his head, this problem colored and conditioned all his thoughts. In the greatest moment of his life—when he had held Lily in his arms and sensed the overpowering richness the future might hold for them—this bitter remembrance rose to destroy the glory of the moment and to leave him defeated and full of regret. He had known in the beginning that Lily and he would come to this tangled, sad pass. Now he could no longer delay his decision. Whatever he decided, somebody would be hurt; but he had to decide—

He pulled his horse back into the trees. Below him and to the north a rider appeared from the brush, rode down one of the open corridors and vanished around a bend. Sebastian considered this thoughtfully for one short interval and then turned to follow.

A Galt rider out on patrol. The man would be returning to Galt's camp, for all the shadows were thick cobalt now and the light of day was about gone. There was danger in this sort of pursuit, of course. But the time had come to press his luck and so he went on, coasted around the bend and got one final sight of the fellow sliding into the northern trees.

Four hundred feet higher he paused and thought he sighted the Galt man in the distance. But it was past the time for seeing anything clearly and the best he could do now was to continue to the spine of this ridge and go north with it. He was, he judged, approximately five miles from Camp Four, or a third of the way into these hills which ran another ten miles to Huggins Point before dropping into the desert like the prow of a gigantic ship cutting the sea. About three miles to right and left the sides of the Moonstones dropped likewise into the desert. Thus he sought a single spot somewhere in an area ninety miles square, though he suspected Galt's Camp was more nearly within a five-mile circle which covered the secretive heart of these hills.

It was full dark when he arrived before a cross-cutting canyon. He descended into it and rose out of it, laboring again to the high points. A quarter moon hung very low and very pale in the sky, accenting the brilliant black of the sky; wind roved the pine tops and rugged scarps softly. All this country he knew and had searched many times by night.

Ahead of him was a blur of motion. He had come upon another break in the forward march of the ridge. There was a bare and sloping surface ahead, its yellow color glowing faintly; and a man was crossing it at a canter, bound away in a northwesterly direction. Stopped, Sebastian listened to the pony tracks fade out in the lower regions. Then he went on, traveling rather recklessly across the open ground. At the bottom of the grade he was in timber again.

Suddenly, something as tangible as a stone wall barred his further progress; he stopped, not knowing why.

Puzzled deeply, all his senses abnormally sensitive to the impact of this fathomless world, he raked his surroundings and could see only the vague bulk of trees standing near. He could smell nothing but the aromatic dryness of the hillside. He could hear nothing. Then at once he knew what had stopped him. So far the wind had been a soft breath against his face, coming from the exact north. At this point it hauled around and became a strong draft from west to east, quite cold and quite definite on his left cheek.

He went on a hundred feet, and was out of that draft. He returned and was in it again. Some fault in the ridge above him was creating the suction, of course; but as he stared at the ridge he could see no flaw in it, no canyon breaking down its slope. Definitely aroused, he began to identify a trail cutting at right angles across the one he was on and running toward the ridge.

A definite feeling repelled him from that trail. Obeying the warning, he continued north for a matter of two hundred yards and wheeled eastward. The foot of the ridge marched out of the black; he got to it and began rising with it, climbing a yard at a time in thorough sightlessness. But when at last he worked his way out of this, and broke unexpectedly through the trees, he brought his pony to an instant halt.

He stood on the edge of a wall which dropped a full eighty feet into a ravine's rather level floor. A fire burned at the bottom of the ravine, its red glow pulsing along the black side walls; around the fire men lay idly, their horses standing over against the edge of light.

HE STARTED to turn away. But a voice said, with the finality of a gun-bolt sliding home in its breech: "Stay there."

He had no alternative. The speaking man was directly behind him. At once a second man appeared at his right side and let out a soft, sliding question: "Who're you?"

"Never mind."

The man moved one pace backward. He was excited. He said: "Hear that, Breck? It's Sebastian." His body weaved across the dark. "I'm coverin' you, friend. I'm comin' to lift your gun."

"Take it," grunted Sebastian.

The man slapped his palm against Sebastian's holster. He got Sebastian's gun and reared back. "Turn around. Breck, call down to the boys."

Breck had come up to take the reins of Sebastian's pony. He didn't like it. He said, dryly: "Go on, Lonzo. Let's get out of here."

They turned into a trail Sebastian hadn't found and followed it downward,

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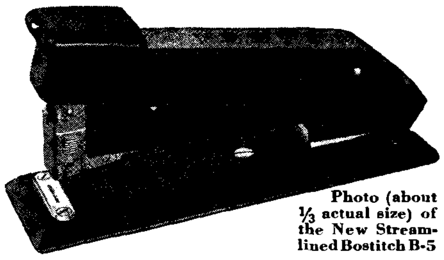

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Lonzo leading the horse, Breck coming behind. They were back in the heavy timber, moving south. The cold current of air struck Sebastian again. The fellow called Lonzo turned here and marched straight for the black shadow of the ridge. It was a deceptive thing. They marched against it and into it, Sebastian's knees scraping the margins of a narrow defile; he felt a dampness. One winding turn brought them through the entry and then they were in the ravine, approaching the shining light of the fire.

Another man walked forward. Somebody lifted a quick call, and dark figures rose from the far shadows and closed in. The pony stopped. Sitting soberly in the saddle, Sebastian felt a circle of eyes reach out and pin him. Somebody kicked the fire and light strengthened measurably. He turned his head. Buffalo Galt stood a pace away. Buffalo was grinning.

"Get down, friend Tom."

Duke DePard walked from the shadows and stood silently by. Looking into that thin, strict face, Sebastian could read nothing.

Sebastian stood quietly in front of the fire, struck by a steady stream of air that scoured through the ravine and lifted and curled the ragged flame points against the back wall of rock. The liquid spraying of water sounded across the night.

Galt said: "You didn't think I'd leave the trails around here unguarded, friend Tom?"

THE full blood of this man heavily filled his cheeks; firelight sharpened the intolerant brightness of his glance. Pride swelled him and swayed his yellow head like drink. Duke DePard remained in the background, face revealing nothing. The rest of the crew had drawn back to the edges of light. Galt laughed outright, the sound of it beating flatly against the surrounding walls.

"Tom," he said, "you're a fool. I've had my boys riding back and forth all day, hopin' to catch your eye. So you saw one of 'em finally and followed him—which was what I hoped you'd do—and here you are."

"Very clever," agreed Sebastian dryly. But it was Duke DePard he watched; it was DePard's eyes he stared into.

"Not just clever," said Buffalo Galt. "I can be pretty patient when I've got to."

"What of it?" grunted Sebastian.

Buffalo ceased to smile. He stared wonderingly at Sebastian. "You don't see it?"

Sebastian said nothing. Galt's glance burned into him. "Maybe Jim Kern will get back to the outfit. Maybe he won't. I've got men tailing him. But if he gets back it will do him no good. Your crew might stick together if you was there. They might make a fight of it. But you won't be there."

Sebastian's cheeks were smooth. He said, outwardly indifferent: "You always talked too much, Buffalo. I've knocked fool ideas out of your head before and I will again."

Galt's neck cords ripped white streaks against the florid skin; his forehead glistened with sweat. Suddenly he stepped backward, thus bringing DePard and Sebastian face to face. He said:

"Duke, here's the fellow that killed Ben."

The glow of the fire flickered across DePard's cheeks, his sharp features were drained of expression. He bent his narrow body forward, saying nothing. His black eyes clung to Sebastian.

"Duke," murmured Sebastian coldly, "don't you hear the crack of your master's whip? Humboldt heard it. And it should be a source of deep satisfaction to you to realize your brother died in a scrap that Buffalo trumped up to feather his own nest."

"Duke," breathed Galt.

Duke DePard twisted his head slowly, as though to relieve a cramp in his neck. He turned his queer glance on Buffalo; he jammed his hands into his pockets.

"Never mind, Buffalo. Never mind."

"You're no good any more," grunted Buffalo.

"That's right," said DePard gently. "I've lost Ben."

"I don't trust you," Buffalo lashed out.

DePard said: "Lower your voice on me, Buffalo. I have lost my respect for you entirely. I will take no more orders from a man who turns his friends into chopping blocks."

"We'll see," said Buffalo Galt.

DePard muttered, "Fine," and drew his hands from his pockets and let them hang straight down. "What'll we see, Buffalo?"

"I'll run this outfit, and you'll mind me."

DePard turned and presented himself squarely to Galt. There was a five-foot space between them, and a suspicion as deep as the ocean. DePard said: "I've made too many mistakes to care what happens to me now, Buffalo. I've got that edge on you. But try what you figure to try—if it's your decision."

He twitched his small shoulders and took three swift backward steps, placing the fire between himself and Galt. He had no faith, and not until the shadows partially obscured him did he turn his back to Galt and pass through the ranks of the watching crew. He went straight ahead, toward the ravine's entrance. Sebastian vaguely saw him swing up to a saddle and start away. Galt's voice struck instantly out:

"Where you going?"

"I'll be back," said DePard and was beyond sight. Buffalo Galt turned calmly to Sebastian. "You've got nerve, friend Tom, and your luck held to the last drop. It always has."

"DePard never was a cold killer," reflected Sebastian. "I knew that."

"But you don't know me, friend Tom. And your luck's all out now. Sit down and rest yourself. We've got some time to waste."

MATT STRANG knew only one way to quell the restless devil inside of him—which was to ride until he was ready to drop from the saddle. So when he turned his jaded pony into Tumpah at three o'clock in the afternoon he ended a solitary circling of the desert that had gone on for almost forty-eight hours. Disheveled, sockets black with fatigue, the light of his eyes heavy and dull from the strange thoughts that had ripped like storm through him, he looked utterly spent as he dropped off at the stable. The hostler was audibly shocked.

"What in hell's happened to you, Matt?"

"This horse is tired. Don't water him too much and don't feed him too soon."

"Yeah, I know, but what—"

Strang turned for Belle Gilson's, with the effort of lifting his feet out of the deep dust taxing his little remaining energy. But the sense of personal danger which had been with him all his life made him cast quick glances to left and right as he passed Tumpah's buildings. There was nothing to be seen. No ponies stood in front of the Madame's, yet habit made him touch the butt of the gun tucked inside his trouser top as he swung through the doorway. Inside, Madame's man of all work, Nick, the Greek, sat half asleep in a chair.

"I'll have a drink, Nick. Then fry me some supper."

Nick looked at him carefully and lowered his eyes without speaking. He had learned long ago that this was the way to avoid trouble with the sort of men

(Continued on page 48)

WORLD'S NEW DENTAL STORY

TENDER GUMS ARE OFTEN STARVING

Not because you eat too little but because you eat the wrong foods

GUMS grow soft, sensitive and bleed easily when you withhold the *kind* of food they need. Free booklet tells how one diet change lessened gum troubles 83% in 341 cases studied.

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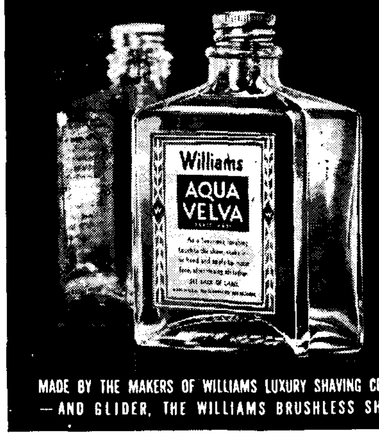


(Continued from page 47)

that came to Madame's. He went behind the counter, set out a bottle and glass, and ambled back to the kitchen. Matt threw a slug of whisky into himself quickly. He hooked his elbows on the bar for support and cradled his bent head between his hands, waiting for the liquor to pull him out of that deep hole into which he had dropped. Afterwards he had a second drink and stared at his dulled image in the back bar's glass. It wasn't clear and it wasn't pleasant.

But if he was without hope he was nevertheless himself again and could be humbly thankful for having avoided the one thing he had always dreaded might happen, which was an open fight with Sebastian. This man had been the greatest of all his friends.

HE WAS through with Barrier; he was free to ride. Yet he scowled into the glass and felt dismally lost.

Strang had no pride in his conduct the last three years. Neither had he any apologies. If in all those grinding months of alternate faith and discouragement he had often doubted his own sanity, it had been because he loved Charm and Tom in a way that left room for little else. Because this was so he had been willing to bury his own hopes —if Charm and Tom had been open and honest and had gotten married. But to stand by and watch Tom refuse to correct the mistake was to feel a misery that never would leave his bones. He had found the goodness of Tom Sebastian less than he had thought—and it made everything else in the world pretty grimy. He had wanted Tom and Charm to be square. If they weren't square, nothing was square.

"Supper's ready," called Nick.

Matt went into the room back of the bar and sat down at a long table. Nick came out of the kitchen with a platter of ham and eggs and a cup of coffee. Matt said, without looking up:

"Where's everybody?"

"Ain't nobody been here since yesterday night."

"Why?"

"Just gone somewhere, I guess."

"Buffalo's bunch?"

Nick returned to the kitchen, shoes squeaking. He hadn't answered. Strang ate his meal rapidly, hunger a live thing in him. He drank his coffee. "More coffee, Nick," he called. When Nick came in again, he repeated: "Buffalo's bunch?"

Nick stood at his shoulder, not speaking until Strang stared up at him. "Buffalo's boys wouldn't be comin' back here in a hurry, would they?" said Nick reluctantly.

"Why not?"

"Don't you know why?"

Matt Strang scowled. "If I knew I wouldn't ask."

Nick shifted weight. "You don't know?" he intoned. "You don't know what happened here Tuesday mornin'?"

"What you pussyfootin' around for?" demanded Matt, full of irritation.

NICK said: "Sebastian walked in here for a drink of water and ran into Ben DePard, Dode Cramp and Whitey the lunger. Ten minutes later he walked out leavin' Ben dead on the floor, Whitey in poor shape—and Dode foggin' the breeze down the street. It was a great scrap!"

Matt said, "What?" in a grinding voice and got up.

"You come here," grunted Nick and swung into the barroom. He went to the wall where Whitey the lunger had stood and pointed at the two bullet holes in the wall. "Tom's shots. Now come here," he said, and went down the length of the bar. "See that scratch across the mahogany? Whitey's bullet, which didn't miss Tom far. Right there in the corner's where Ben dropped. Cramp was out in the middle of the room."

"Tom was all alone?" growled Matt.

"He didn't need any help, did he?"

Matt Strang rested against the bar, face tipped downward to the spot where Ben DePard had fallen. The boards there were splintered from slanting gunfire. His old loyalty pumped through his veins; it was something he couldn't help. Nick went softly back into the dining-room and left Matt alone. But Madame came down the stairs and saw Matt and challenged him.

"What you doing here?"

"Madame, where's Galt's bunch?"

"Gone from Tumpah. You've got no business here, Strang. Don't get drunk tonight. Go back to Barrier. Ride back there now. Where's Tom?"

"In the Moonstones."

"Find him. Find him and tell him there isn't a Galt rider around Tumpah and hasn't been since last night."

"Madame," he said wearily, "I don't ride for Barrier any more."

Belle Gilson said, "You've quit?" And she stared at him a long while, reading the burned-in despair of his face. Madame knew men; she knew them thoroughly.

"You're a fool, Matt. You always were. And you're blind as a bat. In all your life you never stopped long enough to think."

"Madame," he said with a desperate swing of his manner, "what should I think?"

"Tom Sebastian's a better man than you'll ever be, Matt."

He said: "What do you know, Madame?"

"You get back to Tom and let him know Buffalo's in the Moonstones."

One strange, commiserating thought came to Strang then and he looked at Belle Gilson and shook his head. "Buffalo's your son—and it must be hell for you to see this going on."

"Matt," she called out harshly, "don't give me any pity. I have made my mistakes and I can live with them. Get out of here and do what you're supposed to do."

He watched her climb the stairs and noticed the labor she made of it. Afterwards he left the place and walked back through the heavy dust of Tumpah's street. The sun had dropped over the hills. Twilight's shadows were quickening, flowing grayly off the desert. Here and there a lamp began to shine from the houses and here and there a man stirred abroad. But it was a dying town, its pulse faint and slow. He stopped at the stable door and called in:

"Got a fresh horse?"

"I'll lend you Benzen's mare. I'm buyin' it from him."

"BE BACK in a minute." Matt went on. At Blagg's place he halted; but the window was dark and the door locked. He stood here awhile, a remnant of the old fury warming him. He twisted the knob and kicked on the panel and swung away. At the corner where the Winnemucca road turned in he placed his back against a locust tree. His mind was clear again. It bit into this trouble. "Galt gone since last night. So he must have discovered Tom was sending a crew into the Moonstones. It's where he'd strike for. Tom wouldn't know about that." He straightened against the tree, his instinct to protect Barrier alive in him. This was something he couldn't change. He groaned, half aloud, "I have wasted twenty-four hours," and pushed away from the tree, long legs carrying him back to the stable. Benzen's horse stood saddled.

"Where'd Galt go?" he asked the roustabout.

"Don't know."

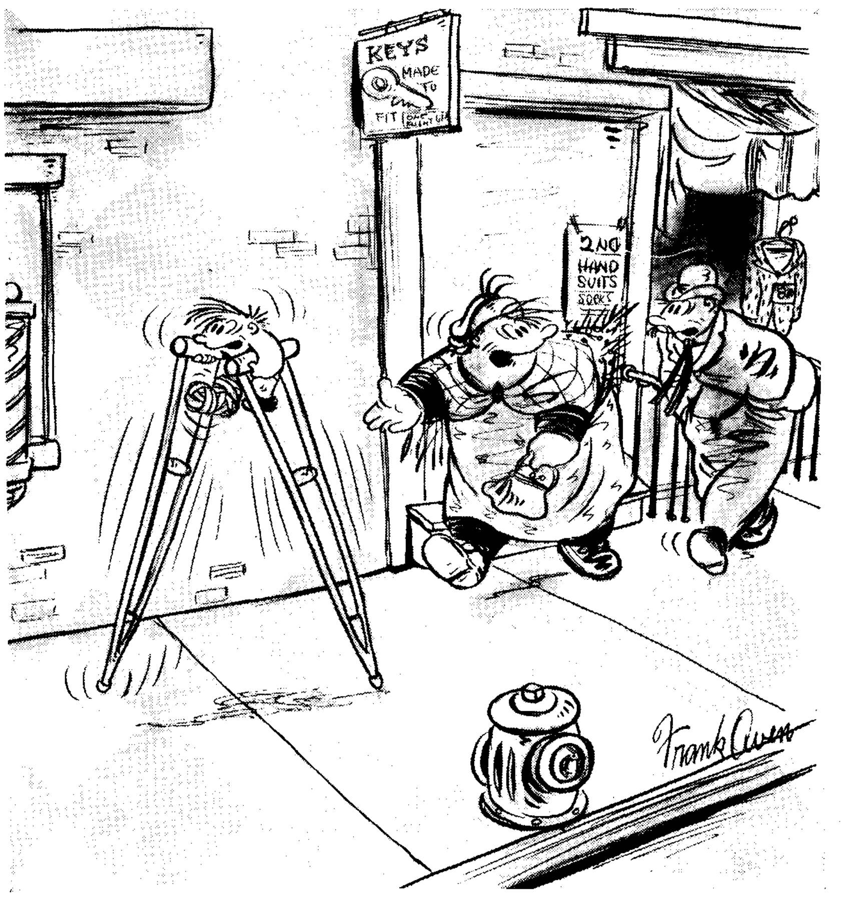
"Where's Blagg?"

"Blagg got his face mashed in by Duke DePard. He left the country yesterday. That's a good horse, Matt."

Matt hauled himself into the saddle and went rapidly out of Tumpah.

(To be continued next week)

Philbert **By FRANK OWEN**
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"I never saw anybody make such a big fuss over just stubbing his toe a little! ! !"

Protecting Monica

Continued from page 18

We went into the first open-front café we came to and sat down.

"You've known Monica a long time," he said after we had ordered.

"Ten years, about."

"She's a wonderful girl."

"She's all right."

He glanced at me, puzzled, then dropped his eyes and picked up his drink but didn't taste it. "Do you think she'd marry me?" he asked.

"Ever ask her?"

He shook his head.

"Listen, pal," I said. I wasn't feeling right about it, but I said, "I don't know what kind of politics you're in, or how you stand, but if there's any chance of you being knocked off, what's the idea of dragging Monica around with you?"

He shrugged and took a drink.

I said, "You wouldn't by any chance be figuring that a skirt makes a pretty good shield for a guy on the spot, would you?"

"That's not very kind, Johnny."

"I didn't say it was."

"Do I look like that kind of a guy?"

"I've been fooled by looks before."

HE PUT his hands down on the table. "She's in no danger, Johnny. I told her she was, I always keep telling her, but she really isn't. They'd never try to shoot me when anyone else is along."

"So you take Monica along."

"Not for the reason you think. We seem to like each other."

I leaned back in my chair feeling I ought to be mad at him but finding it a tough task. I said, "Don't let me disturb you, but Bug-eye is across the street again."

"Bug-eye," he said, "or someone else, follows me every night, waiting to get me alone, when no one is looking."

He paid for the drinks and held out his hand and said, "It was a great pleasure being with you."

"Listen. I'm not tired. Suppose I walk home with you. I like to walk, especially at night."

He kind of chided me with a dark twinkle in his eyes and shook his head and got up. He put his hands in his pockets and strolled out to the sidewalk and he didn't give Bug-eye the ghost of a glance. I was feeling all mixed up inside. I went out and stood on the curb and I could see Estévez strolling leisurely on his way. On the other side of the street Bug-eye was under way also.

There were a few other people moving along, too, and I crossed the street and moved among them and after a while they thinned out and Bug-eye was ahead of me. He was probably all wrapped up watching Estévez. The street grew darker and narrower and pretty soon there was no one moving along it but Estévez, Bug-eye and I. Then I saw Estévez duck suddenly into a side street. Bug-eye picked up his dogs and started.

"Hey!" I yelled.

Bug-eye stopped and spun at the same time but I kept strolling toward him and as I came up to him I said, "Say, buddy, how do I get to the Calle Lamparilla?"

He was mad and impatient but he pointed and as he did I let him have it on the chin. . . .

Hectorine wanted to take me to the beach next day and Monica came along grudgingly. Cerro drove. The Marianao sands were hot and Cerro set up a canvas cabaña. Hectorine didn't swim. She said she liked to watch.

I asked, "Where's Jaime?"

"He phoned he'd be busy," Monica answered curtly.

"What's eating you, Midge?" Hectorine asked.

"Eating *me?*"

"Johnny been picking on you?"

Monica stood up. "I'm going for a swim," she snapped.

I lay watching her walk down to the water and then dive in. Her bathing suit was white and her cap was white and the rest of her was like tan satin. I rolled over and said to Hectorine, "Know Jaime Estévez well?"

"I ought to. I've been coming to Havana for six years. I knew his mother before she died."

"Think Monica ought to go around with him?"

She narrowed one eye. I sifted some sand through my fingers. "I hear some people dislike him enough to do something about it."

She nodded and lit a cigarette. "I know all about that. He told me about it. Midge came in while he was talking. Well, show Midge danger and she's at it like a moth at a flame."

"Didn't you try stopping it?"

"I did. For hours. Oh, days. As soon as Monica saw I was against it—well, what can you expect? She's like her father. Stubborn and headstrong."

I said I thought I'd take a swim. I swam out to where Monica was lying floating on her back and turned over on my back and floated beside her. The sky was very blue and there wasn't a single cloud.

"You probably think you're smart," she began.

"Just average."

She rolled over and began to dig in for deeper water.

"Where you going?" I asked.

"None of your business."

"Don't you think it's pretty far out?"

"I loathe you, Johnny Hines!"

"All right, but you're going back to the beach."

I kicked and got in front of her and faced her and she had to turn around. She tried to side-slip but I kept blocking her and headed her off each time she tried. Her eyes were furious. When she saw she couldn't slip around she picked up speed and headed straight for the beach. I tagged along. In a little while she was winded and turned over on her back. Her breathing wasn't so good and she began to flounder around. I took hold of her and towed her in and about a hundred yards out a fellow was swimming around and I asked him for a hand and we took her in between us.

She sat on the beach looking very angry and humiliated and exhausted. She yelled at me, "Johnny Hines, you're a sneak! You came down here to spy on me for Pop!"

"Listen to the girl."

"You did! I cabled him and said, 'Did you send Johnny down here to spy on me? Don't lie.' And he cabled back, 'Yes, but don't be mad, Midge.' "

What did I tell you about the Old Man?

I DIDN'T see her next day. I killed the evening around the cafés. Next day I ran into Hectorine on the Prado.

"Well, what do you think?" she said.

"How's Midge?"

"Jaime won't be around again."

"What's happened?"

She said, "Well, Jaime said he couldn't come around any more, that's all."

"What'd Midge say?"

"She said you're responsible."

I went around to the hotel and sat in the lobby. You could have come up to me and called me a louse and I'd have

(Continued on page 50)

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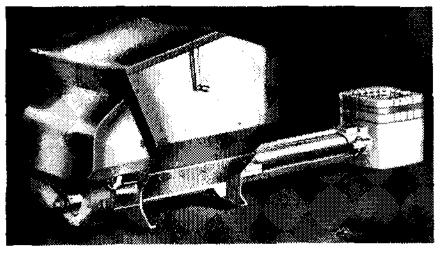

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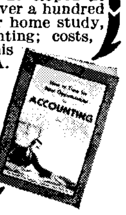

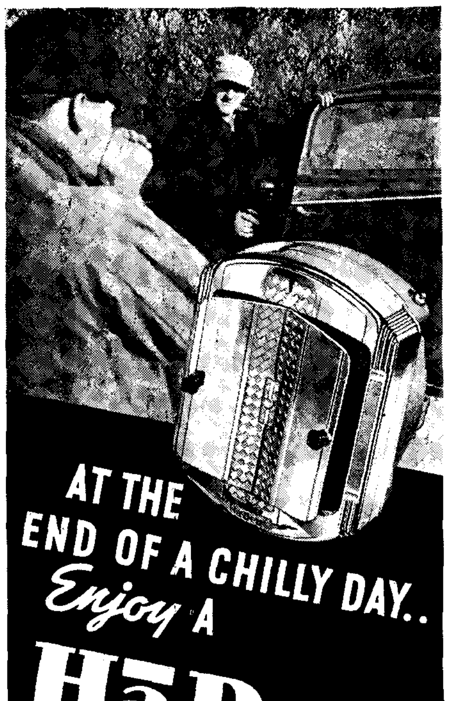

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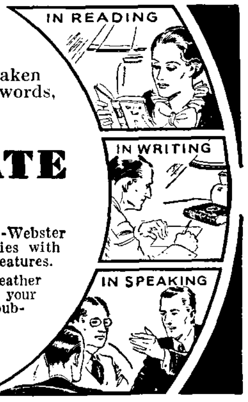
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(Continued from page 49)

taken it sitting down. I'd known Monica for ten years, since I was twenty and she was twelve. I was the first guy ever to take her dancing. We'd run around a lot together and more than once I'd kicked some bright boy in the shins for looking cross-eyed at her. I mean, take a girl like Monica, someone you've known that long, and when she finds a fellow she's ga-ga over you step in and crab the party. I was loyal to the Old Man. Sure I was. But this thing was getting under my skin.

Two feet appeared on the square of tile I was staring at and I knew right away who belonged to them. Cerro.

"Señor, I have some more gossip about Jaime Estévez—"

I signaled a bellhop and said, "Throw this guy out."

THEN I went out for a drink. I walked half a dozen blocks and as I entered an open-front café on Obispo I saw Estévez sitting at a table.

"Hello, Johnny," he said.

"Looking-glass drinking?"

"It's a nice day."

When I pulled out a chair and sat down I noticed a suitcase standing alongside him and said, "Going places?"

"What are you drinking, Johnny?"

"Gin seems to set better on me in this climate. A rickey. Train, boat or plane?"

"Boat."

"Big or little."

"Little and fast."

"For one or two?"

"One."

"Listen, kid," I said, "you didn't take me too seriously the other night, did you?"

He grinned. "Thanks for punching Bug-eye."

"He got on my nerves. Saying good-by to Monica?"

He shook his head. "I dropped you a note. Didn't you get it?"

"Not yet. But come clean—why the run-out powder?"

He said, "There was a meeting last night. You know, the organization. I'm the head of it but there's a board of seven that can override me."

"The boot, huh?"

"No. They've reasoned it out that the clique that is against us is determined to kill me. Dead, I can't go on with the work. Alive, maybe I can—a little later. I'm going to hide out up the coast. There's a fast boat waiting now down at the foot of the street."

"How about Monica?"

"It's in the note, Johnny."

"When are you leaving?"

"As soon as a taxicab stops in front."

I looked out and saw Bug-eye leaning under an awning across the street. "Do you know who's across the street?" I asked.

"Yes. I'm hoping to get away fast enough in the cab to lose him."

"Look here, Jaime. Let me go down to the boat with you."

"No."

"Nuts! Why not?"

"I said no, Johnny."

"What'll I tell Monica?"

He gripped my arm for an instant. He grinned. He scooped up his bag and made a dive for a taxi that had just stopped out front. As it shot off, Bug-eye ran out into the street and hailed another. I kicked a chair out of the way and made for the street at the same time and as Bug-eye hopped in the cab through one door I hopped in through the other.

"I was here first," I said. "Get out."

"It was I—"

"Get out!"

Then he must have recognized me, for his jaw clamped and there was bad news in his eyes. I didn't know what he was going to do, so I reached up, grabbed the brim of his hat with both hands and yanked downward. He went up into his hat to his mustache and I jumped back out of the cab and lost myself in the crowd. Jaime's cab was out of sight and that's the way I wanted it.

By the time I reached the hotel I was wringing wet. Jaime's note was at the desk and I picked it up, but I was in a hurry about what I had on my mind and shoved it in my pocket. There were some cable blanks at one of the desks in the writing-room and I wrote out a message to the Old Man.

"Estévez is aces up," I wrote. "If you think this hurts you more than it does me you are crazy."

I sat staring at it for a minute, still breathing hard and sweating like hell and then I began to smell perfume. I turned and saw Monica behind me and she made no bones about having looked over my shoulder.

"So you *were* sent to spy on me," she said unhappily.

I grabbed the message and stood up. "Sure. I thought you were being hooked by some tangoing heel," I said, and headed for the cable desk.

She stopped me with a touch. "Where are you going?"

"Cable this to the Old Man and then see if I can get a plane to Miami."

I left her and went over to the cable desk and handed it in. While the clerk was checking up on the price I tore open Jaime's letter. It said:

Dear Johnny:

All I heard about before you arrived was Johnny Hines, Johnny Hines. You must have been in Monica's thoughts all the time. It's easy to understand why. I never had a chance. It was hard enough when I had just the thoughts of you to fight against. I had no chance when the flesh arrived. It's probably better this way. I have so much work to do.

Affectionately,
JAIME.

I looked up and saw Monica standing in the middle of the lobby. She looked lonely as hell. I felt I ought to duck out and take a long walk and think things over, but while I was working up to this she glanced up at me and I was sunk. I went over and took hold of her arm and marched her out to the street. The phaeton was parked there and I put her in and got behind the wheel myself.

I DROVE down the Prado and out along the Malecon. Monica laid her head against my shoulder and I could tell that she was crying in her handkerchief.

"Look," I said. "Why don't we pull a fast one on the Old Man and get married?"

"Do you really love me, Johnny?"

"She asks me if I really love her!"

"You never said so."

"Well, Midge, first you were a kid and I was used to having you around as a kid and then you grew up and I found it hard getting used to the fact that you were grown up. And, well—I figured you were gone on Jaime. Those letters of yours to the Old Man—all about Jaime—and the snaps and all, they kind of put me in the dumps."

"I was nasty, Johnny. I did it deliberately. I knew Pop'd show them to you. I thought when you came down here that you really came down to see me. That's why I kept asking you, and you kept—you kept—"

"I was just a cheap wise guy. Didn't Jaime ever have a chance?"

"Sure he did. I like him a lot. It wouldn't have been hard at all, marrying him. But I've always been gone on a mug from the Bronx."

It was pretty public there on the Malecon and I don't like grandstand plays. Monica said she knew a spot and we drove there and it was swell.

The Solid Man

Continued from page 28

sort of job as director of grain marketing for the Illinois Agricultural Association, his principal duty was lobbying. A lobbyist without money for hotel suites, lordly dinners and Havanas, but making up for the lack by demoniac energy.

The Davis obsession was the McNary-Haugen bill, a scheme for financing the dumping of our surplus farm products abroad, and two vetoes by President Coolidge did not chill his ardor. Rebuffed by the Republicans, he threw himself wholeheartedly into Al Smith's campaign, and four years later shouted with unabated enthusiasm for the farm policies of Franklin D. Roosevelt. In the hour of victory he was one of those who formulated the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, and became director of the Production Division.

About the whole thing was a regular happy family note, for Henry Wallace, a friend of years, was Secretary of Agriculture, Milburn Wilson presided over the wheat section, and rock-jawed George Peek was AAA administrator. Unfortunately, Mr. Peek is a man who dearly loves to have his own way. If, for instance, there were twelve doors leading into the same room, he would insist that one particular door be used to the exclusion of all others. As a consequence, Mr. Peek was soon listed among the missing, and into the vacant post stepped Chet Davis, taking place as Henry Wallace's other self.

Then came the period when Jerome Frank and his disciples blazed across the AAA firmament so brilliantly as to cast all others into shadow. Mr. Davis, in particular, was made to seem very drab and unexciting, for he wore no shining armor and preached no tremendous social upheaval, but kept pounding away on things concerned entirely with farmers and farming. "Poor Chet," sighed his friends. "He's just out of his class, that's all. A plowhorse running against Arabians."

And then, all of a sudden, came the bright spring morning when the postman was told that Mr. Frank and his group were no longer receiving their mail at the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. The Solid Man had carried his contention that the AAA was a specific job and not a sociological playground.

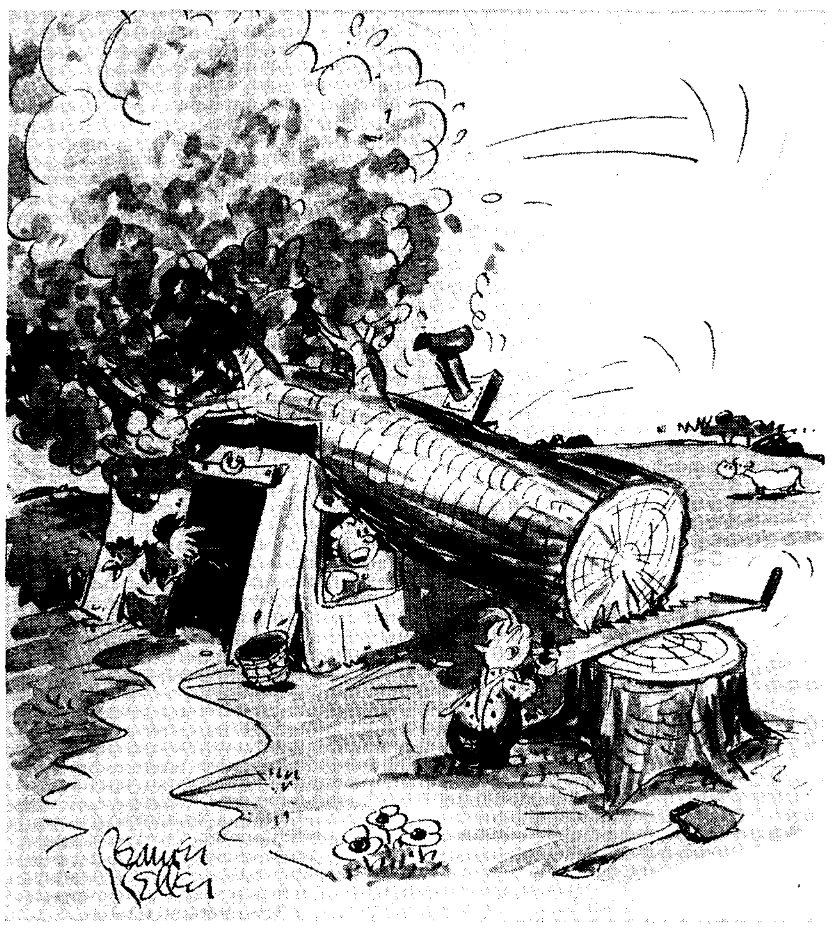
At the present writing, Mr. Davis is busily engaged in putting various amendments through Congress that will largely increase the power and effectiveness of the AAA, for he views it as a federal agency that *must* be continued. Evidently the farmers of the nation, Republican as well as Democratic, share this belief, for Senate and House opposition blew up with a loud report when the "great, silent voice of the country" began to be heard from.

Why Shouldn't Farmers Like It

No question that agriculture likes and trusts Chet Davis. And why not? From a little over four billions in 1932, farm cash income rose to six billions in 1934. He has been the key man in launching vast production programs for wheat, cotton, tobacco, sugar, rice, corn and hogs, and has helped to negotiate innumerable marketing agreements affecting producers of milk and specialty crops.

He has proved himself to the farmers by fighting off the processors and giving three million farmers a voice in every AAA contract and decision.

Where once the AAA was regarded as the Administration's sore spot, it is now the Blue Ribbon exhibit, and while Henry Agard Wallace deserves full credit, the achievement is largely due to the courage and genius of the Solid Man whose special job it has been and will continue to be.



"Be careful, honey—Papa's tryin' to sleep!" REAMER KELLER

"My mouth tastes like a MOTORMAN'S GLOVE!"

"Take that food away! Had enough last night to do the rest of my life. Now look at me—stomach's got the jitters, nerves all shot and my head's gone on a bust of its own."

"Headache, eh? What you need is Bromo-Seltzer."—*Soon after.* "Say, Bromo-Seltzer cleared that headache up in a hurry. Settled my stomach . . soothed my nerves, too. Left me peppy. I feel swell!"

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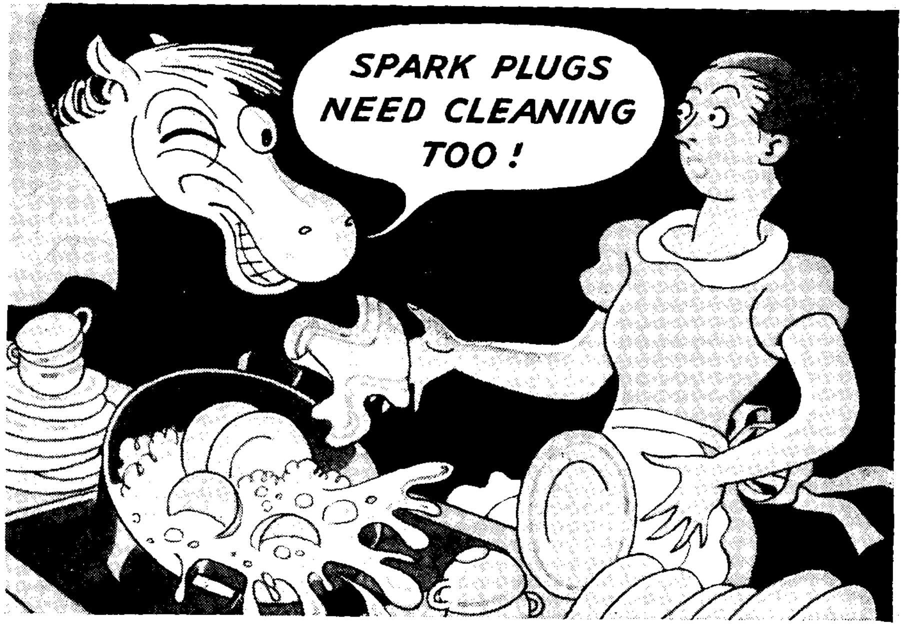
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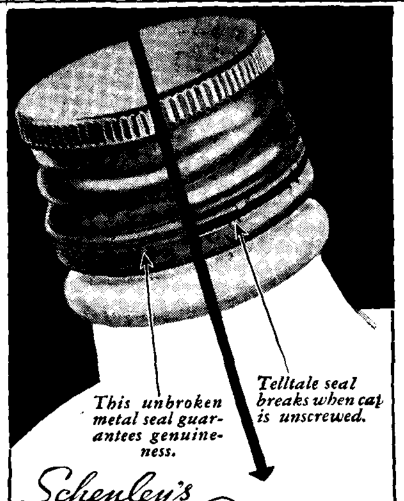
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STRAIGHT WHISKEY
See Advertisement . . . Page 53

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There was a Giant

Continued from page 21

for Wally, who said: "C'mon, Morrie, let's get up a game of cork ball." And added: "Ol' Lucy'll tell Mom a lot of lies about it and we better not be around."

Morrie was made of sterner stuff.

"I'm going to the river," he said. "S'long,"

"Hey, wait! Honest?"

"They can't stop me. Nobody's got any right to stop me. If I'm big enough to get mushy engaged to ol' Mary Anne Watkins I'm big enough to go to the river!"

Wally glanced quickly about. Muffled talk still sounded from the living-room.

"You mean—the levee?"

"Heck, no! I mean Shanty Town!"

"There's tough kids down there by the Burlington tracks. They'd beat us up."

"Oh, no, they wouldn't."

"You ain't Tom Sawyer. We ain't in a book—not down by the Burlington tracks."

"If they're too big we'll jest run. *C'mon!*"

THEY pedaled at breakneck speed down the hill into old Palmyra Road, recently made part of the paved highway system, and soon had reached the head of Main Street. They did not pause here to look at the statues of the immortal Tom and Huck, standing at the base of Cardiff Hill and peering at a bright new filling station across the street. As if pursued by a dozen Shanty Town tough guys, Morrie and Wally turned their bikes into the dusty road leading to the Wabash bridge. . . .

"This is far enough, Morrie. Gee, heck, I'm outa breath!"

There below them stretched the black-cindered Burlington right-of-way and beyond this was high adventure—the Mississippi River.

"We'll go to 'at ol' river!" crowed Morrie. "Jest let 'em stop us!"

They dragged their bikes across the railroad tracks and down the embankment, bringing up near a white shanty boat moored under some willows. An old man was fussing with a small outboard motor attached to the rear of a dilapidated skiff.

Morrie and Wally approached timidly.

The boatman looked up.

"Howdy, boys," he said, mildly enough; and went on tinkering with the engine.

He did not look mild. He had a half-inch white stubble on his chin, one eye squinted and the other was bloodshot. A corn-cob pipe, mended with clay and tire tape, seemed a permanent feature of his face. Hat, shirt, overalls and shoes looked as if he had worn them through a prolonged sandstorm; and his bony shoulders were still bent to the blast.

Morrie took a tentative step on the plank walk of the shanty boat. Wally edged after him, breathing excitedly through his mouth.

"We had one of those motors down in the Ozarks fishing one time—my father and me—and I," said Morrie.

"Did ye?"

"Maybe it's flooded," said Wally.

The old fellow took a short length of rope, set it in place on the starter-wheel and gave a weak tug. Morrie perceived that his fingers were gnarled and quivered as he grasped the rope.

"I bet I could start it for you, mister," he said. "You ain't pulling hard enough."

"It's flooded, Morrie. That's why it won't start," said Wally hastily.

"Flooded nothing. You got to yank 'em hard."

The Shanty Town resident said, "Gol dang ye!" to the motor; then, cocking an eye at Morrie, he explained: "Don't seem like I got the hang of holting the choke out an' pulling at the same time."

"I'll pull and you choke her, mister."

"I'd thank ye kindly, son."

With alacrity, Morrie scrambled along the perilously swaying walk and into the boat. Wally followed.

"Keerful she don't backfire on ye," said the old man.

Morrie gave three masterful yanks on the rope and the engine started, coughing and spluttering and wheezing.

"I thank ye kindly, son," said the boatman. "Would y'all boys like a leetle ride? I'm a-going up the river a piece to my trotline."

Morrie and Wally looked at each other.

"Our parents won't allow us on the river," said Wally promptly.

The old fellow smiled.

"Won't allow ye on the river, eh? Shucks, son, ain't no harm in the river."

"You see, Wally? He says it's not a bit dangerous and he's a boat captain and knows the river."

Wally weakened.

"How far would we got to go?"

" 'Tain't fer. But if'n yer parents say ye shouldn't, don't reckon I kin take yer. Boys should obey their parents, son."

"Our folks didn't say we shouldn't go on the river with a grown person, mister. It was jest that they didn't want us to go all by ourselves. *I'm* going! Wally, you can stay behind if you're so scaredy sis!"

Wally sat himself down in the bow of the boat.

"Shall I cast off now, mister?" said Morrie importantly.

The experienced boat captain chuckled:

"Holt on a bit, son. I got to git me some tackle. . . ."

PRESENTLY, they were away from the white shanty boat, and the boys saw water running between the skiff and the bank. Their bicycles leaning against a willow tree began to look smaller.

The skiff moved putt-a-putt toward the shadows of the Riverview Park cliff. Its skipper pointed his pipe at a dozen small boys in uniform who had just filed onto the road from the Park entrance.

"Yer friends are a-waving at yer!"

Morrie and Wally looked momentarily a little sick. They knew the waving figures to be members of the Trinity Episcopal Church Cub pack returning from a hike to Riverview. Morrie and Wally were under suspension from the organization—for shooting BB guns during a speech on ethics by Cub Leader Womble.

"They'll squeal on us, Morrie."

"Oh, no, they won't! Hi-yah—hi-yah—yuh big sissies! Wah—hoooooo, yuh sissy guys!"

Intoxicated with their virility and daring, both Morrie and Wally stood up in the skiff and hurled epithets at their brothers in Cubdom. These taunts caused a spasmodic break toward the river bank, but the voice of authority spoke and the Cubs marched on down the road.

"Set down, son. Never stand up in a boat."

Morrie sat down and, to make conversation covering his nautical offense, he pointed to the summit of Riverview cliff, where stood the bronze statue of Mark Twain.

"That's ol' Mark Twain's statue up there!"

"Yep. Thet's right. A fine man he was, Mister Sam'l Clemens."

"Oh, did you know him in real life?"

"Pussonal friend of mine. Yep. Met him whilst he was a-visitin' here in '82. Yep. And every time arter thet he'd come to say howdy. Mister Sam'l Clemens was a real man, son. He was thet!"

Morrie passed the word forward to Wally. Then he volunteered: "Wally and me are gonna represent Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn in the big centennial—you know, the guys Mister Clemens wrote about."

"For a fact? Thet'll be a big time fer ye."

Wally had a question, evolved from the brooding depths:

"Say, mister, whut kind of a man was ol' Mark Twain? Was he alla time laughing?"

Their host removed his pipe long enough to spit into the river.

"Mister Sam'l Clemens? Laughing? Nope, son, he didn't laugh as much as ye'd think. Allus worrited, he was, when I knowed him. I mind the last time he come to Hannibal. The folks up in town hed fixed up a big speakin' fer Mister Clemens. But thet mornin' along about ten o'clock Mister Clemens sneaked off down to my shack. I was tied up near Storr's ice house in them days.

"WELL, sir, Mister Clemens come a-stomping right into my boat, with his ice cream suit and a long see-gar in his mouth. 'Cousin Ike,' says he—he allus called me Cousin Ike, though my name's Joe Jacobs—'Cousin Ike,' says Mister Clemens, 'they've fixed up another funeral ceremony fer me. Do I look like a good corpse?' Thet's the way he run on, a-warming to his joke like.

" 'Nope,' says I, 'you got mighty good color and I reckon you're a long ways f'm a buryin'.' But Mister Sam'l Clemens jest looked at me right sad and says, 'I *feel* like a corpse, Cousin Ike, about to make a speech at my own funeral. They don't need to bury me every time I come to Hannibal. I think they do it because they can always speak well of the dead. And I submit to it because—' "

Wally gulped and looked at Joe Jacobs with big, round eyes.

"Was he really dead? Was it jest his ghost?"

Joe Jacobs smiled.

"No deader'n you be, son. Thet was jest Mister Sam'l Clemens' way of sayin' he didn't like all thet fuss bein' made over him up to town."

Morrie snorted.

"I bet he wouldn't give a thank-you for us paradin' around, jest paradin' around. I bet he wouldn't."

Joe Jacobs guided the skiff expertly around a sand bar and presently it arrived at its destination—a backwater slough. Immediately, the boys forgot Mark Twain and the pageant and Hannibal.

Joe Jacobs pulled up his trotline and three wriggling fish came into the boat. One was a six-pound catfish, which Joe promptly dispatched with a wicked thrust of a knife—a marvelous knife which had been whetted until its blade was like a stiletto. The second fish was a carp. Joe Jacobs said, "Gol' dang ye," to the carp and spat viciously in its eye. "Reckon I kin sell it to a nigger fer somethin'," he said. The third fish was a smaller and very active catfish, which horned Wally in the ankle.

There was the wonderful business of operating on Wally's ankle with a clean fishhook to draw blood and the binding of the wound with pipe-dottle to take out the "pizen." There was the baiting of the trotline with chicken livers and much study of currents while Joe Jacobs decided where to set it. Then, Morrie fell overboard, with a gusto which looked almost accidental; and Wally plunged into the water to save him.

They dried out gloriously in the skiff, while Joe Jacobs probed for a buffalo net in the muddy depths of creek channel. And they asked questions like: "Is an ol' catfish always hook-shy till sundown, Mr. Jacobs?" and "Can a buffalo lick a sturgeon?" and "When's the moon right for perch?" until Mr. Joe Jacobs demonstrated the wisdom of Solomon and the knightly courage of Bayard, and Morrie and Wally thought him first among men on this earth. . . .

Finally: "Reckon we'd best be gittin' along back, boys."

Startled, Morrie glanced at the sky. The sun had fallen low behind the Hannibal hills and a cool shadow like new, dark water was flowing out from the river bank.

"Oh, gee! yes, we better. What time is it?"

A practiced squint toward the shadow. "Gittin' along toward six, I reckon."

The motor refused to start. Wally yanked and Morrie yanked and Mr. Jacobs gol-dinged the carburetor. But there was no result. That reminding shadow had darkened. Wally broke down first, and said: "We got to be back by dinner-time, Mr. Jacobs. Our folks'll be sore." And then Morrie added a desperate: "We jest gotta be back!" So Mr. Jacobs said, "Shucks, now, I'm plumb sorry if I've got ye in trouble. Reckon I kin still tug an oar." He shipped his oars and started the skiff downstream. His breath came mighty fast, and his pipe nearly dropped out of its place in his face.

THEY had gone perhaps two hundred yards, when Wally in the bow said: "Aw-aw, here comes my dad after us!" A motorboat, traveling fast, headed straight for them. In silent fear, the boys watched its approach. Mr. Jacobs stopped rowing and said reproachfully, "Shucks, now, they oughtn't to hev done thet. Ye're safe with me."

As the motorboat drew abeam of the skiff, the boys saw Wally's father, ol' Lester Geer and Mr. Herman Johnson, known to them as "the guy that takes care of all the motorboats." It was this worthy who spoke first:

"Out a mite late, ain't you, Joe?"

"Yep. Couldn't git her started," said Mr. Jacobs mildly.

Wally whimpered: "He said it'd be all right and we'd've been home already but we broke down."

Ol' Lester grinned.

"Some stunt. Went native on us, eh?"

Joe Jacobs looked at Mr. Lathrop.

"'Tain't these boys' fault a-tall. Reckon I kind of wheedled 'em inter it. Y'see, I ain't as spry as I used ter be an' needed 'em to pump thet dinged motor."

Wally's father continued to look grim.

"We'll take 'em home," he said.

This caused Wally to collapse into preliminary sobbing. But Morrie said desperately, "Mr. Jacobs is an expert boat captain and he knew Mark Twain in real life and we jest thought you wouldn't mind."

Ol' Lester looked surprised.

"Oh, did you know Mr. Clemens?"

"Yep. Knowed him well. Pussonal friend of mine." Even Mr. Lathrop looked interestedly at Joe Jacobs. Morrie struck while the iron was hot:

"He knows all kinds of talk that Mister Clemens told him and jest everything Mister Clemens thought about this ol'—uh—this town!"

Ol' Lester and Mr. Lathrop muttered together while the boats were maneuvering. Wally snuffled hopelessly, but Morrie sensed that somehow this adventure had become more pleasing in Mr. Lathrop's and ol' Lester's sight. It was part of the incomprehensibility of grown-up minds. Even had Morrie remembered that Mr. Lathrop was a member of the Hannibal Mark Twain Centennial Committee, the fact would not have prepared him for the astonishing outcome of his and Wally's escapade.

Ol' Lester said: "I'll ride back with Mr. Jacobs. I want to interview him for the Courier-Post."

Wally and Morrie rode home in silence—Wally certain that he was in for a spanking and Morrie pinning his hopes to his mother's disapproval of corporal punishment. . . .

Late the next afternoon, Morrie rushed into Wally's front yard holding a copy of the Courier-Post.

"Jest lookit!" he demanded. "Jest lookit!"

Wally looked at the front page:

CENTENNIAL ACTORS PLAY
TOM AND HUCK IN EARNEST

Hannibal Boys Discover Riverman Who Knew Mark Twain

BY LESTER GEER

Morris Pinter and Walter Lathrop, twelve years old, the Harrison Hill boys who have been chosen to portray Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn in the coming Century Club memorial pageant, had a real Mark Twain adventure yesterday. They made a three-mile trip up the river with Mr. Joseph Jacobs, veteran riverman and a personal friend of Samuel Clemens.

"Gee, it was swell," Master Morris remarked. "Jest like the book." And Master Wally, not to be outdone, chimed in with: "We sure felt just like Tom and Huck."

Mr. Jacobs, when interviewed by this reporter, observed: "I am highly gratified to see our city making a real effort to show its appreciation of my famous friend. I know Mr. Clemens would be gratified by this recognition of his greatness as a man and a writer. The genuine outpouring of admiration and affection whenever Mr. Clemens visited Hannibal always touched him profoundly."

Mr. Jacobs also related to the reporter many amusing anecdotes of his talks with Mr. Clemens.

"WELL," said Wally, munching a doughnut, "whut's wrong with 'at? You got in the paper, didn't cha?"

Morrie snorted:

"Ol' Lester is a big ol' liar. That ain't whut Mr. Jacobs said a-tall. I heard him with my own ears—"

"Jiggers, Morrie!"

Ol' Lester came out of the house with ol' Lucy on his arm. She was smiling at him fondly. Ol' Lester saw Morrie and Wally. Under the baleful steadiness of Morrie's glance, he winced.

"Aren't you smart boys—getting into print?" said ol' Lucy happily.

Ol' Lester hurriedly fished in his pocket. He held out something.

"Here, kids, I owe you this."

It was a dollar bill. Ol' Lester shoved it into Morrie's hand and hurriedly departed with Lucy.

Wally whooped:

"Hully gee! A whole dollar bill! For us!"

But Morrie only kicked at the grass. These grown-ups had it all wrong, all wrong. Mr. Sam'l Clemens wasn't like 'at; he wasn't. He was like Mr. Joe Jacobs and that river—that good, swell ol' river. Morrie would remember it, too.

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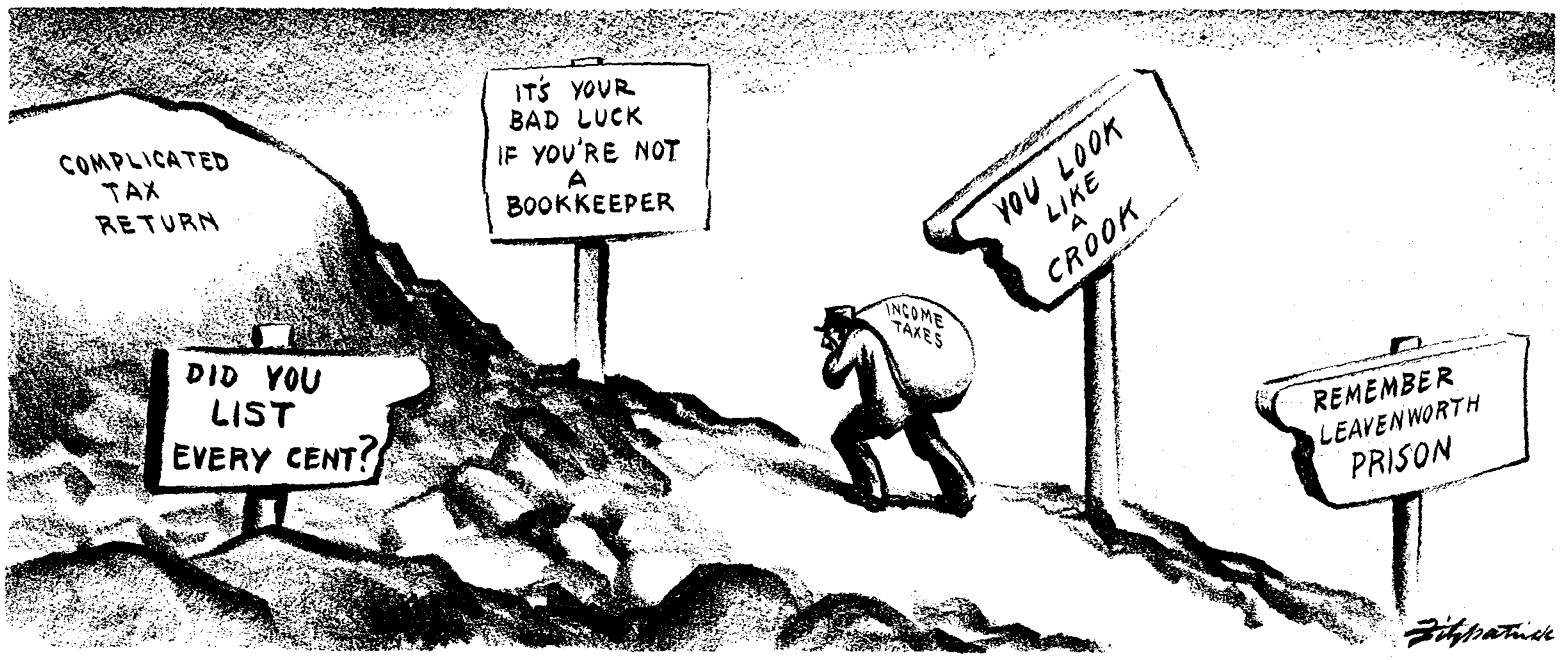

COMPLICATED TAX RETURN
IT'S YOUR BAD LUCK IF YOU'RE NOT A BOOKKEEPER
YOU LOOK LIKE A CROOK
INCOME TAXES
DID YOU LIST EVERY CENT?
REMEMBER LEAVENWORTH PRISON
Fitzpatrick

Pay and Smile

AS TAX collectors the British do a better job than we. The British government not only takes a larger share of the national income but also it takes its toll with much less fuss and irritation. The British tax laws are administered so smoothly that, relatively speaking, controversy is avoided.

The relationship between American taxpayers and the collecting agents, on the other hand, is none too pleasant. Too many agents act on the assumption that all taxpayers are tax evaders. The taxpayer is considered guilty until his innocence is proved to the satisfaction of the agent.

The government must inevitably take in taxes a large share of the national income for many years to come. The good will of taxpayers ought to be cultivated. Good will is an asset to a government as well as to individuals and businesses.

The British cultivate good will between the tax collectors and the taxpayers. The efficiency of a British revenue agent is measured not by the number of rows he reports but by his record in the peaceful settlement of controversies in his district.

We can't imitate the governmental machinery of other nations. We can profit, however, by observing their successes and by inventing American ways of accomplishing similarly desirable results.

The British have been collecting income taxes during a hundred years. Administrations have come and gone. Conflicting political philosophies have been accepted by the people. Whig, Tory, Liberal, Labor and National parties have been in power. Taxes have been high and low. During the long years of widely varying tax policy the British learned how to take, with the least possible friction, whatever revenue the government required.

The British revenue administration is decentralized. The country is divided into 725 tax districts. Each district handles finally most of its own collections. Cases are not commonly referred to London for settlement. The local inspector has the authority to reach final decisions. He is expected to use his authority.

The British taxpayer is not expected to calculate his own tax. Instead, he must report his income and give all relevant information. The tax collector then reckons the tax due and informs the taxpayer.

We, on the other hand, must calculate our own taxes. Our income-tax laws assume that every American is a bookkeeper, an accountant, a lawyer and an accurate arithmetician.

If British taxpayers pay more than required by the law, the local inspector has the authority to refund the overpayment. Taxpayer and tax collector seem generally to coöperate to reach a just settlement under the law.

Of course there are controversies. Most of these are settled locally. If the inspector in charge does not arrive at a settlement satisfactory to the taxpayer, a local board of review may hear the case. These boards are composed of well-known men. Their service is voluntary. Other more difficult cases may be referred to London or to a higher board of review. But these are comparatively few.

This system operates so well in Great Britain because of the high caliber of the civil service. Government employment recruits many of the best-trained and most gifted young men and women. These tax officials are thoroughly schooled in law and in accounting. Their discretion and fitness for administration are tested before responsibility is given them.

Unfortunately, our tax officials in the higher ranks are politicians rather than well-trained civil servants. Congress has not been willing to entrust them with power.

The toll which the British are able to collect is, except in the highest income classes, much heavier than the rates we pay.

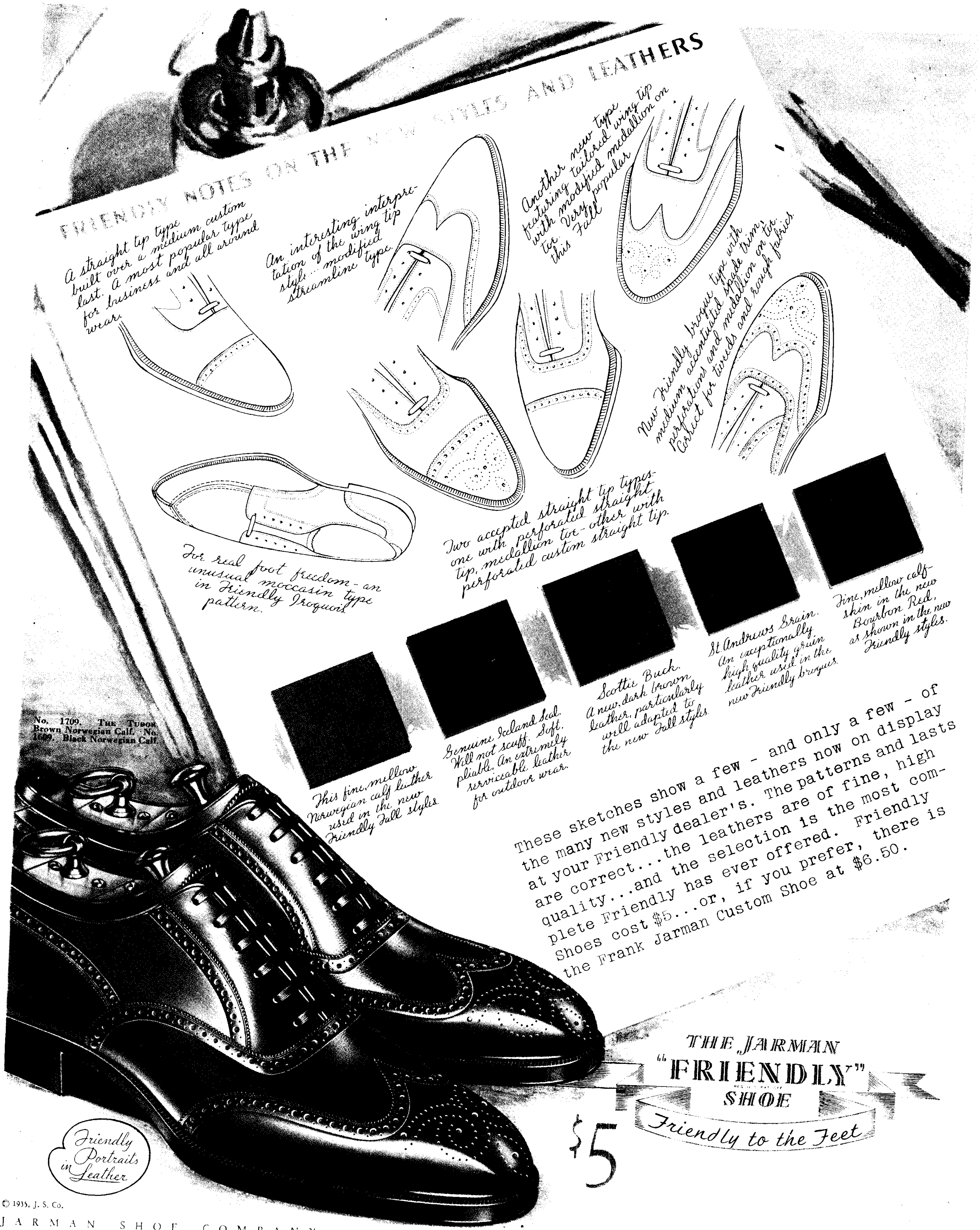
Here, for example, is a comparison of income tax levied in America and England on a married man with no dependents whose income is all counted as earned:

NET INCOME	U. S. REVENUE ACT OF 1934	GREAT BRITAIN FINANCE ACT OF 1934
$1,000	$0	$5.63
1,500	0	50.63
2,000	0	95.63
2,500	0	182.81
3,000	8	272.81
3,500	26	362.81
4,000	44	452.81
4,500	62	542.81
5,000	80	632.81
6,000	116	812.81
7,000	172	992.81
8,000	248	1,195.31
9,000	329	1,420.31
10,000	415	1,645.31
12,000	602	2,205.31
14,000	809	2,785.94
16,000	1,044	3,414.69
18,000	1,299	4,084.69
20,000	1,589	4,754.69
25,000	2,489	6,704.69
30,000	3,569	8,792.19
40,000	5,979	13,242.19
50,000	8,869	18,242.19
60,000	12,239	23,517.19
70,000	16,104	28,792.19
80,000	20,494	34,204.69
100,000	30,394	45,304.69
200,000	87,019	104,929.69
500,000	263,944	294,804.69
1,000,000	571,394	613,554.69

In this country Congress stampedes like a herd of frightened cattle at the very thought of levying income taxes upon those earning moderate salaries. The British have no choice. If their public bills are to be paid, even those whose incomes are small must contribute.

The sooner we begin to consider our tax system rationally and calmly the better for taxpayers as well as the Administration in power. The government must have enormous revenues, and those who have incomes will surrender a considerable part of their earnings to the tax collector.

The law should be administered as painlessly as possible. The taxpayer should feel that his case has been sympathetically and justly considered by unprejudiced authorities. It is useless to add personal irritation to the heavy load borne by taxpayers.



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